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ABOUT five o'clock, on an evening in the middle of December, in the year 1802, the mail coach stopped at a small road-side tavern, near to a village in the south of England. It was a bitter cold night, and the passengers buttoned up to their throats, with their faces enveloped in shawls, sat with their shoulders shrugged up, and covered with snow, in ill-tempered taciturnity, and might have been taken for overclad statues, or rather effigies of dejection.

The earth was white with the mantle of winter. The soaring elm-trees around the tavern stood like hoar ghosts, in dim relief against the black sky. The hedge-rows were hidden with a thick coating, and all nature seemed given over to silence and desolation. The only visible symptoms of life were the lighted windows of the tavern kitchen, and the lazy blue wreaths of smoke that soared from the chimneys of the cottages, at a little distance, in slow and crawling evolutions.

The coachman flung-down his reins and whip, and beat his hands vigorously together, *secundem artem*; while the attendant grooms surprised him with the intelligence, that it was a "sharp night." The "outsides" descended with tedious and cramped motions from their seats; stamped with their feet upon the ground, as "outsides" always do, then ran with a frozen kind of trot into the house. The "insides" woke up, and the head, and shawl, and nightcap, that always *are* inside on a cold night, projected themselves through the windows; and the snappish voice, that always *is* wrapped up in some part of them, barked out:

"How long do you stop, coachman? Look sharp! How long do—" "Five minutes, sir! A fresh team!" said coachee.

"Then order me," said the voice, "some brandy and hot water—three lumps of sugar, and a little nutmeg—and let it be hot—and,—"

"Yes, yes sir! I hear," replied the coachman.

"Waiter! attend to this gentleman."

"Now, marm," said the guard, "hand't we better vake up the little fellow? This is the end of your journey."

These remarks were addressed to a lady, who sat crouching on the seat behind the coach, alongside the guard. She was clad in a cloak and bonnet that

had seen better days. A boy of about five years of age, was sleeping with his head upon her knees, over whose body she threw the folds of her cloak, which she held round him with her hands. The guard had also lent her a rough cape, which almost enveloped them both.

She made no reply in answer to his enquiry, and as she stirred not, he concluded she was sleeping.

"Now marm," said the good natured fellow, "allow me to carry down this little man for you," and he gently touched her shoulder.

"I am very ill!" said her low faint voice.

"Hallo!" shouted he; "vy, Jim, 'ere's a lady a freezin' to death, by gosh! Send out the vimmen and some brandy! Oh Lord! oh dear! vy vot a brute I ham! I nright a knowed, ven I looked on her poor vite face all artemnoon, vot vas the matter—and she never spoke a vord—nor ad nothin to comfort her—not even a cup 'o tea, all the vay down; and the poor boy—the poor boy, so patient and on-complainin'. Oh my! oh dear! an' we 'ave arts, ave we? Oh certainly! werry tender arts! werry snugly packed up, in werry ontender great coats, that buttons so tight they chokes up all their feelings! Mister! 'praps you *would* be kind enough to sing a leetle smaller! If you don't get your hot brandy an' water to night, who cares?"

The boy, hardly awake, was handed down the side of the coach, and the guard and coachman, with the assistance of a step-ladder, and the woman of the house, succeeded at last in getting the lady to the ground. She could not stand. Her limbs were rigid, and benumbed with cold. Her heart was broken with sorrow, and she was fainting with the weakness of long illness, and the want of sustenance.

She was carried into the house upon a chair, and placed before the large kitchen fire. Her lips were white and parted. Her dim eyes wandered in heavy glances around. Her sunken cheeks were reduced by sickness to an almost transparent ghastliness, and her entire appearance betokened a victim in the last stage of consumption.

"Mamma!" sobbed the child, looking piteously in her face, "mamma, I'm very hungry."

The lady stretched her attenuated hands to his curling locks, and looking upwards, muttered an

inaudible prayer to heaven; then wept in an agony.

The country people gazed upon each other with looks of wondering enquiry. The coachman, who was a reserved personage, and seldom spoke except to his horses, shook his head solemnly, and to prevent any exuberance of feeling from rising in his throat, commenced drinking from a quart tankard with prodigious energy.

"Oh gosh! oh gosh!" roared the guard, running about the room, and talking with vehemence all the time. "Sally! Mary! Missus! where's the brandy? Get some tea, some coffee, some—anything, everything. An' I never spoke to her all the way down, like a hog as I was; an' the poor little fellow, so hungry, an' so like my George. Ah Lord! ah my! vell, vot air you looking at, you clod-hoppin, baconchops, did you never see a man's feelins get the whip-hand of him afore? Never mind, marm!—cheer up—all will come right—take some nice warm tea. Ah dear—poor cretur!" Then having given directions to the landlady to bestow every attention upon the sick lady, and requested that *she* might not be charged anything, he was obliged once more to mount the coach, which quickly disappeared, noiselessly in the snow.

The hospitable cares of the landlady were in vain, for the lady, after watching her son eat a hearty supper, was too ill to gratify the solicitous hostess, by partaking any refreshment herself, and was assisted to her bed chamber, followed by the boy.

From the bed she occupied that night she never rose, and in three days afterwards, the innocent child was an orphan;—a friendless, isolated being on the swarming earth.

It is needless to enter into any minute details respecting the past history of her, who was thus released from her sufferings. Suffice it to say, that brought up in a high class of society, she had seen her family reduced to poverty. She had made a love-match with a young physician, who after strenuous but ineffectual struggles to gain a livelihood by his profession in London, had sunk under his exertions. There had she supported two years of widowhood and sorrow, in unceasing endeavours to supply herself and son with the common necessities of life, by her needle and her pencil. The lurking fiend of consumption had struck and gloated over his helpless victim; who, finding herself any longer unable to continue her employments, and feeling the cold embrace of death coiling round her life, had flown from the hollow-hearted Babylon, to gratify a strange longing that possessed her,—to die in her native village, which, alas! knew her not then.

"What's this I hear, Jenkins? What's this! eh! eh!"

These were the questions asked by a gentleman on horseback, on the morning of the poor lady's decease. The gentleman was Squire Moseley, who was that awful personage—awful so far as his authority extended—"The Squire of the village." He was a man of about forty years of age; possessing a ruddy good-humoured countenance, and a blue eye, whose expression gave a better definition of benevolence than all the dictionaries. He was dressed in deep

mourning, wore a white hat, encircled with a broad band of black crape, and Hessian boots, with rather large tassels in front.

The Squire had lately suffered a heavy affliction, in the loss of a beloved wife, who had died about six months previous to this time, leaving behind her an infant daughter, three years old, over whom he watched with the tender solicitude of paternal love.

The Squire was a tender-hearted man, universally beloved. Yet he had his little peculiarities. As a country Squire, how could he be exempt from them? The most striking of these, was a method of "hailing" people in a very loud Squire-like manner, and overwhelming them with a repetition of rapid questions, that left them no room at all to answer. Such was the person who now burst upon the landlord of the tavern, with the above recorded notes of interrogation.

"What is it, Jenkins? bad affair! bad affair! Why didn't you send word to the Hall? who was she? when was it? eh! eh?"

"Very bad job, yer honour," replied the landlord, touching his hat, "poor lady! seen better days I'm sure! a poor widow, and a little boy."

"Ah!" said the Squire. "A little boy? who is he? where is he? fetch him here—what's his name? poor boy! poor boy!" then he added, in a low voice, "if my poor little Emily—What's your name, boy? who are you? how old are you? come here, my little darling! What's your name?" he said, as the landlord appeared with the little fellow.

"Henry Oswald, sir, and I want mamma," replied the child.

"God help us! God help us!" cried the Squire. "John," he continued to his servant, "fetch down the carriage, and bring him up to the Hall; God help him. I want mamma! Good morning, Jenkins! morning, morning!" said he, as he left the room hurriedly, with the tears in his eyes, "come up with him, Jenkins—give you instructions—funeral," and the next moment the Squire was on his stout hack, proceeding homewards at a hard gallop.

Will the kind reader suffer twelve years to elapse in his imagination, and then join me, as I again take up the thread of this narrative, in the year 1814.

Mr. Moseley, when he took Henry into his protection, twelve years ago, had determined; as the phrase goes, "to do something for him." By which, at that time, he intended, no doubt, to get him educated in some charity school—apprentice him to a trade, and then, if deserving, start him in the world in a manner that would enable him to gain a decent living. But upon his arriving at the Hall, such an instant attachment was struck up between the orphan and his infant daughter, and the boy proved such an excellent playmate for little Emily, that the first step towards his education was delayed from time to time, and when, at length, a governess was procured to induct Miss into the mysteries of A, B, C, and it was discovered that she would "break her heart," if parted from her companion, the Squire resolved that they should be fellow pupils of the lady.

As years rolled on, the boy looked upon the Squire as a father, and his amiable qualities, and unobtrusive love, so won upon him, that, despite the somewhat

equivocal circumstances of his parentage, the generous Squire regarded him as an adopted son, and resolved "to make a gentleman of him, at any rate." Until the boy was ten years old, he was never separated from his schoolfellow, and when he had reached that age, a favourite tutor was engaged for him. Thus had the children grown up together beneath the same roof, had enjoyed the same sports, imbibed the same tastes, and loved each other with mutual affection.

On a summer evening in the year 1814, Emily was racing about the lawn on a favourite pony, attended by Henry, on horseback. She was laughing and prattling in all the hilarity of youthful spirits; while he, who of late had shown symptoms of a tendency to reverie, vainly essayed to summon an appearance of responsive mirth. Being at last tired of romping, they galloped to the Hall, and giving their ponies to a servant, strolled through a large flower garden, and seated themselves upon a rustic seat.

"I cannot conceive what makes my brother assume such a melancholy look this evening," said Emily.

"I have been thinking, Emily, of all the kindness I have received from your father," he replied.

"He is indeed very kind to us," continued she, "but is that the subject that so engrosses your attention of late? and affords you food for reflection, in the long walks you take? you were not wont to walk without me, brother."

"I am going to leave you, Emily."

"Leave me!" she cried.

"Yes! your father is anxious that I should go to college."

"College!" she repeated, "why who will you have there? And what shall I do alone? You must not go! I never heard of such nonsense! What can you do at college? You have no sister there."

"I have no sister—no relative in the world, Emily."

"Oh, how cruel!" she cried, "am I not your sister?"

"But you cannot remain my sister much longer, Emily," he said, "things will be all different as we grow older."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is as bad as Miss Johnstone, who told me the other day that I was getting too old to romp with you, and say I loved you, as if one must not speak the truth."

"I believe Miss Johnstone was right," he replied, "for things must change as we grow older, but I think we shall not cease to love each other, Emily."

"Ah, ridiculous!" she answered, "you pain me! We will love through life, as truly as Damon and Pythias!"

"We will, Emily, or," said he hesitating, and looking in her face, "or as Hero and Leander!"

"Yes!" she replied, "they loved each other, and were not real brother and sister, more than we are."

"No, Emily!" said he, "but they were *lovers*!"

A very quick slight blush rose to her cheek, and she exclaimed, "Ah!" She had been leaning upon his shoulder, but unconsciously raised herself, and was absorbed in reverie.

"Yes!" he resumed, "so when you have a lover, who is rich and handsome, he will become your hus-

band, and find you carriages and every thing that is fine and grand. I, you know, cannot have these things, and it will not be right for you to say you *love* me then."

"Ah!" she tried, while her face grew crimson and pale by turns, "ah! what a dreadful idea! And shall you be married too, Henry?"

"No!" he replied, "because then I should be compelled to cease to love *you*."

"Ah, we will always be to each other, what we are now, my brother."

"Miss Johnstone tells you to call me Henry," he answered; "would it not be more proper to do so for the future?"

They walked on in silence towards the house, strangely embarrassed, and when their eyes met each other in stealing glances, they were instantly withdrawn with a new and painful feeling. Emily from that day had ceased to be a girl, she sprang at once to womanhood, and thenceforth she no longer called Henry "brother."

What a paradox is human nature, in which the dawn of the bright God of love is always heralded by self.

Pass we another six months, dear reader, and I will introduce you, a few weeks before Christmas, to Emily Moseley, seated alone before a bright fire, in an old wainscoted parlour. The room was ornamented with venerable portraits, standing in antique frames, whose faces were wrinkled with cracks; and old carved furniture, that had survived a century.

She was not the same light-hearted girl that we left in the summer. Her mind had expanded—passion was awakened, and had brought new perceptions and feelings in its train. Her cheek was very pale, her eye was very bright, and her attitude was deeply musing. She was seated upon one of the old leather-covered arm-chairs, that are now growing obsolete. Her elbows rested upon one of its arms, and her head reclined upon her hand; her right foot was unwittingly tapping upon the bright brass fender, and her gaze was fixed in deep abstraction upon the fire. She was listening in her ruminations, for the least sound startled her.

Where was the Squire? Alas! the Squire, like many of his class, had been bitten by a Parliamentary *cacoethes*, and was at that moment supporting his party in St. Stephen's, with the mute eloquence of a speechless dignity. On a sudden a quick step was heard in the passage, and one or two tones of loud salutation, the door flew open, and Henry entered the room.

"My dear Henry, welcome home!" she said, as she ran to meet him.

"Dear Emily," he cried, "do I see you then once more; God bless you!" and he kissed her pale brow, in obedience to the predominant impulse of his feelings. She resisted not, but blushed deeply. "What pleasure to see the old house again," he resumed, drawing a chair close up to the fire.

"What happiness to see you at last!" she said; "Papa's in London; how lonely and miserable I have felt! How did time pass with you?"

"I have been alone amidst a crowd," he replied, "my heart was here all the time; but your looks are much changed, Emily; you have been ill?"

"I have not been ill," she said, "but I felt sad when—when Papa was away."

"Ah, how unhappy you must have been," he exclaimed, "your colour has forsaken you, and—"

"Ah, yes!" she said, interrupting him, "but you must be in need of refreshment, after your journey."

Henry spent the time of his vacation at the Hall. On the Squire's return from "town," he received his hearty welcomes, mixed with advice, for the regulation of his future conduct, and injunctions to "want for nothing," but to apply freely to him on every emergency. Christmas passed merrily away, with its beef and turkeys, misletoe boughs, and holly bushes; and happiness reigned throughout the demesne, as it ought to do, at "Christmas time."

Henry and Emily were never apart. 'Tis true their manner and conversation were more restrained towards each other, than had been their wont, yet they were always together. Strange how their eyes were withdrawn, when their glances met; strange! that at such times they were suffused with blushes; and stranger still! why, when they were separated for a short time, each sought to be alone, and continually detected themselves sighing.

As the time of Henry's departure drew near, despondency fell upon each of them, and the night before he set out, they sought, as if by mutual impulse, a retired spot in which to make their adieus, and both wept when they separated.

In the ensuing June, as Henry was seated alone in his chamber, a letter was brought in by the college postman. The address was in Emily's writing, and his heart beat quick, as he tore it open and read as follows:

"My dear Henry,

"I am most unhappy! and to whom can I complain but to you? My father has intimated to me his desire that I should receive with favour the addresses of Mr. Gresely, the eldest son of Sir Roger Gresely, a gentleman whom I met last winter at a county ball, and who has been here three or four times since. My father has set his mind upon the match, which is gratifying to his ambition; and, alas! what am I to do? I do not feel the slightest regard for the individual; and you know the Squire's peremptory obstinacy. I cannot consent, and it is equally impossible for me to grieve the heart of a parent who doats on me.

"I have applied to you, whom I look upon as a brother, for advice in this emergency,—write me quickly, for I am most miserable.

"Yours affectionately,

"EMILY."

Henry's breakfast stood before him, but it remained untouched for that morning. His college duties were unattended for that day, and he walked forth in the field alone. He sat at times under the hedges, and sighed deeply—then he strolled by the edge of the Isis, and sighed again; so he consumed the day, and as evening fell, he retired to his chamber, and sighed oftener than ever.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "why was I left an orphan, and an outcast on the earth? and still suffered to re-

tain the passions, the same desires, the same strong necessity of loving, that animates more favoured mortals? And *she* too, she *loves* me; yes! my soul knows it, and rejoices at the unacknowledged truth. But alas! alas! poor girl! thy love will be but a thorn in thy side, and the affection that elevates others to bliss shall condemn us to torment." He threw himself upon a couch, and a flood of tears somewhat soothed the agony of his soul.

The next morning, Henry was among the passengers of the coach, which passed through the village and stopped at the same inn, in which he was first introduced to the reader. It was night-fall when he arrived. He received the welcomes of the landlord, and the country people who knew him, and snatching a hurried meal, he set out for the hall.

It was a lovely night! Not a cloud nor a vapour lingered in the atmosphere! The stars were throned in beauty in the sky; and the full moon rising large and luminous behind a distant wood, glided in chastened grandeur through the silent sea of Heaven; flooding the earth with varied glory, and watching Nature as she slept dreaming of Eden and muttering in her slumbers with the voices of her brooks—the whispers of her forests, and the subdued respirings of her zephyrs.

As Henry walked on, the charm of the hour crept over him, a sweet melancholy soothed his soul—a softened sadness calmed his heart, like a cooling dew; and with tearful eyes, and clasped hands, he raised his voice in passionate implorings to Heaven. "Ah," he cried, "give me strength for the trials for which I am reserved. On me, on me alone, let sorrow fall! and despair alight! But merciful Father spare this tender one from the heart-blight of fruitless love—the lingering death of hopeless passion!"

He had reached the Hall, but it was not his intention to enter it. He entered a flower garden in which he had often sat with Emily, and from which he could see the window of her room, determined to pass the night there. Scarce had he done so, when he perceived Emily seated on a low rustic chair, absorbed in contemplation.

She was looking to Heaven, and her face was bathed with moonlight; its expression showed that sadness and calm sorrow brooded over her soul. The drooping ringlets of her hair, gemmed with dew-drops, wantoned in the playful breezes; and an inaudible prayer frequently escaped her lips, as her snowy bosom swelled with soft convulsions. She sat like the ruling spirit of the hour, with whom Night, and all its bright attendants were enamoured.

Henry looked on in silence, afraid to disturb the perfect serenity that hovered around her, and worshipped in sorrowing love at a distance. At this moment two nightingales, as if by previous concert, dissolved the still charm that bound the hour, and wakened the echos with their wondrous voices. Slowly and solemnly they began their strain. At first a few half-articulate music-gasps died through the air; then in sweet whisperings, they murmured to the moon. Louder, and stronger they grew—soaring to the summits of melody, and swooning down in floating cadences. Then the spirit of the night fell on them—and they wrestled, and laboured, with the rapturous agony; and their inspiration reached to the listening voices of the night; that hid invisible in the shadows; which answered with multitudinous

echoes, till the vast emptiness of Heaven was deluged with sad melody.

The song ceased, and Nature, breathless, listened for a moment to the dying strains, as they floated through space. The soul of Emily was absorbed with the ineffable spell of the hour—and as she sighed unwittingly—Henry stood before her. She started as if a spectre had crossed her path, then fell into his arms and wept unrestrainedly.

"Be comforted, my dearest Emily!" he exclaimed, "and tell me all your sorrows."

"Dost thou not know them, my Henry?" she answered.

"I can well guess them," said he, "I came here to urge you to accept the hand of this aristocratic lover; but my heart is traitor to my resolution. Oh, Heaven what shall I do? Oh duty! Oh prudence! what are ye all, when the irresistible power of Love is roused in the breast? Emily I will not tell you that I love you, such words are needless, and would be a mockery. That you love me my heart assures me. Yet, before the transport of passion overwhelms my senses; let me be rational. Ours, my dearest, is a melancholy fate! and before love grows omnipotent, we should arrest it. Emily! I am a beggar, dependent on the kindness of strangers. A union with me can be productive of nought, but unhappiness and poverty. Can I drag you from your beloved home? From those elegancies and refinements, which have become essential to your life? Ah no! strive to forget me. Let me alone struggle with despair and misery; and in mercy to yourself and your beloved father, endeavor to quell this passion. His prejudices I know are unsurmountable. He has set his heart upon this match, which will secure to you wealth, enjoyment, honour—and when this hour is forgotten—happiness. I will retire to other lands, until kind death shall seek me out. Then, in another and brighter world, where love is no crime, and entails no misery, our souls shall be united in eternal communion."

"Ah! and can you give me such counsel?" she gasped, "Oh Henry, wring not my heart which is already deeply wounded! we will be unhappy together, my Henry! Whom should I love if not you? Could you wish me to cease loving you?"

"Oh never!" he cried, folding her in his arms. "I feel that all is vain; Love is a mighty and a jealous power, and will reign despotic and alone. Yes, my Emily! my own, my beloved! Heaven formed our souls in unison; and will look with pity on the pure flame that inspires us. Yes, thou shalt be mine! though fate frowns and fortune forsakes. Here, in the face of God, with all his unsullied creatures of night looking on us, will we seal our bond, and exchange our vows to live for each other. Be cheered, my Emily, for my heart tells me that Providence will not forsake those, who, like us,"—"Why! why! why, what's this? What's this? Hallo! what's—what, Henry!—Emily!"

It was the Squire who spoke, and now stood before them shaking with rage. They started asunder, and Emily, whose feelings were already overwrought with excitement, fell, fainting, to the ground. Henry darted to her assistance, but the Squire stepped between them, and forgetting his usual mode of speech, said, in a voice loud and hoarse with anger,

"So the mystery of her conduct towards Gresely is explained!"

"And you dare to step between me and my schemes?"

"Yet listen to me, sir!" exclaimed Henry, imploringly.

"Begone!" cried the Squire, in accent all tremulous; "begone, Viper! What! did I take you from a dunghill, and warm you on my hearth, and cheer you into life? To poison my happiness! to turn my home into a house of misery! to rob me of my best loved! my only treasure, and cloud the evening of my days with sorrow! Away, for ever from my sight! Lest in my just wrath, I forget the laws of God and man and take a dire vengeance."

Henry saw that expostulation was useless, and with a heavy heart he disappeared among the shadows.

The next morning, Henry dejected and heart-sick, was on the way to London. He had resolved upon not returning to college, nor of remaining the recipient of favours from Mr. Moseley, in any shape. He had no plans for the future, and his mind was too much confused with sorrow to suffer him to think of the present state of his affairs. He had no means of living, beyond the trifling sum of money he happened to possess; and he had never been in London. So that if his excited feelings had allowed him to reflect, he would have discovered that his lot was harder than he at first deemed it.

He took cheap and obscure lodgings on his arrival, and passed a week in morose melancholy. He then found out that *il faut vivre*. Week after week did he consume in the vain effort to gain employment, as tutor—travelling companion—clerk—anything. All was useless! he was unknown, and wanted interest.

So months rolled on, and beggary stared him in the face. The harsh reality of the world had ground his spirit to humbleness,—starvation was impending—nor was the consciousness of honour and rectitude able to support his soul in its native pride, in the face of squalid want. Then, the bright past, becoming tinged with the dark hues of the present, he wondered at his rashness, in daring to love so elevated a being as Emily; and although his love continued, in truth, pure and ardent as ever—yet it appeared only as a wondrous dream. "How," he would ask himself "how, could she have ever loved such as I am? A miserable wretch, unable to gain his daily bread."

The morning after the interruption of the lovers in the garden by Mr. Mosely, Emily was confined to her bed, by a raging fever. Day and night did the old Squire watch over her couch—tend her in the hours of delirium, and tire Heaven with supplications for her recovery. When the peril of the disease was over at last, he hung round her with a keener love, as one restored from the grave, through his own intercessions.

Slowly she regained her strength,—silently would she sit for hours in thoughtful reverie, while at times the unbidden tear bedimmed her eye, and the repressless sigh convulsed her breast, and the grey

haired old man, who watched these speechless witnesses of bitter grief, would retire and weep, and pray to Heaven, that his child's peace of mind might be restored.

Then, if after one of her moods of abstraction, their eyes met; she would smile—as only they smile whose hearts are breaking; and the squire would try to smile too, and say a kind word to cheer her, but his utterance became thick with rising grief, and he would clasp her to his bosom while both wept in an agony of woe.

Three months passed, but health had not returned to Emily. Her frame was wasted. Her eyes were sunken, and glowed at times with unnatural fire. Her cheek flushed with a hectic glow. Her buoyant spirits were gone for ever, and her physician declared, that she was a prey to hopeless consumption. During all this time, the name of Henry had never been mentioned, and Mr. Greely had of course remitted his attentions.

It was November. In the poor garret of an obscure house in the suburbs of London, lay an emaciated figure on a straw bed. A few medicine bottles with discoloured labels—a tea-cup on a decrepid chair, and the close air that always hovers about a sick room; testified that the individual was labouring with illness.

"Whisht honey!" said an old woman, whose nose and accent were decidedly Hibernian, "whisht honey! and don't be afther flusthring yourself! Och! Och! its the sore flusthring ye got! while the big faver was on ye!" The invalid who was just *awaking* from typhus fever, followed her advice from sheer inability to "flusther."

This was Henry, he had expended his last penny, and sunk down overcome with fever, and starvation, on some door-steps. The poor woman had assisted him into her garret, with the characteristic generosity of her nation, and watched over him like a mother.

Three days after this, the kind hearted surgeon who had attended him, called, and when they were alone, he took a newspaper from his pocket, and said,

"From unconnected sentences that escaped you, Mr. Oswald, in the moments of delirium, I am convinced that an advertisement in this newspaper, has regard to you." He then read as follows:

"If Henry O—— should see this, he is earnestly requested to return to Moseley Hall, without the delay of a moment. The fate of one who is dear to him depends perhaps, upon his haste."

"You must not think," continued the surgeon, "of attempting this journey in your present state of health. Such an effort would assuredly bring on a relapse, which would as surely prove fatal."

"To remain one moment," exclaimed Henry, "is impossible! Yet how to get there? Ah God *this* is poverty!"

"If the want of funds prevents you," said the surgeon, "let not a false delicacy prevent you from using this," and he threw him his purse.

"Thanks! most generous—" but the surgeon had disappeared at the first volley of thanks.

"Mrs. Flanigan," said Henry, as that lady entered the room. "I am going to leave you to day!"

"Sorra step jewel!" replied Mrs. Flanigan.

"My life! the life of another perhaps depends upon it?" and he leaped upright in the bed.

"Aisy avick! aisy?" cried his nurse, "but if ye must—ye must—my blessin' on ye boy! it's yourself has the sperrit!" He rose, weak as he was, and dressed himself. He insisted on dividing the contents of the purse with her, and overwhelming her with thanks, proceeded in a cab to the coach office.

It would not be easy to describe Henry's feelings, as the coach brought him nearer to his old home. Hope and dread,—fear and joy, contended within him. All the hot passion of his first love was re-awakened. He pictured scenes of future bliss and a life of placidness and joy. Then a bleak despondency would uproot all his visions, and convulse him with despair. At length he reached the well-known tavern. His appearance was so altered that his former friends did not know him. He had left them vigorous in youth, and erect in manly beauty, and he now returned to them, wasted by sickness, and the marks of sorrow and hardship, stamped indelibly upon his brow.

Weak as he was, he insisted upon a chaise being instantly brought, and starting for the Hall. The memories of other days rose on him, as he passed each familiar tree. He thought of his happy boyhood, of the merry pranks he had played with Emily. Then of his first strange conception of love,—its wild throes, and indistinct longings, before its power dawned in full strength, and discovered a new creation to his soul. Then the recollection of that fatal night, passed before him, like a dark wierd phantom, whose mighty shadow loomed between him, and the star of his hopes; blotting out light from him for ever. And now might not Fate relent? Perhaps she had loved him on, enduringly through calumny; and despite threats and implorings, still yearned in spirit for him.

As thoughts like this drowned the dark whispers of his desponding heart; the tears coursed down his cheeks, and he called on Heaven in tones of wild impetuosity, to have mercy, and in pity to grant, that his hopes might be realised.

The chaise whirled quickly through the lawn, and stood before the Hall-door,—the steps were rattled down, and Henry entered the house, leaning upon two domestics.

They led him to an anti-room, without speaking a word. They removed his hat and cloak, in solemn silence. Henry's heart augured some calamity, and he exclaimed with eagerness, "Tell me! Oh tell me Richard what is it? What am I to expect? Tell me all if ever you loved me?"

The old servant shook his head. His eyes filled with tears, and as he ejaculated, "Miss Emily!" he sobbed aloud. "Ah my God!" exclaimed Henry, "then my worst fears are fulfilled!" His strength was exhausted, and he fell swooning upon an ottoman. The domestic administered such restoratives as his experience suggested, and when Henry was recovered, he requested to be led instantly to Emily. He leaned upon Richard's arm, and they slowly ascended the stairs.

A scene, for which his worst fears had hardly prepared him, opened upon Henry as he entered the

room. All in that chamber, was still as the grave. There sat the old Squire in an arm chair, weeping; reduced to a state of apathetic stolidity, by grief. Two women were standing at the head of a bed, or moving about on tip-toe. The blinds at the request of Emily, had been withdrawn, and the sun-light streamed in many-coloured glory, through a stained window. The family physician and the vicar sat near the bed, and all maintained a deep silence, or spoke in whisperings, that make the silence of a sick-room terrible.

And there, upon that bed lay Emily. She whom he had left in blooming life,—radiant with youth, and love, and beauty. But oh how changed! Her lips were bloodless,—her cheeks were sunken,—her attenuated hands lay almost transparent,—her ringlets strayed on the pillow, in mournful disorder,—her mouth was slightly open, as if she lacked the power to close it, a pale ray that still sat in her eye, alone proclaimed that life was not extinct.

Death had caressed her with his youngest, mildest, charm, and was fast soothing her features, into the "rapture of repose." Henry spoke not, but with a throbbing heart and faltering step, he approached the bed.

"At last, my beloved!" she faintly murmured, as a smile of ineffable sadness and beauty flickered o'er her features. "At last! Then I thank thee God, for this surpassing blessing."

Henry's voice was gone. He bent down and kissed her, and his scalding tears fell on her face.

"Sit near me dearest! Let me be raised, that we may converse once more."

Her wish was obeyed, and she was propped with pillows which were supported by Henry's arm.

"Come nearer, my Henry! for my eyes are dim. Alas! how thou art changed! Sick and sorrow have preyed upon thee too. Yet have courage, for Heaven is merciful! We shall meet there, my Henry, and love through an eternity of joy, as you once told me. Nay, weep not, my beloved!—weep not—'tis not so hard to die. I wished but to see thee before I departed, and Heaven has been merciful." Her voice grew fainter, and she placed her hand upon his. "Yes, Heaven is merciful! My soul has hovered about the confines of bliss, and is suffused with an ineffable placidness—a fullness of softened rapture, that is akin to the joy of the angels; therefore the sting of death is taken away. But, alas! alas!" she continued, as her voice became feebler, and escaped in gasping whispers, "How changed thou art! woe and misery have done their work on thee. Oh, my God! when I look upon thy face, and feel thy breath, and see thy tears and sufferings, the thoughts of other times come over me—our happy youth—the fields and brooks, the flowers and blue sky, that we loved so well—and then our affection struggling into passion, and elevating us to rapture, for one wild moment. Oh, Merciful Father, forgive me! but it is hard to die and leave thee, my best beloved!" The tears ran down her cheeks, and all in the room were sobbing with uncontrollable grief.

"And I shall leave thee all alone," she continued, choking with the death pang, "and thou wilt have no comforter—none to cheer thee and love thee in want and sickness; and the world will scorn thee, when thou weepest for her, whose only companions

are the worms. Oh, but it is hard to die and leave thee, my love! Yet am I sinful. Is not God merciful? and will not *He* protect the innocent? And my father, Henry, wilt thou not love my father? I know thou wilt! Come hither, my father, canst thou not forgive my Henry? whose only crime was, that he loved her whom *thou* didst love so well."

The old man approached, and seizing Henry's hand, abandoned himself to a paroxysm of grief, and fell upon his bosom weeping like a child.

"Now I feel happy," continued Emily, "and my soul is calm again! I see once more the bright ones that have cheered my dreams so oft of late. They beckon me! I hear their voices, singing a welcome in sweetest, saddest tones. I come, my sisters—I come."

Her head fell back, and her pure spirit had returned to him who gave it.

"Oh God! My child! my child!" shrieked the broken-hearted father, "Merciful Heaven, spare her to my grey hairs!" and he fell in a swoon.

Winter had passed away! Spring had leaped upon the world, and mellowed into summer. It was June once more. Midnight was upon the earth. The moon held her court in mid-heaven, and suffused the atmosphere with a wan glory. Silence was upon the land—deep, unutterable silence, that made the heart pant, and the ears throb—and the broad fields and waving woods, basked stirless in the beams.

How solemn is that old village church and church-yard! all hoar with the pale sheeny moonlight; while ever and anon the ancient clock tolls the hour, like a warning spirit of time, reminding mortals of the past, the passing—the irrevocable! thrilling the soul of silence, and frightening the sleeping echoes!

There is an ancient tomb in that church-yard, moss-grown, and shaded with aged yews. It is the burial place of the Squire's family. On that night there was an old man, bare-headed, lying beside it watching and whispering to a glow-worm that sparkled among the daises near it.

"Yes, my beloved," said he, in a low, plaintive voice, "I know thy messenger, and shall soon be with thee. I come, my Emily, to share thy heaven. I tarry long, my dearest, but God's will be done. I am weary of earth; my heart—my heart is broken, and my soul is with thee now."

Then, as if in answer to some invisible question, he resumed—

"Alas, my love! he left me; he was broken with anguish; but he will soon join us. Yes, my angel! I was cruel, but thou hast forgiven me! He will forgive me, too, when we all meet above; and thou sayest that God is merciful!"

The old Squire, in the abstraction of sorrow, did not perceive the figure of a young man bending over him, and listening to his accents. At length he became aware of his presence, and springing to his feet, he exclaimed with vehemence,

"Why, who are you, that dare intrude on the sacredness of sorrow? Stand back! Come not one step nearer! her spirit hovers near! See you not her messenger? hush! do not frighten it, or it will come

no more! Then I shall be left *all alone*. Retire! I am a poor, woe-stricken, old man! Leave me to my griefs!"

A deep sigh was the only answer of the stranger.

"Why, who are you that sigh?" resumed the Squire. "Have you lost a daughter? Pshaw! I have lost my Emily! What are a thousand daughters to her? Stand back!" he continued, in a whisper, "and I will tell you. She was my Emily, you know—you must have heard of my Emily—an angel who died for love?—and I was very cruel. But she still says, No! no! Why, who *are* you?" said he, raising his voice. "I know those features!—Henry!"

"It is, indeed, Henry," answered the young man, "come to ask a blessing of his father before he joins her!"

"I thank thee, God!" cried the old man, falling on Henry's bosom. "Henry, my son, canst thou

forgive me? Thou must forgive me! She was talking of thee to-night. Say, thou wilt pardon me before I die!" "Be comforted, sir! My best friend!—my father! my Emily's father!—forgive thee!" The old man fell to the ground.

"My father!" said Henry, "speak to me! Arise and take comfort! Oh, speak to me! What means this silence?"

He stooped down, but the Squire was dead. He fell upon his knees, and offered up a fervent prayer to Heaven.

As he rose, the deep-toned clock vibrated through the night, as if in answer to his supplication, and a nightingale poured a gust of uncontrollable melody through space. He gazed upon the corpse for a moment, the insect was nestling upon the breast of him who had loved it so well, diffusing its tiny rays, and with a bleeding heart, he walked to the Hall to seek assistance.

A FRIENDLY BET.

I WAS dining at Mr. —'s, one of the best dinner-giving civilians in Calcutta. We had drank a large portion of loll shrob, and were freely indulging in our hookahs, which bubbled under the table, and behind our chairs. We had talked over all the local news, and had canvassed the affairs of Europe; in a word, we had gone through all the routine of an Indian dinner, which I can no better describe than by stating it to be a regular struggle to forget the misery of the climate, an attempt to overcome fatigue and ill health by luxurious feasting. The ice, which I must confess is one of the best things in Bengal, had cooled our parched lips; Colonel T—— had made several matches for the next races; and all seemed well pleased, save and except our entertainer, who was looking sad and gloomy. The cause of his present sullen mood was simply this.

A pseudo wit, a young ensign, just arrived from Europe, was invited to —'s table. Unused to the pomposity of rich civilians, and fancying he could jest before a "senior merchant," he had actually thought fit to commence a series of puns, with that easy familiarity in which wittlings are sometimes pleased to indulge in Great Britain. The host fancied his dignity slighted by the overwhelming volubility of the young soldier; he therefore ventured to interfere, when lo! his military tormentor turned upon him, and uttered half-a-dozen witticisms at the expense of the old civilian. Astounded at the impudence of the almost boy who thus dared to beard him, Mr. — paused for an instant. The ensign took advantage of the silence, and demanded, 'Why Mr. —'s' (his host's) 'coat was like a pine-apple in Hindostaunee?' None dared to answer, though all saw the point. "Do you give it up? Well, then, I'll tell you. Because it's on an ass!" (aunanass.) Then jumping up, he declared that he had an engagement to fulfil, and went off laughing at the ill-concealed wrath of his entertainer, whose interference he chose thus publicly to reprove.

Good-humour was again, however, ascending her throne; even Mr. — had begun to regain his wonted composure; when suddenly Mr. — fell from his chair in a fit. Every one rose.

"What's the matter?" cried L——. "Our host has been seized with apoplexy," cried Danvers.

"Not a bit. It's mere epilepsy," chimed in Martin.—"It's apoplexy, I tell you," tartly replied the first speaker.

"It's epilepsy, for a hundred gold mohurs."—"Done," shouted Danvers; "done for a hundred."

"By Heavens, he's dying!" exclaimed Atkins; "he's turning black in the face. He's dying; give him air."—"Not he," said T——, the resident — at —.

"He is; he is even now in his death struggle."

"Pooh, pooh, he'll get over it. I'll bet a lack of rupees he recovers."—"Done! done!" vociferated Atkins.

"What's the matter?" demanded the young ensign, who had suddenly re-entered.—"Here's our host in a fit, a dangerous fit," replied Captain Somers.

"Untie his neckcloth," suggested a medical man present,—"untie his neckcloth; he is choking."

"I bar that," shouted Atkins; "I've bet a lack he dies. I insist that no one shall touch him."—"What! would you see a man die, and not try to avert it?"

"You're really very wrong," cried T——, who had bet on our entertainer's recovery.—"Will you pay half-forfeit, and let the cravat be undone?"

"Not I," said the civilian.—"Then no man present shall touch him!" reiterated Atkins, putting himself in an attitude as if to keep assistance off.

"Well, then, let's see what a boy (as you were pleased to call me just now) can do."

In another moment, Atkins was sprawling on the earth, and the fainting man's neckcloth suddenly undone. In five minutes more he was perfectly recovered.

Atkins sent the ensign a challenge, which his regiment took up, and sent the said Atkins to Coventry. He not only lost his lack of rupees, but also his best friend; for our host, who had hitherto been his benefactor and patron, never forgave him, but transferred his friendship to the young Ensign, who is now a Lieutenant-Colonel, thanks to his timely interference in preventing the probable catastrophe of this "*friendly bet*."

PAULINE BARTENAU, THE HUGUENOT'S DAUGHTER.

AN OWER-TRUE POITEVIN TRADITION.

"Locus in Quo."

(Concluded from page 38.)

CHAPTER VI.

"WOMAN AND HER MASTER."

BUT the sequel of the tale! what *followed*! the consequences, in other words—ay! the consequences! Well! the sequel must be told. For Pauline Bartenau was the denizen of no ideal Peri-land; and this, her history, is no Arcadian idyll. Yes! the sequel must be told. And yet, like a timid bather shivering on the brink, while he procrastinates the plunge he is determined to make, we approach reluctantly the precipice to which the course of our tale conducts us. We closed the last chapter, which contains—not the picture, for it cannot be painted—but the intimation of so much happiness; and devoted a new one to the stern work that lies before us. For the especial dedication, which commended the last to the particular attention of the young and innocent, is alas! not appropriate to this. Yet, let them too read what follows, that the manly may feel the generous wholesome glow of righteous indignation, righteous when visiting the rightful head; and the gentle may drop, as we hope, an equally wholesome tear over the fortunes of one as gentle, as lovely, as themselves. But these readers will find nothing agreeable presented to them in this chapter.

No! here the dedication must be a different one. Now, it is your turn, all you who "always expected" the misfortunes of your neighbours. Come to the feast, all you who "knew from the first what it must come to," and gloat of the fulfilment of your raven prophecies. You who candidly avow that you "have no patience" with sinners, whose sin is virtuous, compared with your virtue; you, whose exceeding purity "for your part cannot tolerate any symptoms of levity in a young woman;" you, who chiefly "wonder what the man could have seen in her" at all attractive; above all, you sweet sisters of your sex, who "have no doubt that the hussy herself was chiefly, if not entirely, in fault, running after the poor man in that way;" come all of you, loathsome harpies! do not you snuff the carrion scent of a slaughtered reputation?

Poor Pauline! alas! those sweet moonlight walks! those dangerous moonlight walks! Did she not know that there was danger in them? Why should she have dreamed of any?

Jules de Pontarlier! the winner of this inestimable prize, an innocent maiden's pure, loving, clinging heart! the partner of this trembling woman in her sin! the conqueror who has achieved this triumph over a weak and guileless girl! Stand forth, Jules de Pontarlier! while we scrutinize a little your portion of this deed. Were you, too, ignorant of the slippery nature of the path you were treading with this young creature? Were you as artlessly uncon-

scious of the approach of danger as she was? Did you fall from your high estate of spotless innocence by the sudden assault of temptation on your human frailty, in an unguarded hour? If so, let pitying charity throw over your sin, also, her covering mantle. Though with infinitely less to excuse your fall than may be urged in extenuation of that of her who shared it—though armed with knowledge, habitual prudence, and worldly forethought—though the stronger, instead of the weaker, vessel; yet, if the case be as we have supposed, human censors will and ought to judge leniently your error. Reparation is open to you. The betrothed faith may be kept. And the evil you have done will make you doubly anxious ever to shield that delicate and fragile being from every ruder breath of the cold world's unkindness.

The world had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of M. Jules de Pontarlier; and the world testified its approbation of him in many ways, bestowing sundry sufficiently solid and satisfactory testimonials of its favour and approval. He rose to a high position in his profession; and dying at Paris, full of years and honours, was buried in the church of St. Jacques, near the *Marché des Innocents*, with a long Latin inscription on his tomb, recording the admiration of his contemporaries for his virtues as a christian, a magistrate, a husband, and a father.

Poor Pauline! then she was happy at last? The evening of her days in some degree compensated for their cold unkindly morning? She was the happy mother of children, and honoured wife of the exemplary magistrate, so recorded by the veracious marble?

Ha, ha, ha! It is a mad world we live in! A mad wag of a world!

Pauline Bartenau died—but we are anticipating unduly. Let us proceed regularly with this history, in which nothing occurred in anywise abnormal, but all passed perfectly "*selon les règles*."

The world was in all ways satisfied with the fortunate Jules de Pontarlier. He gained Jacques Bartenau's cause for him, in the first place; and much thanks, pelf, and credit for himself thereby. Having, therefore, nothing further to detain him at Niort, he returned to Paris, and there grew rapidly in the favour and esteem of the courts, and was again the soul and spirit of more than one gay circle, in which bright eyes looked the brighter in his presence, and laughing banter about his successes with the Poitevin belles, as laughingly replied to by the gay young advocate. But it was not long before the rising bar-rister thought proper to seek for a wife in earnest. And here, again, the world was well satisfied with him. He made "a proper marriage, in all respects." Rank, fortune, &c., all strictly "*convenable*." A good Catholic, too, of course. What! marry a Hu-

guenot? Fie! where would have been his sense of religion? The church would not have been satisfied with him *then*.

Pass on thy way, Jules de Pontarlier! We have no more to say to thee, or of thee. Sail onwards down the pleasant and prosperous stream of life, with swelling sails filled with fortune's favouring gale, and brightened by the warm sunshine of the world's esteem! Nor pause to cast one backward glance on the lonely wreck thou hast left stranded on the cold inhospitable shore, to perish unregarded, save by the half-averted eye of scorn, and alone. Pass on! we have no new homily to read to the seducer. All that can be said has been said and re-said. And the pious world can listen to such talk, confined to safely vague generalities, with much edification. But for the visitation of its bitter pains and penalties the coward world prefers the weak and helpless victim. It is awkward, involves disagreeable results and inconvenience, to deal with strong, powerful men. So "we really cannot look into these matters," with regard to them. But to wreak our dastard morality on the weak, the frail, the broken already, the prostrate helpless one—this is safe, cheaply virtuous—and pleasant withal.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PENALTY.

Leaving, then, the spoiler to pursue his prosperous path amid the noisy business, and still more noisy pleasures of the world of Paris, let us follow to its unmarked close the history of her whose fortunes we have undertaken to record, and whose story, like many a similar one, equally melancholy and equally suggestive of various unheeded moralities, would, like them, long since have perished and been forgotten, had not the tragedy been marked by certain incidental peculiarities, which connect it in Poitevin traditionary lore with historical circumstances of those times, not yet faded from the memory of the old inhabitants of the province.

And now once again, *gentle* readers, we appeal to you. Now that the worst is told—now that you know all the sad truth about our poor fallen Pauline—"fallen by too much faith in man"—we appeal again to you, the gentle, the innocent, and the young, and would fain bespeak your sympathies in favour of an erring sister. Will ye not, with meek and gentle eyes, moist with heaven's best-loved sacrifice—a tear of pity—follow to its close her chill and cheerless pilgrimage? Would ye not have rejoiced to pour the healing balsam of a gentle word, a gentle look, on that poor bleeding heart, to have bound up the wounds of that crushed spirit, to have lightened by a little—'tis but a little that human power can—the sore, sore load which that frail form must bear on its flinty path? Alas! her gloomy way was uncheered by any such angel's ministrings. Yet, pity! gentle ones! for the precious pity-drops you shed shall be a beneficent dew on the tender verdure of your own hearts, and the unavailing blessing, where-with you would have blessed the stricken one, shall

return again into your own bosoms, making yet gentler even your gentleness, and purifying even your purity. Fear not, then, gentle readers, despite the lessons of a cold, selfish, and hypocritical prudery, to walk with us awhile beside the path of your unhappy sister.

How Pauline first learned her lover's faithlessness—the first stab-like agony—the angry incredulity—the hoping against hope—the heart-sickening gradual departure of all hope—and the stunning, numbing fulness of despair;—all this it is needless to detail at length; for alas! alas! is it not too trite a tale?

Then slowly, and by degrees, thoughts of herself, her own position, and future, would force themselves upon her. Her father! her stern and severe father! Could there be hope of pity or forgiveness from him? Would it be possible to conceal from him and from others the consequences of her shame? Oh! heavens! the madness that was in thoughts such as these! And yet, though each time the thought recurred, it seemed to mark in fire its passage through the brain, yet she could not fix her mind on the momentous subject. The rebel thought would stray to him, who had long since ceased to think of her. Importunate, tormenting, and yet alluring memory *would* paint and re-paint on fancy's tablets that one same scene, brought out all vivid and distinct from amid the dreamy haze that seemed to hang over all the rest of the utterly severed and apparently far distant past. Like phantasmagoric scenes painted on their own bright circle of light, amid the surrounding darkness, unreproducible, except by throwing all around them into utter obscurity, this vision of the past showed bright and isolated, cut out of the black rim that encircled it, and leaving invisible all those objects lying outside the magic ring, whose appearance would have caused the brilliant picture to fade and disappear.

Thus time passed on with dull and leaden step, tediously slow in his progress over each heavy cheerless hour, but fearfully rapid in his resistless march towards the awful hour, when it now became evident to Pauline that she must disclose to un pitying ears her frailty and its results. Gradually had the full horror of her position, with all its attendant circumstances, developed itself to her stunned intellect. Gradually she had come to comprehend and fully realise the facts around and before her.

Appalling prospect! oh! the bitter, bitter hours; the long, long agony; the tear-spent nights; the terror-haunted days; the pang—sharpest of all—of unrequited love and crushed affections; the heart-sick hopelessness, that punish frail, weak, sorely-tormented woman's first transgression! Ah! men! men! were an amount of penalty strictly proportioned, on a similar scale, to the amount of moral turpitude of which ye, strong lords of God's creation, are guilty, in your sinnings so lightly visited as to seem hardly sin at all; what hell, present or future, were profound enough for your incalculably deep damnation! But then, ye *are* the lords of the creation—manly, just, generous, equitable legislators for yourselves, and the companions, equal to yourselves, save in their love-demanding weakness, whom God has given you—the Creator's last, best gift, without which Paradise was imperfect and unblest!

One of the epochs most strongly marked by gen-

eral license was that in France, in which our heroine lived. And it may be thought, therefore, that the general tone of the times would have saved her from the cruel fate which has been represented as being before her. But it must be remembered that she belonged to a peculiar and isolated class; and that, in all respects, a severe and harsh one. Of the habits and manners of that class, who have made the period in question notable for its licentiousness, Pauline Bartenau, and those around her—those who were to make her fate—knew nothing. Nor could it have been possible to single out an individual, who would stand more utterly alone and friendless in an unknown world, than would the Huguenot's poor daughter, when abandoned by her own immediate friends, and driven forth into the wilderness of a world of which she had never seen or known any thing.

It came at length; that dreadful hour of her father's first knowledge of his daughter's fall; that hour awaited in trembling expectation for so long; that hour, whose horrors importunate fancy had painted throughout the watchings of so many sleepless nights. It came, and realised her worst anticipations. It was a fearful interview, that last one between the father and the motherless daughter. Few words were said by either, though so much had to be told by both. Her sin, her shame, the doom that was to avenge it by the father. Cold, calm, self-contained as ever, the Huguenot heard the half-uttered words that told his daughter's tale. No gush of pity, no burst of rage altered the wonted rigidity of his upright form, or lighted up his cold, grey, quiet eye. Her story was said, wrung from her panting bosom in half-articulated words; and Pauline remained on her knees before him, with difficulty preventing herself from sinking prostrate on the floor. Her rich dark locks had, in her agitation, escaped from their confinement, and hung in disordered but beautiful masses over her pallid brow and ivory neck. That lovely face, swollen with weeping, was upturned towards him, and the beseeching eloquence of those dark tearful eyes could not have appealed in vain to any human bosom not indurated into stone-cold apathy. The hands joined in supplication, and outstretched towards him, added their expression of helpless wretchedness to the figure, which might well have inspired a Tintoretto or a Guido with a perfect representation of the Magdalene. But still he, the father, stood apparently unmoved; so unmoved, that those who knew him not might well have supposed that he had before been aware of the facts then made known to him.

And what was passing in the mind of the hard, impenetrable man during the long cruel pause, so interminable in its agony to the poor suppliant, that he suffered to elapse ere he replied to her appeal? Was there aught of self-reproach mingled with those hidden meditations? any consciousness of duties left undone, which, performed, might have obviated that which had occurred! Or did the proud religionist's mind revert to the disgrace which might be reflected on him, his house, his name, in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and especially of his own sect? At all events, no tone of pity, no faintest gleam of mercy, was to be discovered in the accent of the voice in which he at last said, more as if speaking to himself than to her:—

"This, too, was to be, and must needs have come therefore. But woe—verily, woe—to the lost soul by whom the offence cometh."

Then, turning more directly to the still kneeling figure of poor Pauline, he said, pointing in the direction of the street—

"Go forth! go from me, and from my house. Our paths, henceforth, must be different—FOR EVER! Alone with my God must I walk the remainder of my pilgrimage through this vale of tears; for it hath seemed good to Him that not even here should cleave unto me aught of the strange woman, after whom I strayed in my youth, sinfully taking to my bosom a wife not from the number of His elect. And, of a truth, from a bramble men do not gather figs. Rise, and go forth."

He turned, and was leaving the room; Pauline was motionless, as if turned into marble; till, rousing herself by a sudden effort, she sprang forward, caught his hand, and in an accent in which the slightest possible tone of reproach might be detected mingling with that of supplication as she pronounced the word—father, said impressively—

"Father! My father! You send me, then, to death!"—

She was going on, but he disengaged his hand, and raising it as if to represent the impassable barrier which was to separate them for ever, he replied, slowly and sternly—

"The wages of sin is death."

And with these words the good man left the sinner. They were the last, *with one exception*, that Pauline ever heard from her father.

He passed from the room; and she remained, for a while, in the attitude and on the spot where he had left her, stunned by the blow, and incapable of fully comprehending its reality. At length, slowly, and almost dreamily, she gathered herself up, and rose to her feet. The immediate consideration of what next was to be done then forced her mind to contemplate the future that lay before her. All dark! no ray to cheer! no possibility of hope! alone! helpless! friendless! no hand to sustain, guide, assist! no voice to soothe! no heart to love and cherish! Like Hagar, she was to go forth into the wilderness; but that which lay before her was the worse and more desolate wilderness, a cruel, scornful world, thick set with cold strange eyes, that glare upon the stricken one, warning her off from the shelter of each heart. Oh, for the desert! the real desert! where beneath no eye save the benignant, the pitying, the merciful one of her Heavenly Father, she might lay her down and be at rest!

World! world! decent, decorous, pious, proper world! how many Hagers perish, and are even now perishing, in the wilderness to which thou hast driven them forth?

Might she but die! To sleep and wake no more to this weary, weary world! Oh, what a boon were that! To die!—so easy! so quick! so sure! and then rest, rest! repose and darkness! no prying eyes! no scoffing smiles! one plunge, and all is over!

Ha! devil! art thou there? Thou knowest well thy time, and skilfully presentest to the miserable thy master-stroke of temptation. But hie thee hence! This woman, weak, hardly smitten, and prostrate, is

yet none of thine. Shall she do murder?—a double murder?

Then welcome, life! dark, stormy, cheerless, dreary life!—welcome, for that dear sake!—welcome, struggling, toil, and pain!

And Pauline walked forth from her father's house, and closed its door behind her, the wide world all before her. She was not without the means of obtaining immediate shelter, did she but know where to apply for it; for she possessed and carried with her sundry trinkets, some of no small value, which had been the property of her mother. It was not likely that any vanities of this kind should have been acquired beneath the roof of the Huguenot husband and father, by either mother or daughter. But the articles which were now to serve her daughter in her urgent need, and which had been the cherished memorial of her own bright youth, had been brought by her from the sunny land of her birth, and had been the gifts of her fond foster-parents.

The first desperate plunge had been made. Pauline was homeless in the streets of Niort. And many a weary, despairing hour did she wander purposeless before she could determine on making any application for food or shelter. She was, however, at length fortunate in the selection she made. Instinctively she had sought the poorer quarter of the town; and there at last she had addressed an old woman who was standing at the open door of what seemed to be a very poor watch-maker or mender's shop. She had summoned all her physiognomical skill to her aid before she had dared to take the step in question; and it had not deceived her. She stated her position, her condition, but not her name, and showed her means of paying for what aid might be afforded her. She was kindly received; and we will not inquire how large a share of this result was produced by the exhibition of the trinkets, and how much by the statement of her distress. The old woman was very poor. Her husband obtained a very scanty livelihood by working at his trade as a watch-maker, in mending the watches of his poor neighbours, and the trinkets of their wives; for no part of the population in France, however poor, is without such ornaments. But he also was old, and his failing eyes rendered his work daily more difficult and more slow to him.

With this good couple our poor outcast found a home for the present pressing moment, and there we must leave her, both because the traditionary sources of this historiette say nothing further of the immediately subsequent part of her life; and because the one other passage there, which we shall add to the two already related—her birth, that is, in the prison at Niort; and secondly, the event which gave its colouring to all her future years, and which does so for most women, is all that is necessary to complete the sketch we wish to present to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

“RARO ANTECEDENTEM SCELESTUM DESERUIT PEDE.
PENNA CLAUDO.”

On the 22d of October, in the year 1685, Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes. Rarely, perhaps,

has the uneasiness of a royal conscience produced results so extensively, grievously, and permanently injurious, as did that day's pious work. Much of evil has arisen not rarely from similar causes. Many of the lastingly mischievous influences, which have so lamentably retarded the progress of civilization in France, may be ascribed to the personal failings of the “grand monarque,” and still more, probably, to qualities, which have been ordinarily reckoned among his virtues. That they should still so be reckoned by a large proportion of the Frenchmen of the nineteenth century, is one of the most convincing proofs of the small progress hitherto achieved by the nation towards a general comprehension of sound principles of genuine civilization—or, to speak perhaps more fairly, of the very large portion of the path which yet remains to be travelled over. Very few, however, even among the most blindly violent of the renaissance, Jesuit-animated party in France, would, in all probability, be found to defend the revocation of the edict of Nantes in the present day, at least as a measure of policy, even if they should deem it to have been a laudably zealous effort on religious grounds.

It was surely one of the blindest pieces of fury and folly that fanaticism ever prompted. Its immediate results in depriving France of a very large portion of its incomparably most valuable inhabitants, the shock to commerce, the stagnation to industry, the penalties inflicted on integrity, and the premium offered to rascality. All this is well known; and those who have had an opportunity of reading the scarce and highly curious little quarto volume of M. Thomas, on the history of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, are aware of the savage fury with which the authorities of the government endeavoured to avoid the inevitable consequences of their own act. The irreparable mischief inflicted on the country by the expatriation of the Huguenots was too manifest to escape the penetration even of Louis XIV.'s priest-ridden government. Departure out of the country, therefore, was made highly penal; and the galleys were filled with unfortunate professors of “the religion,” as it was termed, who had been taken in the attempt to escape from the shores of their persecuting country.

Notwithstanding every precaution that could be taken, however, and notwithstanding the severities exercised on those who were caught in the attempt, a very large number of Protestants, especially from the south-western provinces, contrived, as is well known, to effect their escape; carrying with them to more hospitable shores their arts, their industry, and their energies. It was in 1685, just as Madame de Maintenon—herself born, as we have seen, of Huguenot parents in the prison of Niort, for the sake of their religion—was consolidating and maturing her influence over the king's mind, that this blow fell on France. It was, therefore, just about thirty years from the date of that second passage in our heroine's life, which was related in the preceding chapter.

It was a dark night towards the latter end of November in that year, and the narrow overhung streets of the interior of the little town of La Rochelle were yet darker than the quays and basin, and the roadstead beyond it. For the style of the architecture was—and is there still—such as to more than coun-

terbalance the feeble effect of the scanty lamps, which, like angels' visits, few and far between, seem only to enhance the gloom beyond the little circle of their ineffectual illumination. The streets were built "en colomage," as the French call it; and many of them—most of them, indeed—remain so to the present day. The phrase means, that the upper stories project sufficiently to overhang a space large enough for a good "trottoir." They are supported on arcades, which thus form a barrier between the foot-passengers and the street.

In a dark and meanly furnished upper room of one of the houses in the Rue des Gentilhommes, on the night in question, two old men were sitting, engaged in close and apparently anxious conversation. They had no light beyond that which was communicated to the room from the meagre oil lamp which swung suspended on a cord stretched across the street, immediately below their window. And this, as it was kept incessantly in motion by the wind, which was howling dismally up the narrow little street, shed a vacillating and flickering light into the apartment. The two seniors sat in such a position with reference to the window, that the light fell now on one face, and now again on the other. Both were men apparently in extreme old age, and both had evidently been tall, well-proportioned men in their day. One, however, was now bent almost double by the weight of years and infirmities. But the other was still upright, and it seemed, almost vigorous in his green old age. The light was uncertain and but momentary, as it flashed alternately on one and the other of them; but yet, so marked were the features it then lighted up, and so striking the entire figures of the two elders, that any one who had known them in former years would not have failed to recognize in the first the preacher Riberac, and in the second the merchant Jacques Bartenau.

Time had dealt more hardly with the more ardent spirit of the two. The preacher was not one of those of whom it can be said that "the blade has worn out the scabbard." For though the incessant activity of that hot and eager spirit might have worn out three or four tenements of ordinary clay, the hard wiry tenacity of the preacher's physical nature had bid defiance to the wear and tear of more than eighty years. But time, which had failed to quench the fire of his eye, or to rob his head of his long and silvery tresses, or to paralyze the vigour of the harsh but powerful voice, had yet succeeded in bending the rigid slender figure which had been once as inflexible as the spirit that animated it.

The merchant was still upright as ever—still stiff and stern—the very picture of inflexibility and resolution. The once dark head was bald, but a few long straggling locks of grisly grey that floated from behind the ears, and a long and ample grey beard gave expression and dignity to the figure.

He rose and stepped towards the window, and having opened the casement looked out in both directions long and anxiously.

"It is a rough night," he said, closing again the window and turning himself towards the preacher; "as dark as we could wish; but I fear Duperrier may have all the more difficulty in finding any one willing to undertake the business in hand."

"Fear neither that, nor aught else in this matter, Maitre Jacques Bartenau," replied his friend, and the hale firm voice in which the words were said, contrasted strongly with the feeble and broken appearance of the speaker. "The raging of the ocean is less fierce than the hatred of the ungodly, and the Lord who has thus far delivered us out of their hand, will not permit the violence of his tempest to cast us back into their net."

"I will not doubt it, my friend," returned Bartenau, "yet our trusty friend Duperrier has been absent much longer than he anticipated."

He began to pace the little chamber, in which they were sitting, backwards and forwards, with a firm and measured step, ever and anon stopping at the window to throw a glance into the street, and relapsed into silence.

The few words spoken, however, have been sufficient to make the reader fully comprehend the position and circumstances of the two old men. Noted both of them throughout their own town, and almost throughout the entire province as rigid, uncompromising, and bigoted Huguenots, and influential leaders of their sect, they had, of course, been among the first persons attacked by the agents of the king's intolerance on the publication of the new law. They were not long in determining to attempt the only chance which was left them of passing the brief remainder of their lives in the free profession and exercise of their religion—escape and emigration. It was a severe and painful measure for two octogenarians to adopt; and in the case of the merchant, involved no inconsiderable sacrifice of property. But what availed *property* to an old man tottering on the verge of the grave, and alone in the world. Nothing! Nor did this consideration cause Bartenau a moment's hesitation. The love of gold was not among his failings. And if he had continued during many years to pursue those avocations, which added to a store already large enough for all his wants, it was due to the force of habit and the difficulty of abandoning an occupation which long use had rendered almost necessary to him.

The thought that the wealth he was about to abandon *was* useless—that he had no one to share his property—that he was alone in the world; this may have caused him a pang, but it was a secret one; for never, since the day that Pauline left his door, now some thirty-five years since, had her name, or any allusion to her, passed his lips. Securing, therefore, enough of gold to support himself and the companion of his flight for the few years they should yet need aught that money could procure, he determined to attempt escaping from France. It was an attempt far from being unattended with risk and difficulty; yet practicable enough to those possessed of money and influence. Arrangements were easily made with the skipper of a Dutch ship, which traded regularly between Amsterdam and La Rochelle; and for a consideration he agreed to linger in the offing on his approaching departure for the shores of Holland, having selected a moonless night for that purpose, and receive on board the wealthy merchant and his companion.

This, however, was the simplest and easiest part of the matter. The difficulty was, to get from the

shore to the vessel. It was difficult to escape the perpetual surveillance with which the jealousy of the government surrounded the Huguenots sufficiently to get from the shore at all, and as difficult to obtain the service of a boatman who might be trusted; for the betrayal of a couple of escaping heretics, and those such notable ones as the preacher Riberac and the rich merchant, into the hands of the authorities, was a service sure to command no trifling remuneration.

It was in quest of this necessary service that the friend Duperrier, already mentioned by Bartenau, was now absent. He was the owner of the house in which the two old men now were, and in which they had found an asylum, when hunted from their own dwellings. La Rochelle, which had ever been a notable strong-hold of the Huguenot party, from the earliest times of Protestantism, and which, to the present day, has a larger number of Protestants, in proportion to its population, than any other town of France, rendered good and important service to the religionists in the evil days which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It was from that friendly port, and in the ships employed by Protestant capital and industry, that the greatest number of escapes were effected by the hunted Huguenots from the atrocious persecution of Louis XIV.

It may be easily imagined that the good burghers of La Rochelle did not play the good part they did without much suffering, self-sacrifice, and risk to themselves. But whatever faults the sectarians of those days in France may be chargeable with—and they are many and grave—want of devotion to the cause of their party, and to the persecuted members of it, was not among them. Thus Louis Duperrier, a worthy man who distinguished himself afterwards too conspicuously, in the good work of aiding fugitive heretics with the means of concealment and flight, to escape the vigilance of the authorities himself, and who ultimately was rewarded for his humanity by several years at the galleys—this worthy citizen, who was a commercial connexion of Bartenau's, had received him and the preacher into his house, and was now engaged in the very critical errand of finding a trust-worthy boatman to convey his dangerous guests to the ship which awaited them in the offing.

At length the patient watch of the two octogenarians was rewarded by the sound of their host's footsteps ascending the stairs. He had entered the house not by the front door, which opened in the Rue des Gentilhommes, but by a back one, which was approached by a narrow alley from the quay.

His tidings were soon told. He had been successful, and had secured the services of a person in whom implicit confidence might be placed. There was, however, a something strange and constrained about his manner, which struck both the old men. It seemed as if there was more to tell behind, which he did not think proper to explain. Any doubt, however, of Duperrier's loyalty was out of the question; so the fugitives prepared to follow him, without further loss of time, to the spot where their boatman was to meet him.

CHAPTER IX.

A NIGHT SCENE IN THE ROADSTEAD OF LA ROCHELLE.
A. D., 1685.

The spot which had been selected for this purpose was a part of the shore, a little beyond the mole—the memorable work of that strong but unworthy priest who laid the foundations of the modern monarchy of France, and of all those days of miserably mis-called "glory" which have cost France, and humanity in general, so dear. Benignant Nature is labouring daily in the kindly task of removing and obliterating this mighty monument of Richelieu's tyranny and oppression; but it may still be traced, "*dorsum immane mari summo*," a speaking evidence of the impotence of the mightiest efforts of brute force to coerce, permanently, the march of human opinion.

It was beyond or outside this that Jacques Bartenau and André Riberac were to take boat. The beach there was less frequented, and their boat would have a better chance of traversing the space between the town and the vessel awaiting them in the offing, unchallenged and unobserved. In fact, the risk of observation would have been small in any case on such a night as the one in question. The pitchy darkness of the somewhat stormy November night favoured their enterprise, and rendered the duty of the coast-guard an extremely difficult one.

The most dangerous part of the *trajet* was that across the open space of the quay. It was possible enough that any patrolling party might challenge and detain three persons passing seawards under such circumstances, and at such an hour. The open space was, however, passed in safety, and the point of embarkation as safely reached. Two persons were there found waiting their arrival. One, wrapped in a large cloak, was sitting in the boat, and occupied the place of the steerer. The other stood on the shore, holding the boat with a boat-hook, and ready to assist his expected passengers in their embarkation. The darkness was such that the individual in the stern of the boat could with difficulty be perceived at all by those on the beach. Of the form, features, or stature of this person, nothing whatsoever was distinguishable. Nor was the light sufficient to permit any very accurate survey of him who stood on the shore. He seemed to be a tall, powerful man, dressed in dark-coloured clothing, and that was all that could be seen.

He stretched forth his hand in silence to assist the merchant into the boat. The latter turned to take leave of Duperrier, and, before accepting the proffered hand of the boatman, asked, with a slight degree of anxiety in his manner—

"You have confidence in these persons, Duperrier? Methinks that, when much trust must be placed, it would have diminished the risk of treachery to have trusted but one."

"You would not have been more safe with either one of these than with both," returned the Rochellais citizen, with some dryness of manner.

"And you have made them aware," continued Maître Bartenau, "that a larger reward awaits their faithful performance of this service than would be likely to be gained by betraying us?"

"You need not fear, I repeat," said Duperrier, speaking almost with severity of manner; "you need in nowise fear to trust your life, and ought more precious yet, to the guidance and protection of these persons. Go, therefore, Jacques Bartenau, and may God be with you in a foreign land; and may he there make to descend into your heart the lesson which will this night be afforded you."

He hastily embraced both him and the preacher, and turned quickly to retrace his steps towards the town.

The style and method of this farewell and departure were, to say the least, not calculated to re-assure the minds of the fugitives. Yet they felt it almost impossible to suspect treachery on the part of so old and long-trying a friend of the cause, as was Louis Duperrier of La Rochelle. The consideration, moreover, that if treachery were intended, they were already—two octogenarians as they were—totally in the power of the two individuals of the boat, be their intentions what they might, sufficed to show them the futility of hesitation in the enterprise they had commenced.

So the merchant first accepted the proffered hand of the man who was holding the boat with a boat-hook, and stepped into the boat; and Riberac followed him. They seated themselves in silence. The man followed them in, assumed the oars, and the boat left the shore. No word was spoken during the half-hour which was occupied in conveying them to the ship's side by either of the four persons in the boat. The oarsman and the steerer both performed their parts in perfect silence. The latter continued almost motionless; and the folds of the large cloak which enveloped his figure were so disposed as effectually to conceal the face, even had the passengers been disposed to scrutinize it as closely as the darkness would permit.

Nothing further occurred which could in any way tend to awake suspicion of foul play on the part of the fugitives. The boat glided swiftly through the black-looking water beneath the vigorous strokes of the muscular oarsman; and before long the masts and cordage, and dark hull of the vessel, which was for the present the haven of their hopes, were visible through the thick darkness to the eager eyes of the two old men.

A few minutes more and the boat glided smoothly with skilfully-directed movements alongside the ship; a pre-concerted signal-word was spoken by Bartenau, and promptly answered by a man looking over the side of the vessel; and a rope ladder was quickly thrown over the side to facilitate the embarkation of the expected exiles. It so happened that the preacher, Riberac, was on the side of the boat nearest to the ship. So he first essayed to avail himself of the not very easy means of ascent which the hempen steps afforded. The stout boatman, and those on board, assisted him to the utmost of their power; but still the infirmity and stiffness of his time-bent figure rendered it no easy affair.

It was while he was in the act of being lifted rather than stepping up the ship's side, that the steersman of the boat suddenly arose, and dropping the heavy cloak, confronted the merchant, who had also risen to his feet, and pronounced the word—

"FATHER!"

Yes, it was indeed the Huguenot's outcast daughter and her son, his grandchild, who had rendered this dangerous service to her aged, oppressed, and fugitive father. Well, indeed, might Louis Duperrier say that the old man might entrust his life, or aught else that he held more precious, to the guidance of the conductors that he had provided for him!

Yes! it was indeed his lost daughter. The old man's faculties were not so benumbed by the weight of years as to prevent his ear from instantly recognising the once familiar voice, though it pronounced but that single word—"father!" But it was fated that another faculty should lend its powerful aid in carrying the appeal home to the octogenarian father's heart: for just as Pauline rose to her feet before her father, and addressed him for the first time for thirty years, it so happened that the clouds parted, and the moon shed her light upon the scene. And there stood, visibly to each other, those two remarkable figures, face to face in the boat. The slender and elegantly-formed person of Pauline was as beautiful as ever it had been, as upright, as graceful in its outline. Some of that pliant mobility, for which it had once been so remarkable, it might have lost; or it might be that the emotions of the moment imparted a degree of rigidity to the frame they were agitating. At all events, time and misfortune had added dignity to the expression of the figure. The once jetty hair had become grey, and its long and abundant tresses were bound closely around her finely-shaped head, which was uncovered now that the hooded cloak which she had previously worn was thrown off. The same causes had given a certain firmness, and almost severity of expression, to the still beautiful features. The cheeks were sunken, and all the lines of the face were strongly and deeply marked. It seemed as if suffering and years had brought out the latent similarity in the features of the daughter to those of her father.

The young man, his grandson, had ascended the side of the ship to assist in taking the old preacher below; and, consequently, the father and daughter were alone in the presence of each other. Pauline had made her appeal, and uttered no further word; but the eloquent pleading of her expressive eyes implored her father's forgiveness and parting blessing. The old man stood stricken and motionless, and, for a moment, he seemed undecided and wavering, for nature pleaded strongly even in that indurated heart. But the evil suggestions of that worser nature, which years had made all-powerful within him, prevailed to crush down the risings of pity, and affection, and remorse. Pride—a hard, unconquerable, veritably satanic pride—prevailed, and the old man, lifting his outstretched hand, with the palm turned outwards towards the outcast, as if to intimate the impassable nature of the gulf which was between them, turned away in silence, and with the assistance of those who had now returned to the ship's side, mounted the ladder with a firm step, and reached the deck.

The business of getting under weigh immediately began; the boat was pushed off from the side, and Pauline was once more alone in the world with her son.

CHAPTER X.

"HIC JACET!"

It had been the work of but a moment, this last and eternal separation of the father and the daughter. The boat was already at some distance from the vessel; the young man had already resumed his place at the oar, and Pauline remained still standing on the spot, and in the attitude which she had confronted her father, as if stricken speechless and motionless. Stricken, indeed, she was, with a heavy blow. But it fell on a head long since accustomed to the buffets of the world, disciplined to meek endurance, whose daily portion for many a long and weary year had been bitterness and sorrow; and the broken reed had been too utterly crushed to be capable of such further injury. Yet the pang was a sharp one; and, after a moment or two, the outcast raised her meek eyes to the heaven, whose light was now streaming down on the boat, and the ocean, and the town; and her lips moved in giving utterance to a prayer, not unheard by Him to whom it was addressed.

She resumed her seat in the stern of the boat, and the mother and son began their return to the shore in silence, and with the utmost care on the part of the latter to deaden as much as possible the sound of his oars.

Pauline rejoiced amid her sorrow, that she had not confided to her son the secret of their night expedition, and that he had not witnessed her father's recognition of her in the boat. Indeed, she would probably have abstained from attempting that last chance of obtaining a father's blessing, had not an opportunity of doing so unwitnessed presented itself. She had changed her purpose in this respect twenty times during their passage to the vessel; and at last the making herself known to her father had been the result of a momentary courage inspired by the opportunity. She had undertaken the dangerous service which, by her son's aid, she had thus performed, not with any view of thus bribing her father to bestow his blessing and forgiveness, but truly for the sake of his safety. Several fugitive Protestants had been betrayed by those who had undertaken to assist their escape; and as it happened that her son, who was maintaining her and himself in tolerable comfort by exercising at La Rochelle the trade of a watchmaker—learned from Pauline's old host at Niort—had the means of obtaining the use of a boat, she had determined to offer his services to Duperrier, when he was looking out for some one to whom he could intrust his two guests. It was of course necessary to satisfy the worthy Duperrier of her own and her son's trustworthiness for such an enterprise; and this she had no means of doing, except by confiding to him the entire truth. She had done this, and had found means of proving to him the truth of her story. And it was the impression produced on the good citizen by this confidence that had caused the strangeness of his manner to Bartenau at parting with him on the beach.

As for the young watchmaker, he knew only that they were to assist in the escape of some fugitive Huguenot, in whose safety his mother was especially interested. It was Pauline's intention to tell him afterwards who it was that he had conveyed on board; but at present it was essential that their re-

turn to the shore should be achieved in silence, and as quickly as might be. So the young man pulled vigorously, and with as little noise from his muffled oars as possible, towards the unfrequented part of the beach from which they had started.

But, alas! that sudden breaking away of the clouds, which had suffered the moonlight to show the Huguenot and his daughter to each other during their last earthly interview, was fatal to the safe return of the latter and her son from the perilous enterprise. Their boat was seen traversing the now moonlit sea by some of the coast-guard, who patrolled the quays and the neighbouring shore, and a party, watching its movements, stationed themselves so as to be able to make prisoners of those in her, whoever they might be, when they landed. So that when Pauline and the young man, supposing they had reached the land without having been observed, stepped from their boat upon the beach, they were immediately surrounded, arrested, "*au nom de roi*," and conducted to the guard-house till the morning.

The morning showed that the Amsterdam vessel in the roadstead had quitted her moorings and departed; and a few inquiries soon enabled the officials of the government to discover that the wealthy Huguenot merchant of Niort, and the noted preacher, had escaped in her. A slight further investigation was sufficient to dissipate all the little mystery with which poor Pauline had sought to conceal her name and history; and her share in enabling so important a prize to escape the fangs of the government jackals, was, of course, as soon discovered.

The condemnation of her son to the galleys, and herself to incarceration in the goal of Niort, was the immediate result. The young man obtained his liberty eventually, after some years of hardship and confinement. He then made his way across France, and escaped over the frontier to Geneva.

And but few more words, reader, are required to tell what remains of the history of the Huguenot's daughter.

From this same prison at Niort, she went forth into the so bright-looking world without; and she has now returned to it, as to a home, which even her reflections on these circumstances of her destiny seemed to indicate, as fated to be her last resting-place. The mental anguish occasioned by the fate of her son, and by the consideration that it had fallen upon him in consequence of her doing, and of his devotion to her wishes, joined to the physical privations and hardships she was subjected to by the prison authorities, as a wholesome discipline corrective of heresy and promotive of sincere conversion—all this together prevented her second imprisonment from being a long one.

Her weary, toilsome life-journey, was drawing to its close. The goal was nearly won. In less than a month from the date of her return to the goal of Niort, it was evident, even to the dull-eyed and careless goalers, that she was about to escape from their clutches. The agents of the monarch's proxy-practised piety, who were employed to procure converts—as rats are killed, at so much a head—permitted neither repose nor peace to visit her death-bed. But they could not retard her harrassed spirit in its progress towards its rest. The days that remained to them for the operation of the conversion

were clearly numbered; so they made the best use of the time. Menaces of vividly-painted eternal torments, and promises of as minutely-detailed conditions of bliss, were lavished alternately with equal ineffectual zeal. Rigorous treatment was adopted as affording a slight fortaste of what was in store for those who obstinately rejected the mercies of mother church. But these only hastened the victim's release.

At last the weary spirit fled! She had long since ceased to make any reply to the urgent importunities of the priest, who was so anxious to put her down, in his bill against the king, as a proselyte. But it fortunately happened that he was alone with the perverse heretic when she expired. It was not fair that so much zeal and labour should be lost, so the worthy priest hastily crammed a crucifix into the now passive hands, placed them as if she had died in the act of pressing it to her lips, and reported her as a good and warranted case of conversion, though a very hard one.

The king paid the cash, and booked it in the credit side of his conscience-ledger against heaven. But when the universal accounts are made up, it will be found that there was an error *somewhere*!

So the Huguenot's daughter died thus in the prison where she had been born; and, in consequence of the priest's fraud, was buried in the gloomy little nook of consecrated ground, which was then used as a burying-place for those who died in the gaol.

The atrocious persecutions which followed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, have nowhere left a deeper and more ineffaceable mark on the popular mind in France than in Poitou, and especially in the districts of Niort and La Rochelle. Many a domestic tradition of oppression and suffering may yet be picked up there; and that which we have here recorded is attached to a small square stone in the wall of the gloomy spot above mentioned, which bears the name and date, "PAULINE BARTENAU, A. D., 1686."

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

TITANIA.—Come, now, a roundel and a fairy song.—*Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

LET us wander, let us wander,
Where the dewdrop glistens sheen;
Where the pearly rills meander
Through meads of brightest green.
We'll trip it by the fountain
That waters yonder plain;
We'll scale the rocky mountain—
A merry, merry train!

Where the ivy bough is clinging
To the grey and time-worn stone,
Our tiny voices ringing
Shall wake the echo's moan.
Where the purple heath is growing
On the wild hill's lonely side,
When the midnight breeze is blowing,
We'll feath'ly, feath'ly glide!

When the crystal billow gleameth
Beneath night's silver ray,
Whilst each weary mortal dreameth
His cares and toils away,
Beside the lake we'll linger,
Beneath the spreading fern,
Till Aurora's rosy finger
Shall herald in the morn.

When the moping owl is hooting
His melancholy cry,
We'll watch the meteor shooting
Across the starlit sky;
Yes—we'll trip it by the fountain,
And o'er each mossy plain;
We'll scale the rocky mountain—
A merry, merry train!

SONNETS.—TO ADELE.

WHAT canst thou bode thee, Lady, from the skies
Of thy bright land—whose passion-breathing air
Gave thy deep voice those accents rich and rare—
Whose sun still flashes in thy burning eyes?
With sudden gladness, and in fond surprise,
I saw and heard thee, rapt, as though I were
The creature of a dream, and thou the fair
Presiding genius of its fantasies.
So strange and yet so welcome was the tone
Of thy sweet foreign speech—so unrestrained
Thy natural grace, to colder lands unknown—
So witching wild thy glances—so unfeigned
The passion of thy song—I could have thrown
My being at thy feet, and ever there remained!

If aught of service, sacrifice, or praise,
Of passion's sweet delirium, or the pride
Of beauty, with enchantment's power allied,
Were wanting still to crown thee, or upraise,
Dark Lady!—Oh, were thine one wish denied,
How would I seek a thousand cunning ways
To bring such gifts as love with love repays,
And win an ear for all I now must hide!
But thou art rich; and little is thy care
To learn how passion's busy wings would ply,
Were aught to conquer that thy heart desires:
And I—so poor in all my love requires—
Were then but troubled with the more despair,
To hear thee ask for gifts I cannot buy!

TO ———.

LADY, not easy were the task to tell,
How the deep radiance of thine eloquent eye
Winneth all bosoms by its mingled spell
Of tenderness and queenly majesty;
Nor how those ever-changing hues excel,
Which o'er thy cheek in blushing beauty fly—
Such hues as paint the skies with roseate light,
When the slow twilight softens into night.

But 'tis not, when before thy shrine we bow,
The idol-worship claimed by beauty alone,
Which we accord to thee; albeit thou
Compeer in perfect loveliness hast none.

Immortal mind is seated on thy brow;
And shall we idly laud its ivory throne?
Nay, were the gem within less rich, then we
Might learn to praise the casket worthily.

Thine, lady, is the better praise which hath
Its pure source in the spirit's hidden spring;
For thou hast held along no common path,
But, in the free soul's chainless aspiring,
Right nobly hast disproved the vulgar faith,
That man alone may rise on mental wing;
While woman's highest office is to be
The gilded toy of his proud sovereignty.

THE ABDUCTION, OR THE BATTLE OF THE RED GLEN.

EVERY body knows the famous little town of Ballymacrukawn. And it is also known all the world over, that, time out of mind, there has been a constant jealousy, between the Ballymacrukawn boys and the boys of Carrignacreagh: which, like the no-less-renowned rivalry, in days of old, between the celebrated cities of Carthage and Rome, has always had the salutary effect of keeping, in excellent preservation, the martial spirit of these two valourous little communities. Many a time and oft—to preserve our historic parallel—has the venerable Philomath, who was the Cato Major of Ballymacrukawn, flourished his ferula over his head upon a fair-eve, and animated his rustic audience with the terrific denunciation, "*delenda est Carrignacreagh*;" and no less often has the brave youth of Carrignacreagh vowed his hereditary vengeance against the bold boys of Ballymacrukawn.

With this martial spirit thus happily preserved, it may be supposed, that occasion was seldom wanting for the due discharge of that accumulated valour, which otherwise might prove fatal to the health of a real Irish village; but when seasonably dispersed, either by the spontaneous eruption of an incidental spree, or more fully by the great periodic phlebotomy of a fair or patron, it never failed to leave the brave belligerents restored to their natural suavity of temper.

But, although these salubrious efforts of nature were in constant action, by far the most frequent occasion was brought about by a species of aggression, which was undoubtedly more congenial to the naturally heroic temper of these warlike villages, as combining in happy unison their two leading passions of love and war: namely, the forcible abduction of youthful heresses—a feat of masculine valour, commonly effected by nightly inroad upon the fair enemy. On these occasions, bravery and stratagem were admirably united; the frail barricado of an Irish cabin door, was seldom found to present a formidable check to the impetuous gallantry of the assailants; and in most instances, the sleeping beauty awoke to find herself the prize of some amorous marauders; and hurried on her dimities to join in their star-light retreat, in pleasurable uncertainty as to the treatment she might receive, or the various startling little incidents which might take place before she should see the day-light again. Sometimes, upon these occasions, the whole affair had been pre-concerted, and the fair damsel was a willing captive. But oftener, as in the case which I am about to relate, she was the distressed victim, and looked with fearful anxiety for the approach of her rescuing friends.

Upon a bright autumnal evening, I was with two young officers, wandering, in weary mood, and sadly at a loss for something to afford matter for a remark, along the borders of a wood that skirts my father's front lawn. When we came to the path which leads to Ballymacrukawn, where these gentlemen were then quartered with their respective detachments, who had of late been sent there, I presume, to instil some notions of military discipline into the valiant natives; and very probably also for the sake of the picturesque mountain scenery, and the benefit of their health. We saw, a little way off, some one coming on towards us

with considerable speed, and seemingly animated by some unusual excitement.

"Here is the man himself," exclaimed Cornet O'Fogarty.

"Now, Master O'Flaherty, said the other, "remember you are not to know one word about the matter till he tells his own story."

"Springer is grown a perfect amateur in Irish literature," said O'Fogarty.

By this time the man had reached us; there was in his countenance a wild expression of anger and distress. The instant I caught his eye, he stopped short and looked me in the face.

"What's the matter now, Jack?" said I, "you seem to be in a hurry."

"Arrah, then, Master Joey Jewel, sure enough 'tis in a hurry I am; an' your honor is just the very gentleman I was looking for."

"Well, Jack, here I am, ready to hear all about it."

"To be sure, 'tis yourself that's always ready to take a poor man's part, and so was your father before you, and your honour's grandfather, the great Felim More; and all your seed, breed, and generation."

"Well, Jack, what happened to you?"

"Why, then, Masther Joey, I'll tell your honour that: in the middle of the night, last night, the Carrignacreagh boys—bad cess to them, the robbers of the world—themselves came down to Paddy O'Flinn's below, and, without saying by your leave to nobody, they bruk the honest man's door into smithereens, and then, the villians——, the murdering blaguards, they hoisted away the dacint young crature, Miss Judy O'Flinn, betuxt them on a garron of a horse."

"Very bad, indeed, Jack," said I; "but I don't see what I have it in my power to do for poor Judy. Her father is a rich man, and I suppose they mean to act decently by her."

"Dacently is it? then Masther Joey, its mightily surprised I am, to hear your father's son say the like of that. The blaguards, isn't it to marry the crature themselves they are wanting?"

"I think they might mean worse, my good fellow," said Lieutenant Springer.

"Sorra worse, your honour; sorra worse. Mr. Flinn spinds aqual to any farmer in the three parishes; and it'll be a bad day, when Miss Judy O'Flinn, with her three cows and her good hundred pounds, condesinds to demane herself to the likes of Frank Noonan, the feather-man; the low blaguard, that hasn't one crass to rub to another, only what he arnes with plucking ould geese in Carrignacreagh there above."

"And what sort of person is Mr. Noonan, friend?" asked Lieut. Springer.

"Why, then, if your honour wants to know, he's the grate big nagur of a man, as heads the boys of Carrignacreagh, when he does be coming agin the Ballymacrukawn boys." Here he raised his voice, and turning up his eyes, he flourished his cudgel, as he added, "Arrah, then, Frank Noonan, your sowl! I gave it to you once before, and sorrow be my porshun, but you'll get it again. You limb of the —— you!"

Poor Jack was here interrupted by the breathless vehemence of his anger, and we all stood silent, gazing on his swollen and agitated features, which plainly told that the interest he took in poor Judy's fate, was something more than the quixotism of relieving distressed damsels. After collecting breath he continued muttering between his teeth, in a voice of suppressed emotion,—

"May I never have luck or grace, if you ever get a taste of your dirty sthrav where you sleep among your ould geese, till you haven't a whole bone in your ugly carcass, you ———." My friends looked very much shocked, and I said, "Come now, Jack, my man, be cool, and tell me what I can do for you?"

"Musha, thin, long life to your honour; 'tis yourself that's always a good gentleman. I was thinking now, if we had just the loan of the ould Queen Anne and the little fowling piece, for the night, it'll be grate sarvice to us agin the murdering villains when we come up wid them."

"O you shall have the fire-arms, with all my heart," said I. Here Lieut. Springer laid his hand gently on my shoulder, and said in a quiet but firm tone, "Take care what you do, Master O'Flaherty; this cannot be permitted; let us mingle a little discretion with our valour, and I'll be bound for it, Miss Judy shall be recovered by her friends at the expense of a few bloody coxcombs;" and then turning to Jack O'Reilly he went on: "I'm sorry to be obliged to interfere with your plans, my friend Jack; but it is for your good. If you shot any one with Master O'Flaherty's gun, it would be my painful duty to deliver you up to the arm of the law; and the fair Miss O'Flinn might have the misfortune to lose her brave defender." O'Reilly scratched his head—"That wid be bad law, your honour."

"Well now, Jack," said the Lieutenant, "where have these scoundrels taken the unfortunate young woman?"

"Why thin, your honour, I'm a leetle ambagious on this point. The people thinks that it's gone to the Knockabaw woods they are. Mysel has a consate that they'll be found at the Widdy Casey's, that's cosin-jarmin to Frank Noonan himsel, bad luck to him."

"Where does she live?"

"She keeps in Glinruadh, your honour, down in the Knocamareigh mountain."

"Oh, she is the woman that lives in the small cabin on the steep over the Blacklake."

"Your honour has it exactly."

"And how does the old lady get up and down that steep rock?"

"Throth, I dunno; but people does be saying that herself is not good: there's quare stories about her."

"And what reason have you to believe that they are gone to this bad woman?"

"Sorra rasin; only she's a sort of a woman that's aqual to any villiany; and its a place quite handy for wickedness of any dascreepshun."

"Arn't you losing your time, Jack?"

"That's thrue for your honour, any how; but we'll be time enough—the Carrignacreagh boys, it's going home they'll be, and thin we'll take every mother soul of them by sthratigim in the dark."

"Well, Jack, I wish you success in your laudable

enterprise; good evening to you, Master O'Flaherty; remember my warning."

We stood for a moment looking after Lieutenant Springer and his companion. "Jack," said I, breaking silence, "he is quite right, and I'm sure advises for the best."

"Throth may be so; he's a fine spoken gentleman, and a very purty man; but I wish he'd keep minding his own business, Master Joey."

"Well, well, but we might be all hanged, you know; and I think we should beat them without guns."

Jack stood for a few seconds in deep abstraction.

"Why thin, Masther Joey, jewel, if your honour would spake wan word to the boys of Ballymacrukawn, the best men in the town widn't refuse to come with us agin them."

"I'll go with you myself; and you may send word to whomever you choose, that I desire his company over to Knocamareagh to-night—so, be off, and I'll follow you in a twinkling."

Having hastily reached the hall, I armed myself with a sound stick, a small canteen of spirits, and gave my great-coat to Brien M'Dermott, one of the grooms, and a very general favourite, because he was an idle-humoured fellow, and fond of mischief and sport of all kinds. We were presently in a long trot over hedge and ditch towards the cross roads beyond Ballymacrukawn. We soon reached the place of rendezvous, and found that Jack O'Reilly had not been idle, as he was surrounded by some twenty of the best men in the parish of Kiltiernane. With these, we now took our way on through a rocky defile, which led towards the well-known wood of Knockabaw, famous all the world over for its tough oak saplings and beautiful black thorns; this we soon reached, and having skirted it for about two miles, we struck up into the dry bed of a mountain stream, on the steep and furzy side of Knocamore, the nearest of the Knockamareigh mountains. Our pace was from time to time slackened by varied obstacles as we pressed against the steep; and there was an occasional and desultory conversation kept up, upon the various probabilities of our enterprise, and the means by which the Noonans might be discovered, surprised, and, to use Jimmy Doherty's language, "properly mulvathered." But nothing appeared to have excited more angry comment than the conduct of Lieutenant Springer; and the more so, as it had been noticed that his brother officer, Cornet O'Fogarty, had on this, as on some preceding occasions, exhibited dispositions much more to the taste of the gallant, though it is to be admitted somewhat uproarious, boys of Ballymacrukawn.

"Why, thin, bad luck to the negurly Sassenagh," said Neddy O'Gallagher, "what call had he to make himself busy wid us, any how?"

"Thru for you, Neddy," answered Paddy Tier-nan.

"Faix, may be it isn't slow he'd be to use the fire-lock himself, af some of the quality med away wid his own sweet-heart some fine morning," said Gallagher.

"Ay, or night either," said Tiernan.

"May be he'd be smart enough to shoot us wid dem, wid all his fine talk," observed Bob Stanly.

"Well, boys, may be we won't be up to the

vagabone in the end," observed Mr. Cornelius O'Toole.

"Begorra boys," said a little, fat, foolish looking lump of a man, who waddled along with his hands in his breeches pockets, "I wish the estate of Ballymacrukawn was betuxt him and myself this blessed night, and no one to interfere, jist here on the hill of Knocamore."

"He'd soon cry peccavy, Larry," said Brien M'Dermott, at the same time winking humorously to me as I walked near him.

"That's your sort, Briney, my darlint," said Larry, in return, "'tis yourself and Masther Joey that wouldn't see your own frinds non-shooted for want of definible instrumints of war."

"Arrah thin, Masther Joey," said Brien, "didn't Cornet O'Fogarty look very arenest to-day, when you toul't him all about Jack O'Reilly and Judy O'Flinn? By the tarnel ov war, he looked like a turkey-cock, when you came to where Frank Noonan bruk into the house."

"'Tis himself that's the real meretricious gintleman, and signs by it, he's an officer over the real rigglars; not like Captain Springer, the vagabone, that's only a meleshie."

"He's a real Milasian," said Neddy O'Gallaher.

"He's the boy that got the suck, any how: and begorins 'tis he has the other com-pi-late-ly under his thumb—says he to him, the other day—says he, quite smart-like—I say now, Springer, my man, I'm * * if I don't have you some day or other, ov a fair night, at the head ov all the Ballymacrukawn boys, and yourself leathering away with your oak stick like any O'Gallaher."

"'Tisn't he will be after stopping a poor boy from the benefit of the fire-locks, an' he in thrubble."

"I think," said I, "Lieutenant Springer spoke as a friend."

"Augh thin, Masther Joey, to the * * * I pitch sich frindship, beggin' your honour's pardin. What business, I'd like to know, has the likes ov him, that's ped and ornarminted so fine, wid his rigimintals and soord—jist for the good ov the country—to go to be purtecting the murdering villian, that does be brak-ing into honest men's houses in the dead ov the night."

"Why thin, Darby, *mabouchal*!—is it yourself that's saying it," said Charley Brannin, with a sly nod.

"Arrah, bad luck to you, Charley, you rogue you; sure it was'n't running away with the man's daughter I was."

"The sorra bit she'd go wid you; but you run away with his *bonnivene*—you blackguard you."

"Stop, boys," said O'Flinn, "I don't know but I seen some one agin the dusk, high up near the ridge ov the hill yandher beyant."

This produced a general pause, and a peering, to no purpose however, into the gloom, which was now closing fast into darkness about our path. We had by this time traversed about four miles of hill, and though there was a general feeling that we should find the Noonan faction at the Red Glen—yet this was but conjecture; yet confirmed by the only information we had been able to obtain: some women, who had been all day cutting furze upon the hills, having told us that the Noonans passed them about mid-day, and that they seemed to be on their way to the glen.

The sun had sunk over the far peak of Knockfa-duagh, and left a red glow along the north-west, and we were still scrambling on over height and steep, when a simultaneous exclamation from two or three of the people next to me, turned my attention to the height; and I now clearly saw, well defined against the sky, the figures of two men, and the head and shoulders of a third. It was but for an instant; but they were evidently moving along with us.

The people kept the most guarded silence; and we toiled on by a very imperfect path, and the obscurest gleam of a dusky twilight.

Two hours of severe walking, or rather clambering, brought us to the Red Glen. The place has its name from a very sanguinary event which occurred in the fifteenth century. It is also the scene of many superstitious legends. It was now about to have an impressive addition made to its history.

We stood over the steep, which fell about three hundred feet to the verge of a small lake, as the full moon just appeared across the summits of two score hills. A crimson-tinged dusk lay about the summits of the higher points; while the intervening vallies might be counted by their intervening lines of misty darkness. The Red Glen lay underneath us in a grey and doubtful haze, out of which a clear streak of light rose up from the lake. About half way down a rush-light glimmered from the widow Casey's cottage, which was built upon a small flat of about thirty feet in breadth, and twice that in length, and projecting, after the manner of the landing-place in a flight of stairs, about one hundred and fifty feet above the lake. This was apparently to be the scene of action.

A few hours of toilsome walking had somewhat damped the ardour of our boys, and all but Jack O'Reilly himself showed signs of weariness. But retreat was now quite out of the question. I may say, for myself, that though always a lover of adventure, and though I had felt especially animated by the prospect of this, yet when I now contemplated that black and formidable steep, over which it was a nervous thing to walk in all the circumspection of peaceful daylight—but over which I now ran a fair chance to be sent tumbling, in the rough collision of a savage and deadly struggle; I could not help thinking that I was a great fool to mix myself in an affair in which I had not the slightest concern.

There was an evident reluctance to descend, and it was now found necessary to pause and consult about difficulties which, two hours before, would have been discussed with a joke. Jack O'Reilly alone was indifferent to danger and fatigue. He was the bravest and most active man I ever met. His antagonist and he were the champions of their respective parishes. Noonan was a giant, and irresistible in the barbarous melee of a fair, where he was constantly known to drive hundreds of people like chaff before the sweep of his tremendous arm. Jack O'Reilly was a light man, of less than half his apparent strength; but this disparity was more than compensated by courage, talent, and singular agility. They had always been rivals in war; and their habitual animosity was now more than doubled by the accession of this new "*teterrima causa*."

While we were yet in suspense, our attention was again arrested by the appearance of figures moving in the dusk, on the opposite side of the glen.

Could these be the Noonans?—we thought they might; and resolving to watch for a while, we took our seats upon the heath at the verge of the steep, and kept a close look-out towards the point at which we had observed them. We were in great doubt, and the more so, because, from time to time, our uncertainty was increased by the occurrence of certain low noises and, as we thought, whispers from beneath. This point was soon placed beyond doubt.

"It's the Ballymacrukawn boys, sure enough," said a voice about five yards below our post.

"Arrah thin, Larry Doolan, I thought you had more wit; what wud the Ballymacrukawn boys be strolling up and down the hill like guagers for?"

"Ay, or like enough the red-coats has lost their way."

"Whisht, boys," said a deep toned whisper, "there's voices on the hill, or down in the glen below."

There was deep stillness for a few minutes. Then a low but earnest angry whisper—

"Then, Judy, if you do, by all that's good, I'll —"

"Stop now, Frank," answered another voice, "and Judy, be quite like a dacent young liddy."

"I'll tell ye what, boys," said the deep voice, "the villians are watching somewhere, to come upon us by shtatagim, and we asleep. Let us be scatching up the hill, and down below into the glin. Myself and Falim will go up the path to the edge of the hill. If any one meets them, let him sing out, and thin he may run for his life down to the cabin."

I instantly saw the advantage that might be taken of this move, and gave the word in a low tone, for our people to scatter too, and wind their way down the steep, so as to meet about the cabin. I desired Tom Flinn and Jack O'Reilly, to keep close to me; and presently we were all slowly scrambling down through the copse from different points of the steep. I kept within twenty yards of the path. In about three minutes, two tall figures came up, the foremost of which I knew to be Noonan. Jack O'Reilly breathed hard and I was much afraid that we should be discovered; but Noonan passed on without stopping, till he got near the top. His party made, here and there, more noise than he wished, for, as he rose into the moonlight, I could mark his impatient gestures. This circumstance very much favoured our descent, as our noise was, of course, not distinguishable from their own.

In ten minutes of very slow and cautious scramble, we stood upon the flat. The cabin door was not entirely closed. We looked in; one man, who had, I suppose, been left as guard, sat with his back to the door, and two female figures—one of whom I recognised to be the fair Judy O'Flinn, sat opposite. Her face, on which the light of a dying fire was thrown, seemed much stained with crying. For an instant we stood behind the man, who did not seem to be in the least aware of the real nature of the intrusion.

"Is that you, Jim Doran," said he, "isn't it soon you're back?"

He had not finished the sentence, when he received the thick knot of a large handkerchief between his teeth, and found himself under the strong hands of Tom O'Flinn.

"Not a stir for your life, Ned Casey," at the same moment the old woman was gagged and tied; and

poor Judy was lying in a faint in the arms of her lover, who, however, quickly came to herself.

"Master Joey, darlint, oughen't we to secure the door," said Jack O'Reilly.

"I think," said O'Flinn, "we might make away through the hills without meeting any body."

"Ah, thin, Jack jewel," said poor Judy, recovering her breath, "is it your own self that's in it!—I thought I'd never see you agin."

"My poor Judy—no man shall take you from me ever more."

"O Jack, darlint, if you staid a little longer, I was a ruin't creature."

"The murthering villian—I'll have the sowl out of him."

"We had better get off," said I, a little overthrown by the sudden burst of natural feeling.

"Look out, Tom, and see if all's clear," said Reilly.

"There's not a sparrow stirring," said Flinn.

"Well then," said I, "let us try our chance, boys."

We were just out of the door, when eight or ten men at the same time emerged from the underwood before us; but we quickly recognised our friends. They all seemed to think it unsafe to proceed up the hill, as we must infallibly raise an alarm, and bring the Noonans together.

During the last scene, the long shadow thrown from the opposite hill had been descending along the steep; and by this time we stood in moonlight upon the green flat. Suddenly a loud whistle was heard overhead, and we perceived the rustling descent of our enemies in every direction.

"Master Joey, darlint, stay with Judy in the cottage, and keep the door fast; and don't let Ned Casey or the ould woman stir hand or fut," said O'Reilly.

"I must have one lick at the Noonans," said I, not very pressingly to be sure—yet rather ashamed to be the only idle hand in the fray.

"Yeur honour wouldn't dirty your hands with the likes of them," said O'Reilly, "the boys wouldn't be able to shtric a shtroke at all, if you were in it; Frank Noonan would think as little of throwing you over the fall, as if you were no better than himself, the villian, and thin how would we face the master ever agin? There now, master Joey, jewel, go in—murther-an-nouns, here they are!!!"

"I wish yes a plisant evening gintlemen all," said Noonan's deep bass voice, as he leaped from the copse, "May I make bould to be afther axing, what brought yes all here this fine night?"

"Our own legs—no thanks to any man," answered Tom Flinn.

"Why thin I think, Mr. O'Flinn, they might sarve you a better turn nor that."

"How's that, Mr. Noonan?"

"Faix by taking yes all back agin, while there's whole bones in the skin of yes."

"I'd like to see the boy that would be equal to that job or work."

"What wid you give to see him then, Flinn?"

"He'd soon get enough of us, Frank."

"Then here's the boy that would do it cliver, so jist be afther taking yerselves off, in less than no time, before I send some of yes to feed the fishes below there."

"Ahooh—that's the work two can play at, my man," said O'Reilly, speaking for the first time; "I'd advise you to keep a civil tongue in your ugly head, and be off while you are safe."

"Yahoiks, Jack, is that yourself, popping out of the ashes! Why thin, musha, now 'tis yourself that's welcome anyhow—come here and give us a hand, *mabouchal*."

Scarce was the last word out of his mouth, when the giant was staggered back into the bushes by a blow across the temples from O'Reilly, who darted upon him with the velocity of a tiger-cat. He would not, however, have come to the ground, had not his feet been tripped as he went backward, over a strong bough, that shot itself along the grass from the edge of the thicket. Five or six of our people instantly sprung on him, headed by O'Reilly; and though well met by his friends, I could perceive that he got some very heavy blows about the head before he again gained his feet; he was, however, well backed, and there were in less than a minute, during which he was down in the bushes, several heavy falls. In about a minute he leaped up, grim with blood and bruises, and burning with fury; and as he rose, one of his opponents came tumbling from his tremendous arm, head foremost over the heads of his own friends, and fell just on the verge of the precipice, where he lay without motion. Now was the tug of war. As the people were sober—an unusual circumstance—the fight was kept up in desperate silence. Not a shout, and not a word above a loud and breathless whisper broke the savage quiet of a scene, which wonderfully harmonised with the terrific and deadly struggle going on before my eyes. The loudest noises were the sharp ringing strokes, and the heavy falls, which seemed to shake the narrow platform on which the combatants struggled over the steep. Now and then a breathless voice rose above the clang of blows and the trample of feet:—"Now, Pat, yer sowl,"—"Hit him, Ned,"—"That's yer sort, Tom,"—"Success, Jack."

The struggle had lasted now about ten minutes; it was contested on both sides with unusual obstinacy—for, not to say that they were picked men on both sides, it was felt that there was no retreat, and that, in fact they fought for their lives. They had gradually edged on to the very brink of the steep; and the strife thus gained a more deadly character, for, in addition to the sounds already mentioned, a very awful cry, from time to time, rung over the precipice; and I felt a cold thrill through every nerve, as I heard the short and startling yell, terminating in the feeble and gasping cry that evidently died away down the steep and rocky precipice. But you may conceive my horror, when I recognised poor Brien M'Dermott's cry amongst these, making an inarticulate effort to pronounce my name, as he tumbled from point to point, down the hideous chasm.

I was now in a state of horror which I cannot and will not attempt to describe. Had I actually been engaged in the deadly fray of which I was a spectator, I now know enough of myself, to say that I should have felt no more than the pleasurable excitement which danger gives to action. But I was a cool looker on, and thus more intensely felt my physical helplessness amongst the strong, fierce, and active figures which were engaged in rough and desperate strife before me—in a situation of fearful ex-

tremity. While the struggle was going on, as I have already described, two figures stood nearly alone, within three steps of the window through which I had been looking out. They now drew my whole attention. One was a man about six feet four in height, and built in proportion; the other a slight long-limbed figure, about five feet ten. The first was Noonan, the second Jack O'Reilly. Noonan's features were almost obliterated with marks of blows. O'Reilly's were slightly sprinkled with blood; a deadly paleness otherwise lay upon them; but his expression was cool, watchful, and collected.

They stood up before each other exchanging and parrying strokes, of which many fell upon Noonan's head, while few, and those mostly abortive and interrupted, took place on Jack, whose quickness and agility avoided, with apparent ease, the slower though weightier hand of his antagonist. Noonan was thus receiving ten blows for one. At length, O'Reilly's foot tripped as he was darting aside from a heavy sweep of Noonan's cudgel, and he received on the side of the head, a blow that would have felled an ox. He instantly measured his length on the sward; and his gigantic and infuriated rival was in the act of leaping on his ribs, when he was in turn struck senseless to the earth by a well-aimed stroke of a stick, that rung, as it recoiled from his hard head. There stood over him a figure powerful as his own, but having about it a grace and ease which scarcely seemed to belong to the same class. At this instant there was a general recoil of the Noonans from the verge of the steep, towards the opposite thicket. They were evidently getting the worst of it. And now that my attention returned to them, I could perceive that several new figures, of a different character, were engaged amongst them. They were tall and athletic forms and were striking down the Noonans with the coolest composure; not a streak of blood, a frown, or a savage gesture, indicated anything more than the merest play, while all sunk before the alert and graceful whirl of the formidable cudgels, which they flourished over the recoiling and terrified Noonans. They were loudly cheered by our own people. This did not last a minute, when a loud and authoritative voice called out—"Enough—enough, my lads—that will do," as the Noonans were calling out "mercy," on every side.

O'Reilly was now on his feet, and warmly expressing his thanks to his liberator, when I walked out and joined the circle. The stranger beckoned me aside. It was Springer.

"O'Flaherty," said he, "you need not say anything of your allies—draw off your people quickly, and we will hang upon your rear at some distance, till you are all safe."

We now hurried up the steep, taking Judy O'Flinn with us. Our friends came in the rear. When we reached the summit, I looked round for the jolly cornet, O'Fogarty. Springer caught my look, and answered it.

"You are looking for O'Fogarty. The fellow sat over his glass, planning the engagement, until he got drunk as a fiddler. So you see, I took charge of my countrymen."

"They behaved stoutly. I suppose O'Fogarty bade them to come."

"Yes, he has made regular Paddies of us all. He bade them to be ready; but when the time came, he

was sewed up, and could only say, * Springer, my good fellow, tell the boys to march, and I'll follow them before they come up with the enemy.' So I took the liberty to borrow the cudgel that he had provided for the occasion."

"O'Fogarty will be mad with himself in the morning."

"Ay, that he will: do you come to breakfast at our cabin, and we'll trot him out famously."

I had, all this time, an unpleasant misgiving upon my mind, about certain noises, which I had heard during the continuance of the fight. But with this I also felt a secret desire to battle off the horrible apprehension they had given rise to, so long as there could be a doubt. Springer now called out pretty loudly, "Has any one fallen down the steep—is any one lost?" I listened in fearful interest for the answer, which came, to my infinite delight, from Brien himself: "Not a mother sowl, your honour; sure it's myself has the raal right to know." The fellows wet cloths shone round him as he stood dripping in the moonlight. "Why, what happened you Brien?" said I.

"O, by the powers of Moll Clinther, 'tis myself had the pretty dive, any how—bad luck to Phalim Maguire; but the nagur has no grate rasin to brag ather."

"Did you fall from the crag, man?" said Springer.

"May be thin I didn't go down like a widjin, of wan dart into the wather," said he, "and Phalim came wid me every step of the way. Thin, by the tanel o' war, it's myself couldn't help laughing out, as we wint flying down, whin I saw the frightened fizzohogomy of the grate smethawn, and he tumbling summersights so cliver, down undernathe me as we wint—afther all his bragging."

"But how did you escape alive, man?" said I.

"Why, thin, I'll tell you that, Masther Joey: when I felt the ground from under me first, I thought to myself it was all over wid me. But the sorra much time I had for thinking good or bad, when sowse—I thought all at wanst the siven sinases was taken clane out of me, as I landed head and ears in a deep hole of wather. Well, thin, to be sure, I thought I'd never come up agin, I was so long going down; howsomever, up I came at last; and if I did, who should I see, my dear, but Phalim himself, lying speechless one side of me, on the top of the wather. Faix, thin, says I now you nagur, I think, if you don't get the very moral of a good basting any how, my name isn't Brien. To be sure, thin, I pult him afther me, as I swim out, thinking to take my leasure on him among the rushes at the edge of the wather; but, my jewel, just as I was raising my hand to give him a proper clout under the left ear, I was taken hould of by a grate big lum of a man. 'For shame, Paddy,' sed he, in an inglifed voice, 'ar'nt you ashamed to stroike a man in that condition.'

"Sir," said I, wid submission to you, "is'nt it my inemy that's in it: and every wan has a right to bate his inemy, any ways. Well, thin, my dear, the English nagur, he was a quare fool any how, he could'nt unthersthand the right of the thing; and, to my shame I say it, I was forced to let the spalpeen off widout wan sthroke, good, bad, or indifferent; and I afther saving his life into the bargain."

"That was the best stroke after all, Brien," said Springer.

We reached home about sunrise, well tired.

About three days after this event, Jack O'Reilly and Judy O'Flinn were married by Father Phelim O'Donohue. Lieut. Springer and Cornet O'Fogarty danced at the wedding. And I could remark that the English dragoons received very cordial attention from the lasses of Ballymacrukawn.

EXPENSES OF WARS.

BY ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

SINCE the year 1000, there have been twenty-four different wars between England and France; twelve between England and Scotland; eight between England and Spain; and seven with other countries;—in all, fifty-one wars!

There have been six wars within one hundred years, viz:

		Sterling.	Destruction of Human Life.
1. War ending.....	1697.....	Cost £21,500,000.....	100,000 slain. 80,000 died of famine.
2. " began.....	1702.....	43,000,000.....	} not ascertained.
3. " began.....	1739.....	46,400,000.....	
4. " began.....	1756.....	111,000,000.....	250,000.
5. The American War, 1775.....		139,000,000.....	200,000.
The last War began.....	1793.....	750,000,000.....	2,000,000 among the several belligerents.

At the conclusion of the war, which ended 1697, the national debt was twenty-one millions and a half. At the conclusion of the last war in 1815, the national debt amounted to no less than one thousand and fifty millions.

On the 29th May, 1660, Charles II. was restored to the throne of England. In 1664 he declared war against Holland, upon very frivolous pretences. Two English ships had been taken by the Dutch; and, though they offered to make a proper compensation, Charles would not accept it, but immediately proceeded to hostilities.

After three years' war, both sides were equally

tired, and a peace was concluded at Breda, 10th July, 1667.

William III. ascended the throne in 1689. In respect to foreign wars, William's grand object was to humble the pride of the French king; and, with this view, he entered into a confederacy with the Emperor, the King of Spain, the United Provinces, the Duke of Savoy, and the Elector of Brandenburg;

which potentates severally declared war against Louis in 1689; and, in 1697, after a war of *eight years*, bloody and expensive, a peace was concluded at Ryswick in Holland; the principal article of which, relating to King William, was, *that he should be acknowledged King of Great Britain*.

The war, in which William engaged from motives of ambition, shews the melancholy effects of entering into continental alliances, which have always been the misfortune of England. Between *twenty and thirty millions sterling expended*, and *one hundred thousand men slain upon the continent*, were not the only evils attending the contest. While blood and devastation marked the military operations abroad, poverty, famine, and distress raged at home. William, being the principal of the confederacy, had the expense of the confederacy to support. It was then that corn was exported in the greatest abundance to feed the allies; in consequence of which, in England it was double, and in Scotland four times its ordinary price; and, in one of those years, in Scotland alone, *eighty thousand poor people* (says Dalrymple) *died of want*!

Queen Anne ascended the throne in 1702, and immediately proceeded to prosecute the design which her predecessor had formed, of humbling the pride of the Bourbon family, by depriving Philip of the crown of Spain, and compelling the French King to adhere to the second treaty of partition. Accordingly, war was declared against France, in May 1702, by England, Holland, and the Empire; and, after it had been prosecuted eleven years with various success, a peace was concluded, and signed at Utrecht, on the 11th April, 1713.

But the grand object for which the war had been undertaken, was finally abandoned.

King Philip was left in quiet possession of the Spanish crown.

During this war was achieved the victory over the French at Blenheim. Ten thousand men, French and Bavarians, were slain on the field of battle; the greater part of thirty squadrons of dragoons were drowned in the Danube; much plunder, and many trophies, were obtained.

But, notwithstanding these signal acquisitions, the nation was a considerable loser; for the expense of the war, as stated by Sir John Sinclair, amounted to £43,360,000; which made a serious addition to the national debt, and to the taxes that were laid on the people to pay the interest of it.

During the reign of George II., a war was begun in the latter end of 1739, between England on the one side, and France and Spain on the other, which terminated in a peace at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, after a contest of *nine years*.

The expenses of this war are stated at £46,418,689.

Notwithstanding the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, (which concluded a war in which nothing was gained by any party but the experience of each other's strength and resources,) peace was not of long continuance. The cessation of hostilities was only an interval of repose, in which the nation might recruit its strength to fight again. In 1754-5, a dispute arising between England and France, concerning a tract of land in the back parts of America, each party charging the other as the aggressor, involved the two nations in an eight years' contest; when, as an elo-

quent writer observes, had the parties interested alone been consulted, a jury of twelve men might have settled the difference.

At length, the resources of England were nearly exhausted; men could not be procured without great difficulty, and the enormous sums required to continue the war became oppressive upon the people. In plain terms, both sides were so weakened with the loss of blood and treasure, that they could fight no longer, and a peace was concluded in February, 1763.

This war is said to have been the most fortunate in which England ever engaged: one hundred ships of war were destroyed or taken from the enemy; and twelve millions sterling acquired in plunder, besides immense acquisitions on the continent of North America. But these victories and successes cost the nation £111,271,996 sterling, and *two hundred and fifty thousand lives*! Such was the indemnity which England obtained for the past.

England was not long to enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. In the course of her recovery to strength and affluence, she was again interrupted by the unhappy and calamitous contest with the American colonies, which broke out in 1775.

These colonies were in a state of rapid advancement, and they imported from the mother country goods to the annual amount of £4,509,000 sterling. This trade was, however, annihilated by the war, and numbers of respectable merchants and others were entirely ruined. After a struggle of seven or eight years, in which England lost *two hundred thousand lives*, and expended £139,171,876 sterling, peace was signed between the contending powers, at Paris, on the 3d September, 1783, by which Great Britain acknowledged the thirteen provinces of North America as free, sovereign, and independent states.

The misery and expense occasioned by the American war were severely felt by the public, and were the cause of great dissatisfaction, both in and out of Parliament.

In 1787 was negotiated a commercial treaty with France, on terms mutually advantageous to both countries. This treaty was hailed by the reflecting part of the community, and especially by merchants and manufacturers, as the harbinger of a lasting peace; and, under a sincerely pacific administration, might have been rendered invaluable in promoting the good understanding once more subsisting between the two governments; but, unhappily, this treaty was not of long duration; for, in 1793, England and France were again involved in an awful contest, which continued with little intermission till 1815; when, after a waste of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of the world, peace was restored.

The expenses of the French war have been stated as under; and these sums are probably much within the actual amount, viz:—

	Sterling.
Great Britain spent in the war, 1793	
to 1815 - - - - -	£750,000,000
France, - - - - -	690,000,000
Austria, - - - - -	220,000,000
The other States of Europe, -	1,012,000,000
The three years' war cost the United	
States of America - - - -	27,000,000
	£2,699,000,000

As regards Great Britain, the seven hundred and

fifty millions expended in the late war, remain, (now, in 1835,) for the most part, unliquidated. And to this vast sum should be added the following sources of loss and expense, some of which are likely to be entailed on the public for ages, viz:

First, The value of British merchant vessels and their cargoes, captured and destroyed by hostile force during the war, 1793 to 1815.

Second, The value of British merchant vessels, wrecked, by being deprived, by the war, of access to friendly ports.

Third, The value of British property seized and destroyed during the war: at various places in Europe, particularly at the following, viz:

At Hamburgh,	Leipzig,	Dantzic,	Naples,
Amsterdam,	Bremen,	Riga,	Genoa,
Rotterdam,	Moscow,	Venice,	Trieste,
Francfort,	Copenhagen,	Leghorn,	

and in France, Spain, and Portugal.

N. B. Claims against Denmark have lately (1835) been lodged with the British commissioner, to the amount of about £550,000 sterling!

Fourth, The amount of military, naval, and other pensions, 1815 to 1835.

Fifth, The amount of taxes continued upon the public, 1815 to 1835, to pay the interest of the war debt.

Sixth, The increase of the establishment beyond that of 1792.

Several of the above sources of loss and expense will apply to other wars. Thus, to the unliquidated cost of the wars of William III. should be added the taxes laid on the public from 1697 to 1835, a period of 138 years, to pay the interest of the war debt of that reign.

Such was the terrible destruction of human life occasioned by the late war, that it is stated upwards of two millions of our fellow creatures fell a sacrifice thereto, among the several belligerents.

THE TALENT OF THE ARISTOCRACY, AND THE ARISTOCRACY OF TALENT.

WHAT a fine thing it was to be a Lord some hundred years ago! Nobility was then at its pitch of pride. Pure and sparkling as the diamond which shines by its own lustre, it needed no adventitious aid, no superficial ornament. It received the homage of the multitude, simply because it was nobility; and, conscious of its own innate worth, it looked upon every other accomplishment as base and mechanical.

But times are considerably altered. A title may still be a diamond to the possessor; but nine persons out of ten will put little value upon it, unless it is polished and set. Something more than mere accident is now required to make a man generally respected and admired; and, though an illiterate Lord may still be a great lion at a watering-place, and "a very fearful wildfowl" to the new-come waiters at his clubs, the world at large will be apt to prefer the noble of God's making to the privileged puppet of a patent.

How very few noble names do we find in the list of older English literature! With the exception, indeed, of one period—the age of Charles the Second, when the wits and gallants of the court were seduced by the meretricious tone of the frothy literature of unregenerated France—we cannot recall any age until the present, which has produced a galaxy of noble authors. Some solitary exceptions there are, indeed—but how few! and those few, how undistinguished! Surrey, Clarendon, Bolingbroke, still live on the tongues of men; but the Rochesters, the Buckinghams, and the Halifaxes, would long since have been swept away into the ocean of oblivion, had not their titles served as bladders to keep them afloat. Yet, to do the nobility justice, they have never manifested a contempt for talent when displayed in others. Their classical education, faulty as it is in many respects, has always given them a kindly leaning to polite letters; and, although we may look in vain amongst them for a Horace, we have seen many a worthy and discriminating Macenas. But those "*atavis editi regibus*" are now fast declining; and it is more the fashion of the present day to ape the poet than the patron.

Byron was the first among modern nobles who waded boldly through the marsh of prejudice, and took his stand amongst the sons of song; and boldly, if not well, has a shoal of patricians followed his example. He was a Teucer who strode along too rapidly for his followers; but they, nothing daunted, set shoulder to shoulder; and having once entered the penetralia of the publisher's back-shop, commenced most unceremoniously to elbow out all the legitimate and plebeian garrison. Dire was the uproar, and terrible the consternation in the popular camp. Many lost heart, and some deserted the cause. Gifford, whom many opined to be a fellow "d—d cunning of fence," walked over to the side of the aristocracy. Lockhart, and a large body of the critics, joined in the defection. The old stagers—and no wonder—began to lose heart. If they made an entrenchment in a magazine, some devil of a masked battery poured out shot against them from a review. If they established a *Literary Gazette*, they were met by a *Court Journal*. Every possible ground was occupied by their antagonists, save the undisputed station of Poets' Corner, which both parties disdained to seize. In spite of all this, however, the plebeian band might have kept their ground. Their *stamina* was decidedly better than the enemy's; and, when octavo came to be set against octavo, the established reputation of the one author was fully a match for the sounding titles of the other. But aristocracy could never brook a rival. Since they could not succeed by sheer strength, they betook themselves to craft, and fashioned in secret strange weapons for a new warfare. One cold November, some seven or eight years back, the lettered Commons seemed to have achieved the mastery. Betting ran in their favor. Loudly did they challenge the foe to the combat; and, for a time, no answer was given. But December came, and the new artillery of the Lords opened with unparalleled execution. Gracefully terrible, irresistibly enchanting, and alluringly hostile, annual after annual, souvenir after souvenir, discharged volleys of prose and verse, ode and

epigram, tale and sonnet, upon the astonished adversary, each manned by a little knot of the nobility. The pencil, too, added its allurements to the pen; and, from that moment, the popular cause was lost! Their army was disbanded. Some retreated to solitude—there, like the Scots of old, to watch an opportunity for future irruption; others, more time-serving, joined the victorious party; and only the best and bravest remained firm, to offer what now seemed a fruitless opposition. From Albemarle and Burlington Streets—yea, from Ackermann's in the Strand—marched the exulting host, with the banners of Porchester and Mulgrave floating proudly overhead. First came the lettered peers, the fabricators of the thin hot-pressed poem, or the tripartite novel, with bays woven in their coronets; then the Lord George Flutings and the Lord Alfred Fitzminstrels, with their fair ladies, Caroline, Louisa, and Emmeline, and so forth; and, lastly, followed a numerous body of honourable masters and misses, whose chick-like genius was still unfledged, and bore evident tokens of the shell. Such a lordly tribe never marched before to occupy the Goshen of literature!

How they have kept their ground, let the fame of their works testify. Alas for them! Alas for the novels of fashionable life—"The Guards," the "Almacks," "The Roués," and the "Grambys!" Alas for the moody heroes of their poetry, who dressed so like the Corsair, and who frowned so ludicrously unlike Childe Harold! Alas for the Moor of Porchester! Alas for the canzonets of Thurlow! Alas, alas, for Goethe and Schiller, whom Lord Francis Egerton so ruthlessly burked! and alas, in good faith and pity, for the Wandering Jew, who at last received his death-blow from the fair hand of the Honourable Mrs. Norton! These are with the things that were. The poem is gone to the pastrycooks, the novel to the trunk-makers—and peace be with them! "After their fitful fever they rest well," and no rude hand will ever disturb their ashes. Yet the aristocracy have by no means laid down their arms. Though another race has succeeded them—though the three great essayists of the day, Hazlitt, Hunt, and Charles Lamb, from two of whom we shall no more drink rare eloquence, have brushed away whole swarms of the ephemera; though Bulwer and Hood have crushed their pigmy opponents of romance; though Elliott, the inspired workman of Sheffield, and others as inspired as he, have drowned the penny trumpets of the barding, with the full, rich, and magnificent music of their manly strains—there still lingers a section of the usurping party, who, like Lord Stanley and his tail, will neither advance nor recede. Their nominal leader is the Countess of Blessington; who strove so pitifully hard to rise into notice, by inditing good says of Byron, and inserting therein sundry poems of the noble bard, which, to say the least of them, bore wondrous little indications of his usual force and talent: and one or two lords and ladies, with four or five honourables, constitute her whole following. Indeed, the party seems rapidly dwindling down to a small coterie, where literature, instead of being projected, will be merely discussed; and, until another Byron shall rise up, to give a new impetus to exertion, the public will not again be led astray by such thin and unsubstantial Will-o'-wisps.

But let it not be imagined that we intend to censure the aristocracy for attempting to become citizens of the

republic of letters. A nobler and a better field of ambition could not have been opened to them; and we confess that the very attempt has raised them several per cent. in our estimation. But we do blame them for their attempt to establish a monopoly, and create a censorship of fashion in that department where talent should be the only censor. They repudiated with disdain every work which did not bear the peculiar stamp of their order. They had hirelings in pay who were ready to pounce, with savage eagerness, upon every one who boldly asserted his right to literary independence; and they mixed up, in many instances, party rancour with their criticisms, and introduced foreign elements of discord into the field of taste and fancy. And yet, with all these innovations, they had not a single author who would stand the common test of merit. The talent of the best of their writers—we mean original writers—scarcely reached mediocrity. Genius, indeed, can hardly move in the trammels of fashion. It needs for its development a free atmosphere, and an unconfined sphere of motion, which is not to be found amongst the circles of the great. It loathes the unhealthy restraint which the artificial fetters of artificial society invariably impose; and it is more easily fostered in the cottage, and thrives better in the free mountain air, than in the lordly mansion or noble palace. Thus it is that our greatest authors are almost always to be found amongst the middle or lower classes. The aristocracy of talent needs no adventitious aid, no pampered nourishment, to rear it to maturity. Like our own hardy and indigenous plants, it flourishes best under the canopy of heaven:—it luxuriates in the sunshine, and gains fresh vigour from the rain. A true child of nature, it regards her as a fond mother and a faithful instructress, from whose precepts it will never deviate, and to whom, in all seasons, it can turn both for inspiration and for comfort. And what men have been produced by this free exercise of native talent! In every country, in every age, from the middle and lower classes the great have sprung. Poets, reformers, orators—all the wisest, the greatest, and the best, which ancient or modern times have produced—have risen from a comparatively humble situation. Who, in our own literature, shall be compared to Shakspeare and Milton—to the peasant boy of Stratford, or the blind old man, who sang so divinely of paradise, who struggled through his long and useful life against tyranny and oppression,

"And died the tyrant hater he began."

And yet, Edmund Waller, a specimen of the talent of the aristocracy, noticed his noblest work only "as a tedious poem, written by John Milton, the blind schoolmaster?" Truly, though we have no Milton in the present day, we have many a Waller! many a bat-eyed critic, who thinks the farthing rushlight of his own conceptions brighter than the sun in his meridian!

If we regard the prose productions of the aristocratical school, our observations will be confined to a very narrow compass. Their attempts have been almost entirely limited to the novel; not that glorious vehicle of romance, which was built by Fielding and Scott—but a slight and flimsy contrivance, with the arms of the authors emblazoned upon it, with gaudy paint and superfluous gilding, and which notwithstanding its dazzling appearance, seemed ready to fall to pieces on the first rough causeway it should encounter.

Nature and true feeling were, of course, discarded; for the first had always been a sealed book, and the second, like the good seed which fell amongst the thorns, was speedily choked and extinguished. But artifice and artificial ideas were the congenial materials from which the fabric was erected. They looked around them at the ephemeral swarm of fashion, of which they, too, were component parts. They portrayed themselves in their heroes; registered their own empty nothings in print; sketched the ball-room and the gambling-table, the fête and the soirée, as they had seen them a thousand and a thousand times; and sent forth countless productions, each spun into three goodly octaves, to testify to an admiring world how the Exclusives lived, and moved, and had their being. There is always a class of readers who devour such food with insatiable appetite. This class consists chiefly of those who do not belong to the higher orders, but who strive to approach them by the miserable device of aping their defects and peculiarities. Not contented with, and sometimes not even aspiring to dignify their own station by homely but honest manners, they must needs know what is done and said among the circles of the great; and, by them, works of the nature above described were hailed and received with rapture. We trust that many of this class have, long ago, discovered their mistake; we trust that the contemptible expression of superiority, and the shallow scorn with which the great body of the community were therein regarded, have had the effect of opening their eyes not only to the weakness of the aristocratic school, but to the glaring defects and absurdities of that social system which draws such a line of demarcation betwixt the higher and the lower classes—betwixt the nobles of an earthly power and those of God's creation.

We do not think any book worth perusal which does not either inculcate some useful moral, or tend to some general purpose. Let the epicureans of literature say what they please, utilitarianism is the great principle which, in this department, as well as in every other, must ultimately prevail. Nor does it, therefore, follow, as some Master Shallows and Master Slenders have asserted, that the lighter productions of genius would be robbed of their greatest charm, were this rule generally adopted. Truth, like the fire-fly in the phial, will always lend a lustre to the body in which it is conveyed; and the more prominently it is exhibited, the more brilliant will that lustre become. We are somewhat disposed to quarrel with a very talented novelist of the day, for not having attended more rigidly to this maxim, or rather for having attempted, in many of his works, to palliate vice, instead of exalting virtue. But we are confident that Mr. Bulwer will soon come to perceive the error he may have committed, a confidence which we cannot extend to the literary chroniclers of fashion. The reading world are already wearied of their jargon. What does it signify to them whether or not the judicious use of a silver fork betrays the perfect gentleman,—whether the protégé of Crockford is or is not entitled to pouch the ill-gotten earnings of the dice, and, at the same time, to move in an exalted situation, without a spot on his character and his fame,—whether St. James's is the boundary of the fashionable world,—and whether Bloomsbury exists or no? Truly, they are become like Gallio, who cared for none of these things.

But the poetry of our aristocratic authorlings! Oh, there their weakness was indeed most lamentably displayed! The new German Parnassus was nothing to our own. Where were the genuine poetical feeling, the vivid bursts of enthusiasm, the forcible delineation of character, the depth and concentration of expression? All gone—all evaporated; and nothing left but a most weak and vapid residuum. Originality was discarded; and imitation neglected the beauties, while assiduously copying the faults of its models. Byron was burlesqued; Moore was travestied, and Scott was parodied; although the two latter never suffered so much as did the author of "The Corsair." There was something so sublime about Conrad, something so mysterious in his gloominess, and so terrible in his passion, that the example was irresistible; and at least a hundred Conrads were presented to the world, each cultivating a wilderness of whisker, and looking misanthropical with all his might. It was, however, chiefly the male sex who indulged in such vagaries. The ladies, with that nicer tact which distinguishes them, sought a purer spring of poetry; and, since Mrs. Hemans and Miss Landon had worshipped the gentle and the beautiful with distinguished success, and enwoven the fairest flowers of nature in their coronals of song, the Lady Emmelines turned to the same path, and celebrated the stars and the streams, the groves and the mountains, the spring-blossoms and the spring-birds, in floods of innocent nonsense. But why should we be severe upon them? They stood in no person's way; for nobody in his senses would ever read them beyond their own circles of immediate acquaintances; and even the *Court Journal* itself could do no more than puff them into momentary celebrity. We always thought that Gifford handled Rosa Matilda, and the other fair correspondents of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with unbecoming roughness; for printing, though it may be an expensive, is, at least, a harmless amusement, when the circulation is limited to one's own friends and admirers.

It has often been said that our literature has lately been much depressed, and that poetry is a drug in the market. We may thank our noble friends for this, who have given us such store of emetic and narcotic medicines. But let a true poet arise among us, and much are we mistaken if his reception shall be found either cold or indifferent. He cannot, indeed, expect to attain his reputation at once; for, in letters, as in every other profession, an apprenticeship must be undergone. But let him go on slowly and surely, achieving his fame by a gradual progression; and he will shortly find that there has been no period when a better or a fairer opportunity of success was presented to him than now. Wearied of the discordant harping and uninspiring strains of our modern minstrels, we are ready to be refreshed and delighted with the rich music of a loftier song; and now that all our greater bards have either voluntarily resigned the lyre, or have gone to meet the master-spirits of the olden times, we have need of other men to support our ancient glory. And where shall we look for those? We cannot hope that the nobility will soon produce another Byron; but we do expect, and that shortly, to behold some one arising amongst us, like another Saul among the people, who will shew us how easily the boasted talent of the aristocracy can be weighed down, when placed in the scales of reason and of genius, against the aristocracy of talent.

THE GERMAN'S STORY.

THE name of the young fellow who favoured us with a story was Count Von Adelheim, a little, stout, merry-eyed, light-haired German; not much adapted, by his outward configuration, to be the hero of a romance; as, with all due deference to his countship, he was not one of those grandees who carry the patent of their nobility in their appearance. I knew, from having read the "Sorrows of Werter," that the Germans were prodigious fellows for sighing and suicide: it never entered into my head to imagine that a countryman of Goethe—I wish to Heaven that old man had had a more pronounceable name—could be anything but a lovesick enthusiast; and I expected, accordingly, to hear some wonderful horrors revealed to us by Von Adelheim. He was the best English scholar I ever met among foreigners; in fact, he was infinitely more intelligible than many of our Scottish countrymen who make such ludicrous attempts to Corinthianize the Doric, when they have paid a month's visit to London. Scotch is very good, and English is very good; but the two united make the most diabolical compound it is possible to conceive; silver and zinc are not more abominable.

I emptied my glass, and opened my mouth, in expectation of supping full of horrors, when the Count began his story. "Gentlemen, he said, "you'll be disappointed in the tale I am going to tell you; and, indeed, I don't know whether it is strictly receivable, in terms of our agreement; for, though there is love in it, and uncommon situations, I am afraid that my share of them is principally as a spectator. However, as I have nothing better to offer you, you must accept this as the nearest approach I can remember having ever made to an interesting adventure.

There is one merit my story may lay claim to—that it is not an old one: the occurrence only took place about a month ago. I don't know how to conceal the name of the place where the adventure happened; and yet it would be very bad policy in me to divulge it; for, as I visit it every year, it would be disagreeable to go back to it with the reputation of a common informer—a fellow who goes about like a spy, and makes the fables he may meet with among his friends the topics of his after-dinner conversation. Luckily, the personages principally concerned are not very likely ever to hear of this breach of confidence; unless, indeed, through the agency of my friend, Mr. Phadde; for they are English, and not of so delicate a cast of mind as to care much what may be said or thought of them by any one who has not had the happiness to be borne in the modern Paradise, as every true John Bull makes a point of considering his country. About six weeks ago, I found myself domesticated very comfortably in the largest hotel at one of our celebrated Baths. I won't particularize its name, but leave each of you to give it whatever denomination you please. We had capital amusement at the *table d'hôte*, which every day presented us with something either to laugh at or excite admiration. One day, two gentlemen joined our party; and as I happened to sit next to them, and to have the advantage of being tolerably conversant with their language, I entered into conversation with them in English. The taller of the two, whose name was

Norman, was a very clever, gentlemanly young fellow, as I ever met; with none of that prudish affectation which is often so distinguishing a characteristic of those anomalous islanders. The other—Tom Jenkins was his name—was as eccentric an individual as you could imagine. He was all things by turns, and nothing long. One day, he was in the heroics, and quoted tragedy by the hour—the next, he was sentimental, and conjured up the most appalling catastrophes to the commonest events. He had also an idea that, as, unfortunately, life presented few stations of interest, it was quite proper, and, indeed, a meritorious act, to imagine them. He would point out a person on the opposite side of the table, and tell some dreadful anecdote of him; that he was the celebrated murderer, So-and-so—whoever might be the rage of the newspapers—in disguise; and when you looked incredulous, and asked him if what he had been telling you was true, he would relapse into his usual free and easy manner, and answer you—"True? No: who the devil ever thought of such a thing! I was practising the extraordinary. 'Tis a way I've got."

It was really capital fun to attend to the conversation of this original. His friend entered fully into the extravagance of his humour; and I must confess that I have had few happier hours in the course of my existence than I spent with those two Englishmen. When a week or ten days constant association had rendered us very well acquainted with each other, Norman one day took the opportunity of my being alone with him to tell me that he should, probably, in a short time, require my assistance, if I would be kind enough to give him so gratifying a proof of my friendship. I promised him, as you may imagine, all the aid in my power; and then he told me his story. Of course, he was in love; and, of course, also, the current of his true love did not, by any means, run smooth. An abominable guardian played the duce with his prospects, and treated all his vows and protestations with ineffable disdain. The guardian's sister, a maiden lady, with her affections considerably below zero, also conspired against young Norman's addresses—more, as it seemed, to vent her malice on the unfortunate Mary Neville, than from any objections she could rationally advance against the wooer. But, luckily for my friend, Norman, Miss Neville differed in opinion both from old Philpotts, her guardian, and Miss Juliana Arabella Philpotts, his sister. The young people had very properly considered that they were the best judges of what would conduce most to their own happiness; and had bound themselves, by vows which they believed as firmly bound them together, and were as sacredly registered in heaven, as if a bishop of sixteen stone had joined their hands at the altar, or the Pope himself had assisted in throwing the stocking. In short, they were what common mortals call engaged, and waited only either the consent of old Philpotts, or the expiration of his term of power, to be the happiest couple in Christendom. But neither of these events seemed likely to occur very soon: the lady was not at her own disposal till twenty-one, and she was now only eighteen; and old Philpotts was one

of those pig-headed blockheads who consider themselves always bound by their first determination, and who consider it infinitely below their dignity to make the slightest alteration in any thing they have once resolved on. When the resolution is a good one, nothing can be more praiseworthy than this; but if, perchance, old Philpotts had, at any period of his life, expressed an idea (and, unfortunately, this had actually occurred) that all foreigners were thieves—a nation of saints, unless speaking the language of Fleet Street and the Strand, would fail to convince him of his error. "Sir," he would say—"Sir, I have said it, and—they—are—thieves!"

This very positive gentleman, his sister, and Mary Neville, were now expected at the Baths; and it was in consequence of knowing this that Norman had come a few days before their arrival, to avail himself of any opportunity that might occur, either to extort a consent from the old man, or make himself happy without it. In this very laudable design he asked my assistance—his eccentric friend, Tom Jenkins, he was afraid to trust in so delicate an adventure. All our plans were arranged—my cue given me, with directions how to proceed—when one day a more than usual bustle in the hall announced an arrival, and one of the Jackeys quickly brought us the intelligence that the importation consisted of the party we expected. We had thought it more prudent not to let Jenkins into our plot at all: for he was such a hairbrained fellow, we did not know what havoc he might make, if allowed to have any thing to do with it.

A few minutes after his arrival, having seen the ladies settled in their apartment, old Philpotts sallied forth to see, as he himself expressed it, how the land lay. On the lawn in front of the hotel, he unfortunately stumbled on Tom Jenkins, who immediately scented his quarry from afar, and determined to "practice the extraordinary," to the amazement of the new arrival. "Good morning, sir; fine day for a walk," said Mr. Jenkins, twirling the three seals of his watch round his forefinger.

"And wherefore don't you walk?" continued Tom, clapping his hand three times to his breast, like the great actor, Kean, and grinning diabolically within an inch of old Philpotts' face.

"Sir! I *am* walking," replied the other; "and feel uncommon glad, I assure ye, to have met with a countryman. Much company here, sir?"

"Yes, thousands! myriads! multitudes! I've seen the day when, with this arm, I could ha' made 'em skip—but I'm old now—old! old!"

"Old, sir? you don't look very old, however."

"But grief on me has done the work of years."

"Sorry to hear it, sir—nothing particular, hope?"

"Avaunt! away! not all the waters of the mighty ocean could wash this damned blood from off my hand!"

"Blood, sir?"

"Yes, blood! I could a tale unfold would shivel up your heart with gasping horror! O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?"

"Sir, that isn't my name—never heard of the gentleman; but, if he is any friend of yours, I would advise"—

"Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!" exclaimed Tom, clenching his hands, and knitting his brows, as if in the act of springing on Mr. Philpotts.

"Slain, sir? who's slain?"

"Mercutio."

"And who killed him?"

"Romeo."

"Then, what the devil's the use of standing here? Call for the police? Two bloody foreigners, I know by their names. By Jingo, if they had come before me when I was Mayor, I would have tickled Master Romeo—that's all. Help! help!"

"Hold, sir," said Tom; "Romeo, too, is dead!"

"Hanged? I'm glad to hear it."

"No, sir—poisoned, by his own hand."

"Here's a state of morals, to be sure! I wish I were safe home again; for such a set of infernal, murdering, poisoning ragamuffins as them shocking foreigners, it is impossible to conceive. No inquests, I suppose, in this disgusting country?"

"No—let the stricken deer go weep—as for me, I'll go pray." And, folding his arms across his chest, Tom walked stately away, with his eyes bent on the ground.

"A good sort of young man that," soliloquized old Philpotts; "says his prayers, I perceive; though I think he is the rummest mannered chap I ever encountered. By Jove, he'll frighten little Mary out of her senses, if he ever fall in with her, with his horrid stories of murders, and suicides, and all that; but, still, he is one's countryman, and we musn't be shy to each other so far away from home." While he was immersed in these reflections, I threw myself in his way, and, in consequence of my knowledge of his language, contrived to make myself very agreeable. I promised to act as his *cicerone* through the neighborhood, and point out who the company were at dinner; and the old man so far got over his antipathy to foreigners, as to shake me by the hand and invite me to join his party at the *table d'hôte*—the very thing I wanted. Norman was delighted with the progress I had made, when I told him of it as I went to dress; for it was arranged that he should not appear in the *salon*. At the hour of dinner, I was presented in due form to the family of my new friend. Miss Neville was quite an English beauty: beautiful skin and complexion, magnificent figure, and a dash of *mauvaise honte*, that rendered her loveliness still more attractive. Miss Juliana Arabella Philpotts, on the other hand, might have passed for a smoke-dried Savoyard. The nearest and most descriptive epithet to describe her manner, that I know of, in any language, is the English word "prim." Very thin lips, on which the sprinkling of periwinkles had rather overpowered the roses; a sharp-pointed nose, with the clearly defined bone seen all through its extent as clearly as if it had had no covering of skin on it at all: and a peaked chin and sallow neck, gave her a *toute ensemble*, which was by no means prepossessing. Yet what will not friendship effect! To this staid maiden I resolved to devote myself; and being introduced to her in a particular manner by her brother, I seized her arm without farther ceremony, and handed her most gallantly down to dinner. As we were just sitting down, our friend Tom Jenkins left the end of the room where his usual position was, and pushing briskly up to Mr. Philpotts, tapped him familiarly on the shoulder. "Well, old Philly, my buck, ain't you going to introduce me?" he said; and leered very knowingly round at my incomparable partner.

"Oh, certainly," said Philpotts, "Sister, this is Mr. A—a—"—

"Jenkins, Thomas Jenkins, No. 17 Temple. They call me rattle-brained Tom. There was Jack Swaggers, Lord Fribble, Sir Anthony Puzzle, and I, we all dined together, one day last week, at Lady Betty Modish's. 'Demmee,' says Fribble, 'you are a comical dog, Tom Jenkins!' His lordship did me the honor to call me a dog."

"And you told him," said Mr. Philpotts, "he was a confoundedly impertinent fellow."

"Bah, Philly! hold thy foolish tongue."

"What the dev?"

"Poh! nonsense; no blustering," said Tom, setting down quietly next Miss Neville, "I was only practising genteel comedy. 'Tis a way I've got."

"Is it?" said old Philpotts, nearly bursting with indignation; "then, I advise you to get out of it as soon as possible."

I devoted myself assiduously to the care of Miss Juliana. Jenkins seemed equally absorbed in his attentions to Miss Neville; and the old gentleman sat between us, in a prodigious passion at the impertinence of Mr. Tom, and yet unwilling to come to an open quarrel before so many strangers. Tom rattled on and never minded him. Miss Neville was very much amused; and it was really as good as a comedy to look at the rubicund countenance of old Philpotts, sulking and pouting with an assumption of offended dignity, and not eating a morsel the whole time of dinner. At last he addressed himself to me—"Count Von Addlehead," he said, "have you never no master of the ceremonies at a place like this, to turn impertinent fellows out of the room? By the Lord, if this Mr. Jenkins had come before me when I was Mayor"—

"No, sir," I answered; "the greatest liberty, in fact, prevails at these watering-places; as a proof of it, I have asked Miss Philpotts, though only having so recently the happiness of her acquaintance, to stroll with me the rest of the evening."

"And I the very same thing, old boy," said Tom, "with my interesting friend."

"Hold your tongue, sir," cried Philpotts; "you are the cursedest coxcomb I ever encountered. Miss Neville, I command you"—

"Thank you, Philly," interrupted the incorrigible Tom—"I didn't know the name before; Neville is a very pretty name. But don't interrupt people in the midst of delicious conversation. You can't imagine how disagreeable you make yourself."

"Count Von Addlehead," again exclaimed the infuriated Philpotts, "you are very welcome to walk with my sister; but as to this fellow here"—

"He is engaged to promenade with Miss Neville," said Tom.

"Brother Andrew," said Miss Philpotts, "the nobleman's name is Won Addle'em—not Addle-head."

"Nonsense, booby," replied the polished and positive Philpotts. "I have said it; his name—is—Addlehead."

"My dear sir," I said to him, "call me by any name you please; dinner, you perceive, is nearly over now, and it is not the custom here to remain at wine. With your approbation, I shall shew Miss Philpotts some of the lions in this neighbourhood."

"Lions!—gracious me!" exclaimed the lady—"you don't mean to say there are any of those horrid

brutes here! I can't bear the nasty animals—they look so very unamiable."

"Hush, booby!" responded the brother, "they're in a carawan, no doubt. It's not very likely he'll take you into a lion's den."

"A Daniel!—a second Daniel,—by all that's wise?" said Tom Jenkins, slapping old Philpotts on the back.

"Who the devil was speaking to you, sir?—who told you to be so confounded familiar?" exclaimed that gentleman, turning round.

"Oh! never mind me, I beg," replied Tom: "treat me just as one of the family. I have promised to take Miss Neville to the Upper Spring."

"She shan't go with you, sir—not a foot—not an inch; I can tell you that."

"Why, you don't imagine I can go by myself, do you?"

"What do I care whether you go or not? Count Won Addlehead is going to take my sister; I have some business to do that will keep me at home; and Miss Neville"—

"Shall go with me—the very thing I proposed. Thank you, old Potts—you're not half so ill-natured a fellow as you look."

"Potts?—fellow?—ill-natured? What do you mean by all this impertinence?"

"Mean?" said Tom; "nothing at all. I was only practising the intimate. 'Tis a way I've got."

"Practising or not, I desire no more of your acquaintance; and, to prevent any of your impertinence to this young lady, I shall put her under the Count's protection."

"Pardon me," I said; "it is a little against the etiquette of this place for one gentleman to monopolize two ladies. I have a friend who will be happy to take my place in guarding Miss Neville—a person who, unfortunately, can't speak a word of English, or, indeed, of any other language but high Bohemian."

"The very man," said Mr. Philpotts; "he will be no babbling blockhead, like this here Mr. Jenkins. Introduce her to him by all means. We have left some of our luggage at the Baths we come from. I never can recollect the name of them—Slaigip—Slougan"—

"Schlangenbad?" I suggested.

"Ay, exactly; that's the name. And I must send off by the return postillion to make inquiry about it."

"There is but one other thing," I said; "and that is, that you will give me full authority over Miss Neville, in order that I may protect her with due effect from the approaches of any one I may object to."

"Very right. That's a slap at this insolent puppy, Tom Jenkins. Do you hear, Miss Neville?—you are to do exactly as this gentleman tells you. You are to obey him exactly as you would myself. Sister, I take you to witness these injunctions; and, now, off with you!"

The ladies went off to dress for their walk—I hurried up to my friend Norman's rooms—informed him of all our proceedings—helped him on with a wig and false mustachioes, which made it impossible for his nearest friend to recognize him; and having told him to hold his tongue in the presence of old Philpotts, proceeded to the landing place to wait for our fair

companions. We found there Tom Jenkins and the old gentleman in earnest conversation.

"And you forgive me, sir?" said Tom, with his head bent humbly on his breast—"forgive a wretch whom misery has made careless of his appearance."

"If you have been indeed unhappy, I bear no malice—not I," said Mr. Philpotts.

"Unhappy, sir! I have endured miseries so appalling in their extent, so diversified in their ramifications, that the heart sinks, the bosom palpitates, the eyes fall, the lips tremble, under their dismal recollection."

"Dear me! sorry to hear it; but you seem merry enough sometimes."

"Ay—the convulsive laughter of despair wringing the bosom with its mockery of joy. Sir, you see before you an orphan—not but that my father and mother are both alive—but that a severer calamity has befallen me than their death could be. I am alone in all the world; deserted at my utmost need; cast powerless on the rocks that girdle in the ocean of life, and lacerate the most severely him who has been tossed on them by its tempests! O, sir! may your situation never be so miserable as mine! At four years of age, my agonies began. Time passed on; but now, now that youth is still in my possession, when hope and happiness ought to be spreading their sunshine over my existence, I feel—I feel—that I am wretched. I have—no—grandmother!"—Here Tom sobbed, and hid his face in a handkerchief.

"Grandmother! Bless my soul!—is all this grief you talk of, because you've lost your grandmother?"

"To be sure it is," said Tom, looking up as merry as possible. "Don't you think that was very tolerably done?—I was only practising the sentimental. 'Tis a way I've got."

Without saying another word, old Philpotts, who had really become interested in the narrative, lifted up his heavy gold-headed cane, and aimed a prodigious blow at the head of the unfortunate Tom. By an active jump, he escaped it, and the stick flew into a thousand shivers against the ground.

In the meantime, I and Miss Juliana Arabella pursued our walk, closely followed by my transfigured friend, Norman, with the beautiful Miss Neville. Of course, I took the earliest opportunity I could find of separating our parties, and entertained my companion in the best way I could. As the evening began to approach, she was very anxious to return; but, as I knew that every minute was precious to the lovers, I paid no attention to her wishes.

"Dear me!" she said, "I wonder how Miss N. gets on all this time with her dumb companion. She can't speak a word of Bohemian."

"Oh, she will soon learn," I said; "it would be a pity to make her first lesson so short a one; besides, you English ladies, Miss Juliana,"—and here I sighed very pathetically—"have such a language in your eyes! One needs no other dictionary than your looks!"

"Well, you're a very civil man, Count Addlehead, I must say that; and, indeed, I haven't near so bad an opinion of you foreigners as my brother. I only wonder he trusted this Bohemian nobleman with his ward; I suppose it is because he was sure he couldn't

pop the question, if he tried it ever so much. But, come, I insist on seeking them." And away, in spite of all my entreaties, I was dragged. We had not gone very far, when, lounging slowly along the green sward road, we saw the objects of our search. I coughed, to put them on their guard; but their ears were otherwise engaged. We got close on them before they were aware of our approach, and we distinctly heard the Bohemian say, in the purest English—

"This very night, dearest Mary! Why do we waste the happiest days of our lives, waiting the caprices of such a contemptible old blockhead as old Philpotts, or such a withered scare-joy as his sister?"

"Ah! but how?" replied the lady, hesitating.

"Why, the carriage you came in has not yet returned to Schlangenbad; we can arrest it on its way, and fly from the thralldom those wretches keep you in. My friend, Count Adelheim, has promised us his assistance."

"Has he indeed?" exclaimed my companion, letting go my arm, and rushing upon Mary Neville with the ferocity of a wild cat. "I'll teach you to run off, you little gipsy, with Bohemian swindlers. Come home, come home, I say; my brother will keep you under lock and key!"

"Hold, madam," I said; "it is time for me now to use the authority your brother intrusted to me: Miss Neville, you will remember, is *my* ward. You will see her in safety to the carriage, which must now be on its return, Mr. Norman!"

"Norman?" exclaimed Miss Philpotts—"worse and worse. My brother will go mad. Oh, you little hussy!"

"Hush! here comes the carriage," I said.

"It is now too late for thought or hesitation," whispered Norman. A sign stopped the postillions; the steps were let down; Norman and his beautiful bride were almost on the steps—when the whole party was thrown into confusion by the appearance of old Philpotts, out of breath, running with all his might, closely pursued by half a dozen soldiers in the uniform of the Grand Duke. In order to explain this I ought to have told you that our acquaintance, Tom Jenkins, was in a towering passion against old Philpotts, for attempting to strike him with his cane. According to his usual custom, he had gone on "practising heroics," as he called it, till he had worked himself into a resolution to call the old gentleman out, for his insulting behaviour. While waiting for our return, to depute one of us to bear his message, he was addressed by the officer in command of the troops at the neighbouring station, who very often relieved the tedium of his military duties, by an hour or two amidst the gaities of the Baths.

"Sir," said Tom, in the thrilling whisper of another English tragedian, Macready—"there is in this house a monster staid with every crime."

"Indeed!" replied the officer, looking all expectation.

"Yes, sir—a villain—shame that the wretch should bear the name of Englishman!—who, under the appearance of a decent civilian, carries about with him a heart fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils."

"Treason!—did you say treason, sir?" inquired the officer.

"Ay, to be sure; he would delight in nothing more than plunging his stiletto into the heart of his Serene Highness."

"Are you aware of this? Have you heard him say so?"

"Conspirators," answered Tom, "are not in the habit of openly telling their designs. But this very day—nay, sir, this very hour!—he made an attempt on my life. Methinks I still see the uplifted sword"—

"This must be inquired into," replied the officer. "What is this detestable monster's name?"

"Philpotts."

"His age! appearance? dress?"

"About sixty-five—shabby—brown coat, grey breeches, white cotton leggings:—But, ha! methinks I see him down that walk. 'Tis he. Don't you see that infernal looking, stumpy old scoundrel, just diving into the wood? That's the murderer!"

Without further colloquy, the officer dispatched a guard whom he found stationed at the well, with orders to bring the unsuspecting Philpotts before him, alive or dead. Off set the soldiers, double quick; and off, at no less a pace, set the alarmed ex-mayor. "Those cursed foreigners," he thought, "are, every soul of them, thieves and vagabonds. What the dickens can those villains mean following me?" And as, his fears rose with every minute, he quickened his steps, till urged himself actually to the top of his speed.

"Count Won Addlehead!" he cried, as soon as he came in hearing; "for mercy's sake, stop those infernal fellows with guns!—they've chased me this last ten minutes—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

The soldiers now ordered us in German to arrest the fugitive, on pain of high treason. Miss Neville, and even Norman, were petrified with amazement, and Miss Juliana thought proper to faint in my arms. At this moment, Tom Jenkins rushed among us from the bushes at the side of the road. "Hush, Adelheim!" he said—"not a word; 'tis a delicious contrivance of my own. Don't you think it is inimitably managed!" The soldiers now presented muskets, and pointed them at old Philpotts head. And the sergeant who led the party told him in German, that, unless he surrendered peaceably, he would immediately give orders to fire. Old Philpotts, who did not comprehend a word of the language, only understood from their motions that they were about to shoot him!

"Oh, Lud! such a death for a man to die, in these infernal foreign parts! Will none of you tell the rascals not to shoot? Addlehead! speak to them; tell them I've done nothing wrong!"

I shook my head, and said in English, that I dared not interfere.

"You bloody-minded Jenkins!" he went on; "won't you just say a word to those fellows, in their own cursed tongue, to stop them from committing a murder? You, Mary Neville, what's the use of all your German lessons, if you can't tell them to put away their confounded muskets?"

I now thought it proper to interfere, and asked the sergeant the cause of the arrest.

"What does he say? What does the spluttering vagabond say?" cried Philpotts.

"That you are arrested on an accusation of treason and murder!"

"I for treason! Why, I could buy their whole country, root and branch! It's a lie, I say; and, as for murder"—

"But, in the meantime," I whispered, "they are just going to fire."

"You don't say so? Who will tell them that I'm a quiet respectable gentleman? I'll give him whatever he likes!" The soldiers had now approached, with muskets still pointed; and two of them pounced upon him and held his arms in spite of his struggles to get free.

"'Tis a pity, old Schlangenbad," said Jenkins, "that they didn't shoot you. 'Tis a more honourable death than hanging."

"Hanging! O, Lud! what will all this come to? Mary Neville, just say three words in German to those fellows, and I'll give my consent immediately."

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Juliana, who had now recovered, "do no such thing. That Bohemian—who do you think he is? Why, none but Mr. Norman."

"Norman or Bohemian—what's that to the gal-lows? I have said it—if you get me out of this scrape, I will give my consent."

"Will you?" exclaimed Tom Jenkins; "then I'll settle the business in a moment. I'll tell the commanding officer I was only 'practising the mysterious.' 'Tis a way I've got."

But Norman took the lead in procuring his discharge; and a few minutes' conversation with the officer, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, put all matters to rights. You must imagine all the rest. The old gentleman performed his promise, though with a very ill grace; and in a week after these occurrences, returned to England, leaving Norman and his bride to finish their tour through the Continent. He took advice as to prosecuting Tom Jenkins for defamation; but on being threatened with a counter-prosecution for assault and battery, he desisted from his plea, but vowed that, if he ever had caught Master Jenkins at his bar in the Mansion House, he would have treated him to six months of the treadmill, by way of "practising the industrious. 'Twas a way he had got."

THE DIAMOND COMPANY.

STEAM is a right pleasant invention, as applied to locomotion by water. In a steam-boat, man is enabled to indulge his gregarious habits in a much more diversified society than he could possibly find by staying at home, or even visiting his neighbours. He moves at the rate of ten miles an hour; the comforts of a hotel are spread around him, and, while in a coffee-room the charm of woman's smile is denied him, in a steam-boat the ladies are seldom to be found in the mysterious boudoir allotted to their use. "The angels of life" move along the saloon, mingle with the herd of men, whom they, by a natural consequence, humanize and harmonize; yes, they even eat eggs and ham, and drink tea and coffee before our eyes, giving grace to the unromantic realities of existence. I of course refer to smooth water steaming in these general remarks on the enjoyments of a steamer. Why should I conceal the fact? My observations have especial reference to the "Gravesend Diamond Company." I spurn the supposition that my holding a few shares in that most respectable and excellent speculation induces me to make particular mention of "our boats." For the express accommodation of the public, we have been warring against the adverse "Stars" for many a long month; but we have never condescended to puff ourselves into notoriety.

In the earl part of last September, I determined on taking a trip to Gravesend for the benefit of my health, a relaxation which cannot be sufficiently recommended to the inhabitants of our too densely-peopled metropolis; I speak from experience, not from interested motives. On a peculiarly fine morning I drove down to London Bridge in a cab, and at eleven o'clock found myself snugly seated in a corner of the Diamond Saloon. There are certain classes of people you may generally calculate on meeting in a Gravesend steam-boat. Gamblers of the Stock Exchange, speculators in the lively stock of Smithfield; stern bluff farmers, who look as if the corn-market had gone much against their grain; hop-growers, whose hearts, hands, and conversation are deep in their pockets. Then there are masters of merchant vessels, following their Mary Annes, Lady Floras, and Julias, who have the day before dropped down the river. Start not, ye uninitiated in the name of shipping! I mean not desperate fair ones, who have taken "the tide at the flood" that leads to destruction, but good ships of the like names taking the tide to Gravesend, together with craft of more extraordinary cognomens for such a trip; a Windsor Castle, a London, a Liverpool, or a Severn, all "cleared" of the Custom House, outward bound, ready for sailing. Their captains, with here and there some female passenger under their protection, are proceeding to take charge, and then, hey! for a prosperous voyage. You may generally know the master of a merchant vessel by the make of his coat and hat, which tells the fashion of by-gone seasons, such shore-going togery being little in requisition with men who, like hipopotami, a never on shore for a "long spell." But to continue my notice of voyagers by "our steamers" would require a volume. Merchants and lawyers,

whose families are crescented or terraced at Gravesend; officers of the army and navy, quartered, paying off, or fitting out at Chatham; ladies who have been to London shopping, or who are going to make their first appearance for the season at the "Metropolitan Suburban Watering-place;" children and nursery-maids, holiday clerks and shop-boys, together with a few flaunting damsels and flashy gentlemen, speculators in wandering hearts and stray trinkets; the latter of these gentry in the meditation, rather than the commission of mischief. Such is the heterogeneous assemblage in "our boats." "Move her easy—stop her—a turn astern—go on." The Diamond, that gem of the river, had got into the centre of the stream, and we were fairly on our passage to Gravesend. I am an elderly gentleman, and have arrived at that period of life when a good night's rest is not to be found in every night-cap: and I thus may be occasionally caught napping after dinner, and in warm weather, even of a morning. Now, the day in question was "excessive hot"—"purdigious warm"—"wery hoppressive." I use the phraseology of my *steaming* companions, for such were the sounds which fell on my tympanum, one expression of a "summer feeling" succeeding another, till I dropped into a forty-wink slumber. I seldom take more by daylight. No sooner have I mingled the reality of the scene around me with the memories of twenty things jostling each other, till they lose their individuality in an obscurity which, fading as a vapour, discloses that shadowy stage of the mental retina where dreams seem about to be enacted, than I gradually return to consciousness. But though I am again perfectly awake, the perfect, if not beautiful repose of countenance, as Mr. Blackmien, who occasionally cuts portraits on board the Diamond, is kind enough to denominate it, often deceives those around me into a belief that the "old gentleman in the blue goggles" is still asleep. The reader may be about to exclaim, "A truce with your sleepy symptoms," for Mr. Gardner, the hypnotologist, alone could enter fully into the philosophy of the matter. But we will not pursue this digression; it will be shortly apparent how necessary it was that my habit of napping should be made clear to the meanest comprehensions.

"A charming day, and no mi—sapprehension *can* be entertained on the subject, my dear Miss Julia Maria." I looked through my spectacles, those blue-glazed windows of the mind, and beholding in the speaker and his fair companion evident indications of an interesting conversation, must it be confessed, I pretended to slumber. The gentleman who had challenged my attention was an elaborately dressed young man in a coat of indefinite colour, cut after that undecided fashion which, in sporting phrase, might be likened to a cross-breed between a quaker coat and a hunting frock. He luxuriated in a waistcoat, brilliant as if woven from the peacock's tail to deck a Jew jeweler on his wedding morn: his trousers were of spotless white, in happy contrast to the jetty polish of his patent leather boots, in which he stood five feet eight inches, to borrow a favourite expression of his own, "slim and genteel—quite a man for the ladies."

Let the reader imagine a red face, caverned with a large mouth, decidedly full of white teeth, simpering over an emerald green stock, the descending drapery of which was fastened by a diamond brooch under the charge of three little gold pins, and as many little gold chains. Now, let us take care that a gorgeous watch-chain is sufficiently conspicuous, as it festoons from pocket to pocket of the peacock waistcoat aforesaid, and we have dressed our gentleman to the life. Omitting only in our portrait those charms attempting which imagination and description would alike fail; for what fancy can paint, what pen could adequately describe the "Hyperian curls," redolent of perfume, and dark as the ebon beetle's wing, a wondrous triumph of "Tyrean" powers, that decked his lofty temples. His eyes were killing—*dye* was in his air.

Miss Julia Maria Aldgate felt the influence of those locks, the speaking eloquence of those eyes which sought her own, now resting on the green parasol her little gloved hand was wantonly tormenting by threatening to break its bones. This act of petty tyranny concluded, she looked at her little foot, and then she ventured to return her admirer's gaze, acknowledging the self-evident fact that it *was* "a very charming day." But Julia blushed as she said it, for to her the dulllest day was charming when Mr. Amyere Cumming happened to be her fellow-voyager.

Such was the exquisite's name; and often had I remarked him, "the observed of all observers," on board of our boats. He had a season ticket, and was a constant passenger. Often, too, I had remarked his attention to the object of his present addresses, who was a very pretty girl, with a very pretty fortune, and a very pretty notion of her pa's wealth, her ma's gentility, and her own merits. The residence of her sire was in the city; the sphere of her maternal parents' elegance was just then Gravesend; and Miss Julia Maria's merits were, like attendant graces, keeping court around that interesting young lady on board the "Diamond." Under her mamma's protection she was returning from her "pa's" house in Throgmorton street to the enjoyment of brackish, if not sea breezes, the congenial society of pleasure-seeking souls, together with the chaste of Tully—not he of the ancient wise, but of the modern bazaar. Mrs. Aldgate was attentively reading "the new Thames guide from Richmond to the Nore," leaving her daughter in free possession of her admirer's attentions; civilities, in that prudent mother's opinion, not to be despised.

If report spoke truth, and the gallant object of the *on dit*, who ought to have been best informed on the subject; did not contradict it, the scion of a noble house was sojourning at Gravesend *incognito*. Who could this sprig of quality possibly be but Mr. Amyere Cumming?

"Oh? Miss Julia Maria," continued that interesting mystery, lisping in the accents of love his opinion of the atmosphere, "how very hot it is; nothing but your charming conversation could keep me from going 'up-stairs' under the hawning. Let me beg you to try a promenade."

"I should be sorry to prevent you going, sir," answered the fair Julia, "but the deck is sadly crowded, and Ma can't bear me to be in promiscuous society."

"Oh, does your mother know you're out—on the water?" elegantly drawled Mr. Amyere Cumming,

the latter part of this extraordinary question coming to the relief of what had a strong resemblance to a phrase belonging more to town than ton.

"I know I'm on the water," said Miss Aldgate, looking with surprise at the smiling gentleman, and then glancing at her respected parent, who was apparently deeply engaged with her book. "Don't you see, ma?—haven't you been speaking to her?"

"True, very true," replied Mr. Cumming; "I'm such a absent man. Excuse me. You, who are perfection itself, and no mis-conception in the matter, will make allowance."

The fair Julia assured Mr. Cumming that she considered absence of mind very interesting; and Mr. Cumming, with a great deal of sincerity, owned that absence of mind was one of his little peculiarities; but, then, no one could have a *fairer* excuse; and Miss Aldgate blushed as if she understood him; and nothing *could* be more agreeable than the young people were to each other.

The interesting stranger, when making incidental mention of noble friends, never failed in giving their full titles; and those who were honoured with his notice, though not with a niche in the peerage or baronetage, were all heiresses, rich widows, or gentlemen with five thousand a year. Mr. Cumming's acquaintance as a young man about town was, he said, chiefly among young men like himself; and he seemed to have lived on social terms with the *elite* of our fashionable *roués*. He particularly dwelt on their tastes gastronomic, and much to the edification of the gentle Julia, all his intimates appeared to delight in "ham, chicken, champagne, and arrack punch." Then Mr. Cumming knew all the public singers, and half the actors; while not a place of amusement in London but he frequented; giving the preference, "of course," as he with much dignity remarked, to "Almack's, and Vauxhall." Amid this pleasing small-talk there ran a vein of such peculiar phraseology, accompanied by so much grace of action in passing his fingers through his hair, smoothing his chin, and playing with his watch-chain, that Miss Julia's heart, I doubt not, panted with a desire of conquest, for she looked as if her whole soul were in arms as she listened to the *distingue* individual before her.

"I suppose you live quite in the West End, sir? somewhere near the Green Park, or the Regent's Park?"

Ere this question was answered, and Mr. Cumming seemed too busily engaged in regarding the fair querist to hurry himself, I observed Mrs. Aldgate's attention distracted from her book by the evident interest she felt in the colloquy.

"Do you see anything green in my eye?" suddenly remarked Mr. Cumming.

"Oh! la! what do you mean?" responded Miss Julia; "you are *so* funny!"

"Don't you live in the West End, then?" asked Mrs. Aldgate, who now joined in the conversation.

"Yes, ma'am; always, except when I'm at a little snug retirement on the Lambeth side, or at a watering-place,—Gravesend, Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and such like. I was saying it was a fine day, ma'am. Might Miss Julia take a walk on the deck?"

"You're *very* polite, sir," replied Mrs. Aldgate, "and I will go with her."

"What are you at—tempting?" exclaimed the "very polite" gentleman, as the young lady, in her

hurry to accompany him, entangled her shawl in most mysterious folds. Gallantly he extricated her from this embarrassment, and offering an arm to the mamma, they walked the length of the saloon, and proceeded on deck, leaving me staring through my goggles in the same pleasing state of wonder, as Gravesend had been somewhere about three times a week for the last two months, as to who Mr. Amyere Cumming could possibly be.

So warm was the weather that few had come below, and now even those few had departed. It was that unpleasant hour of the day for the steward who speculated in the edibles when it was neither breakfast-time, nor luncheon-time, nor dinner-time. Nobody seemed to like anything stronger, or more solid, than ginger-beer or soda-water, except two or three farmers imbibing ale on deck, and a roystering-looking sea-character, who, after my first group departed, walked into the saloon, and there drank strong brandy grog, and made quite as strong love to the stewardess.

"Then you're not married, my dear?" said he of the pea-jacket, for such was the garb worn by this despoiler of summer-clothing. "Should you like to be?"

"That depends," replied the modest damsel, taking hold of the corner of her apron.

"Oh, does it, my dear? Then, how should you like me? I've only got two wives already," facetiously remarked my new acquaintance.

"For shame, sir! I wonder how you *can* talk so! I don't think that old gentleman's asleep, and he's one of the proprietors."

This was said in an under tone of voice, but I heard it. I have often thought that my blue spectacles are not only great assistance to sight, but excellent conductors of sound.

"Where's the other stewardess, my dear?"

"She's in the Ruby. Thank you, sir!"

"Thank your own pretty face? I should like to take the change out of it," said the gentleman in the salamander jacket, in which he now thrust his hands, and swaggered on deck. The stewardess went into the ladies' apartment, after having made threepence by the gentleman's impudence, and the saloon was all mine own for a while, when in stepped the steward, and a flauntily-dressed young man, with a hat on one side of his head, and a bunch of curls on the other.

"What would you like to take, Wilkins?"

"Why, I don't much mind for a bit of dinner, or a lunch, or whatever you choose to call it," replied Mr. Wilkins, eyeing the viands, which, in all the proud solidity of ham and beef, fantastically garnished with double parsley, adorned the tables; with here and there an oasis in the shape of a lettuce-piled salad-bowl, showing that neat arrangement and attention to the wants of the passengers which is always conspicuous in "our boats."

"Wilkins," said the steward, "I meant what would you take to drink? eating is paying, you know; but I don't mind a glass for old acquaintance sake."

"Then I'll take a bottle of ale with you," replied the disappointed candidate for a dinner. "There doesn't seem much going on here, Bill."

To which his friend responded, that it was a dull time of the day.

"To be sure it is, and you don't go the right way to work, or people would eat luncheons."

"How do you mean, Wilkins? What Merriker trick have you got now?"

"Ay, ay, Bill! you may laugh at what I saw in America; but I learnt more there than would set a dozen men up in business one way or another. Now if I was steward of this here boat, I should do as they do on the Mississippi; if the people didn't take naturally to eating, I'd get a good-looking, hearty kind of cock to begin. Let him call about him, praise everything, speak to two or three gentlemen looking on, and say what an accommodation it is to get these things in a steamer, and very reasonable too, and all really so good. Steward stands treat to one, d'ye see, and gets twenty customers."

I here lost the remainder of this conference by the entrance of several passengers, who had descended from the deck, and now passed and re-passed between me and the speakers. Its result was, however, apparent. The steward soon after was smiling and bowing to his quondam chum, before whom there was a fine ham, and a magnificent piece of beef; to say nothing of ale and salad. Wilkins was evidently eating his lunch, and earning it at the same time. Who could resist the appearance of appetite with which he attacked each edible in its turn? If his hunger was *really* feigned it was the best imitation I ever saw in my life. Slice after slice of beef and ham vanished from his plate—"one down, and another on,"—the joints stood no chance with him, nor was he now eating alone.

"Better follow my example, sir. Everything excellent. Always made a point of taking lunch. Shan't dine till eight o'clock."

Such had been his insidious attacks on his fellow passengers, and not without due effect. The tables began to fill. Even I, who was let into the secret, felt a craving come over me in seeing him eat, for he was a perfect master of his art. The man handled his knife and fork well, filled his mouth with propriety, and enjoyed, rather than gormandized.

Thus, though he had during the last three quarters of an hour eaten enough for three excellent dinners, his renewed attacks at the joints was only discernible from the modified appetites of the assemblage around him, to those who, like myself, had watched him from the first. The steward at length, ungratefully removed both ham and beef beyond the reach of his friend. Such is the way of the world! The purpose was answered, and the hollow-hearted fellow disregarded the continued calls of the man who had obliged him.

"Steward, I'll trouble that gentleman for a slice more of the ham! just a small bit."

"Yes, sir," would reply the faithless fellow. "Won't you take cheese, sir? That will do Tom," whispered he to the benefactor who had filled his table with customers: but he did not hand poor "Tom's" plate.

I was indignant at such ingratitude: the ham was near me, and, though I am the most wretched carver in the world, I seized the large knife, and, calling to one of the waiters, told him to "bring me the gentleman's plate."

I was hacking away famously, when a suppressed groan caused me to look up. There was my old acquaintance, Mr. Amyere Cumming, standing in the middle of the saloon, the image of despair; or I should rather say, just about to take that awful step which separates passive despair from active desperation. Had Miss Julia fallen overboard? or had she, smiling upon another, driven her fond admirer mad? Nei-

ther of these dreadful events had occurred; but I was the unhappy cause of his present distress of mind. The catastrophe was not long in arriving. In an instant he was by my side. The wildness of his eye was gone; his stern features had softened into a smile.

"You will excuse me, sir. I beg your pardon, sir; but *that's* not the way to carve a 'am! Hand me the knife, sir."

In another second I was disarmed, and the long blade, waving through the air, descended gently as a snow flake on the surface of the meat. Slices now fell in red and white shavings on either side the dish.

"That's the way to carve a 'am!" exclaimed Mr. Amyere Cumming, the cuff of his coat turned up nearly to the elbow; his face beaming with delight.

"Bring the gentlemen's plates, waiter! Any gentleman say 'am?"

Many were the gentlemen that said ham; and busy was Mr. Cumming in his pleasant task.

"You seem to understand carving," remarked I, who, since my abdication of the big knife, sat wonderingly regarding the intimate friend of our *noblesse* standing beside me, not eating, but, *con amore*, helping the passengers.

"Many is the thousand 'ams I've cut up," replied Mr. Amyere Cumming, intent on his occupation.

"Thousands?" exclaimed I. "Thousands?"

"Yes, old gentleman; and no mistake. Only come to 'The gardens,' and I'll shew you what flare-up carving is!"

The truth burst on me at once. Mr. Amyere Cumming was a Vauxhall carver! My *gaucherie* in murdering the ham had betrayed him. There was a scream at the end of the saloon—a lady had fainted. Mr. Cumming dashed down the carving knife, dashed himself for a fool, and rushed towards Miss Julia Maria, — who was the fair sufferer.

"My daughter doesn't want assistance, sir!" said Mrs. Aldgate; "and we shall be too unwell and out of sorts to see you at dinner in the Crescent."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" stammered Mr. Cumming.

"That strangers should not intrude on their betters!" scornfully replied Mrs. Aldgate.

Miss Julia Maria was borne into the ladies' cabin. The Vauxhall functionary, who had refined slang into gentility and learnt grace from the late Mr. Simpson, audibly cursed "blue goggles," and rushed on deck. Tom Wilkins, the ingenious traveller, got another cut at the ham in the confusion, and just then the steamer reached Gravesend.

A PARISIAN SABBATH.

BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

"Nous avons une littérature, une philosophie, une religion. * * * * * Chose remarquable! aucune nation dans l'univers n'a peut-être pris plus de soin que la France de sa civilisation intellectuelle, et de sa civilisation morale; elle en recueille maintenant les fruits." *Journal des Debats, January, 1837.*

"THANK God," said I, as this morning I read the article from which the above sentences are taken.—"thank God, religion has at length been restored to France! The evidences of such restoration may be doubtless seen in thronged churches, in the periodical press, in the literature, and particularly in the observance of those sacred institutions which religion claims as peculiarly her own. The Sabbath I have been taught to believe, is one of those institutions. It will be scrupulously observed by a people, who, with their philosophy and literature, possess a *religion*, and who have taken the extreme care of their intellectual and moral cultivation. "I will walk abroad," continued I. "It is a pleasant Sabbath morning. I wish to contemplate one impressive proof of the moral regeneration of France. I shall doubtless wander through tranquil streets amidst a serious population bending its course piously towards the sanctuaries, and every moment will my eye and ear bear witness that the mighty heart of the city, for six days deeply agitated has found a much desired Sabbath of rest."

I had moved hardly twenty paces from No. 10 Rue de Rivoli, when my ears were saluted by the beating of drums, and the music of a martial band. A thousand soldiers were following these sounds into the Place Carousal. A review was to take place. I had witnessed many similar reviews on the same spot, but never before on a Sabbath. "Well," said I, "so far as the military are concerned, Paris does not, accord-

ing to my notion, seem to be rallied about the banners of the Prince of Peace."

Watching the manœuvring of several companies of the National Guards, I soon lost in laughter all recollection of the sanctity of the time. There can be no wider chasm between the physical appearance of men than that which separates the National Guards from the troops of the line. How pitiful seem the latter in those long grey coats and red pantaloons! How villainously diminutive is their stature! What good-for-nothing expressions look blank on their visages! And yet they handle their muskets with a precision, harmony, and dexterity, that proclaim in every instant the omnipotence of the drill. But at their side is ranged a battalion of National Guards. Behold their portly stomachs, their massive frames, their fine complexions, their plump cheeks, their eyes full of expression, and their *tout-ensemble* abounding in consequential citizenship. They are your martial personification of the *embonpoint*; the idea of that word in another vehicle; the Falstaff à la Français. These are the men unto whom, by its sixty-sixth article, is confided the protection of the charter of 1830. They are men of business. They have pecuniary interests in society, and, of course, are interested in the preservation of public tranquillity. They are the peculiar security of Louis Philippe and his throne. Still do they look anything but martial; and as for their bearing, it is altogether unsoldierlike. Your National

Guard marches along behind a pair of spectacles, caring little for his gait, still less for his musket; laughing with his comrade, joking with his captain, or muttering to himself; mistaking "shut pan" for "shoulder arms," and apparently requiring for the correspondence of his step with time, the benefit of legs visibly chalked "left," "right." When on duty he is half the time laughed at by others, and the remaining half by himself. He knows that he cuts a laughable figure, that he is each night burlesqued upon the stage, and caricatured in every print-shop under the words, "Tribulations of the National Guards." Hence he has no particular ambition to look or walk the soldier. Sometimes he parades in a huge cloak; sometimes he marches smoking a cigar; sometimes he "orders arms" to take snuff; and always is he talking, always does he laugh at his awkward blunders in tactics, and always does he look fat. Indeed, slenderness and angularity are no longer national features. The age of lean marquesses has gone by. The French men are fat, the French women are fat, and, so far as fatness is concerned, the French children are following on in the footsteps of their parents.

Leaving the military parade, I directed my steps towards the Musée Royal. I perceived its huge doors flung widely open, while hundreds were rushing through them, and thousands were wandering within among its works of art in marble and on canvass. "Pray," said I, to a crimson-liveried huisier at the portal, "is the Louvre open on the Sabbath?"—"Certainly, sir," replied he. "This is the *only* public day. The Royal Family visit it on Monday; on other week days it is opened to those who have permission or passports, but all the world are free to enjoy it on the Sabbath." I took a turn through the apartments. They were thronged with middle and lower classes; with respectable gentlemen in the red ribbon; with countrymen in wooden shoes, and *grisettes* in clean white caps. "Sympathy with art," thought I, "is indeed wide in this metropolis. It thrives under a dirty jacket as beneath an embroidered mantle; but Paris artistical is anything but Paris evangelical."

Quitting the Louvre, I walked up through the gardens of the Tuilleries. And there the scene was far more stirring, and ten thousand times more brilliant than that which I had just left. Some hundreds were reading newspapers; other hundreds were lounging listlessly upon the seats; hundreds of bucks were sporting their canes and an elegant gait through the promenades; hundreds of ladies wandered in magnificent attire around the fountains; a thousand children jumped the rope, or drove their hoops in every direction, while their nurses—those champaign nurses in hale red cheeks, and broad outbursting bosoms!—laughed, danced, chatted, and thus responded with exuberant joy to all the shouts and all the laughter of the creatures under their charge. "This is certainly a very delightful scene," said I; "but it seems to be distinguished from its brethren on week days only by more resolved enjoyment, more loud and impetuous sport." By a New Englander, who had been accustomed to keep Saturday night with scrupulous observance from sun-down onwards, and who, moreover, in boyhood had been taught that even an idle whistle upon the Sabbath was a profanation of its holiness, such a scene could hardly be deemed in harmony with the fourth commandment. Indeed, I was on the eve of running

back for a moment to my apartment, just to see whether I had read aright the article from which is taken the motto of this sketch. And then again was my step arrested by the apprehension that I was falling into that worst and narrowest of all prejudices—the applauding or condemning of others' habits according as they corresponded with, or deviated from the standards which I had been accustomed to contemplate in my own country. "Notwithstanding all I have seen and am seeing," said I, "the Parisians may have as much religion as any people on the face of the earth, only they are a little peculiar in their *forms* of keeping holy the Lord's day;"—and so I walked on past the obelisk to the Champs Elysées.

I found the Champs Elysées thronged; thronged with elegant carriages; thronged with elegant men and women; thronged with jugglers at their *diablerie*, with Punch and Judy at their squabbles, with companies of men at their games of balls, with Turks crying out figs and prunes as "good for the stomach," with Savoyards grinding hand-organs, with old people each moment lighting and cracking up their matches, and with young people each moment apparently on the eve of making them. I paused for a while before a stationary carriage. In it was a large, fair complexioned man, with enormous whiskers and moustaches, and whose hair, surmounted by a richly-gilded velvet cap, hung in enormous curls down over his shoulders. His jacket was fancifully decorated, and about his waist circled the belt of a splendid yatagan. His carriage was surrounded by fifty idle men, women, and children. The grinding of a hand-organ attached to his establishment having ceased, he arose to address his company. I now perceived that he lacked an arm and a leg. Moving his large black eyes significantly about him for a moment, he pompously began. He declared that he had been in the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon; that fighting for the former he had lost an arm, and for the latter a leg; that he had once spared an enemy from the death which was his due, and that in consideration thereof, said enemy had given him the receipt for a certain medicine capable of curing all diseases, and that, too, in the astonishingly brief space of five minutes. Hereupon he began to reveal certain bottles and phials. I perceived what the fellow was at, and immediately took my leave to observe some other phases of Parisian life on Sunday.

Moving down the Rue St. Honore, I found its shops all open. The milliners were sewing and ogling at the windows; the shoemakers were beating their lasts; the legs of the tailors were crossed; the hatters were at work; the trunk-makers were at work; the saddlers were at work; the riband-seller sold her ribands; the marron-roaster sold his marrons; the pâtissier sold his *paté de foie gras*; and at "Aux Palmiers," I saw, as on any profane day, its black-eyed divinity shrined within her customary pyramids all transparent, her pastilles and her bonbons. At length I stood before St. Roch. "Ah, here's a church at last," said I. Entering, I found it crowded. The Catholic service was proceeding, in company with the most solemn and impressive music. Far be it from me to insinuate anything derogatory to the motives which led that throng within those walls. It is one of my pleasures to give pictures true, though faint they may be of some scenes which pass before me. I do not wish to distort the scene within this sanctuary. I saw there many kneeling forms, many devout ex-

pressions, and the eyes of many turned heavenwards, whose thoughts, I trust, were on the same divine pilgrimage. I sincerely hope that this may be a type of all Paris, nay, of all France.

A short walk brought me to the Market of the Innocents. The contrast was striking. A thousand women there trafficking, had been shrived for the day. They were now at their work. All the markets of Paris are open on the Sabbath. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? Suppose them closed. Fifty-two annual gaps in the till now perfect and harmonious history of Parisian gourmandism! You could not close the markets without slightly troubling the restaurants. You could not slightly trouble the restaurants, without deeply troubling the gourmands who there banquet. And more safely may you derange Paris political, or Paris literary, or Paris commercial, than Paris *gourmande*. To speak out frankly, however, a dinner at the Rocher, at Grignon's, or even at Very's, will half reconcile you to this desecration.

Before leaving the Marché des Innocents, I paused an hour to note the forms and modes of its strange population. A brawny, muscular, hoarse-voiced race it is, and a worthy offspring will you soon pronounce it of those poissardes, who, in the Revolution, helped to storm Versailles, and for mere pastime, as they marched thither, tore a horse into a hundred fragments, devouring him raw, as a sweet morsel. Their faces are coarse, and lack meaning. In their broadly-built and lusty frames, however, are revealed marvellous capacities for multiplying their image. They are, in general, strongly and comfortably clothed, and about the head of each is invariably bound a particoloured handkerchief. As an illustration of French peasantry, they are interesting. On them the political tornadoes, upturning so much in France, have left but slight influences. They talk in the same outlandish *patois* as ever. They move in nearly the same narrow spheres of action and of enjoyment as did their grandparents. They come up to Paris in the same huge, awkward, three-wheeled vehicles; and they bargain with their customers in the same grimaces, shrugs, and "bahs," which for ages have characterized the intercourse of the French. Passing one of their stalls, a gruff voice hails you, "Eh, dites done, Monsieur, tenez, voyez, Monsieur, voyez." Not being able to arrest your steps, and deeming you English, the ancient and fish-like crone discharges after you a certain quantity of slang, wherefrom you get your first ideas of Parisian Billingsgate. They take their meals conveniently. A little woman advances towards one of them. This little woman carries, suspended from about her neck before her, a sort of tray, whereon stands a cooking apparatus. At her left side is a basket filled with slices of meat, and rolls of bread, at least three feet long. At her right hangs a pair of bellows, and behind her drags a sort of crutch, upon which, when stationary, she may lean for repose. "Eh ben, vout' vous mange?" "Ouais," responds the market woman. Thereupon the ambulatory cook claps a bit of tripe into her pan, blows up the coals beneath it, cuts two slices from her long bread roll, and placing between them the fried tripe, receives therefor three sous, and walks off to another stall. Does the eater desire some drinkables? The tinkling of a bell announces the approach of a man, bearing upon his back a large flask, filled with wine or lemonade. The pipes conducting from it project forward

under his right arm. Four bright goblets are outstanding from his chest, and three hang down from his girdle. He cracks up his beverage as the finest in all Paris, and sells a glass thereof to the market women for one sous. Those people seem not to lack happiness. They are continually joking with each other; they have each the condensed health of half-a-dozen ordinary persons, and their boisterous rampant laughter has no parallel, save in the shouts of a Dutch burgomaster.

Passing from the Marché des Innocents to the Palais Royal, I stepped, by chance, into a *cabinet-de-lecture*, just long enough to inform myself that the periodical press was active on this day as on any other; that every journal made its uninterrupted appearance, and that some of the most merry and roguish whereof Paris can boast, husband themselves profanely for six long days, that they may send forth their diabolical waggery only on the seventh. The gardens of the Palais Royal were filled like those of the Tuilleries. The Passage d'Orleans seemed all alive with promenaders. Gay *grisettes* laughed in the spray of the fountain, falling sheaf like. The shops shone dazzling as ever. The *dames-du-comptoir* presiding therein told as pretty French lies about their wares as on a week day, and as their moustached customers departed, streamed after them certain glances which, though issuing from very heavenly eyes, were certainly very far from being sanctified by any divineness in their source.

Walking beneath the arches my eye was arrested at No. 36, by this sign, "Dentiste au 3me." I ascended into the third story. Entering a little ante-room, whose walls were hung about with hats and cloaks, a man, holding a triply-pronged staff, like Neptune's trident, in his hand, and known by the emphatic appellation of *bouledogue*, eyed me keenly for an instant, and then received my hat and cane. A servant in soiled livery now opened a door leading to a large apartment. I saw within some fifty faces disturbed and saddened. I heard a tinkling of silver and then the roll of a little ivory ball, and then a sepulchral voice saying, "Rien ne va plus!" I was in one of the hells of Paris. By what I had this morning already seen, I was prepared for witnessing almost any extremities, but hardly did I expect to find the gambling houses in full operation. It was now two o'clock. One hour since was the room opened, to continue so until midnight. It contained two tables for *roulette* and *rouge-et-noir*. It was not magnificent. The walls were dingy; the floor was dirty; rules of the games were hung up in black frames here and there; the *garçon* solemnly passed lemonade to this or that gambler; no ladies wandered about in stereotyped smiles, lighting on raw youths to ruin, and the money was staked tremblingly down by the biggest and dirtiest hands I have lately seen. "This is hardly a Frascati," said I. But it is ten thousand times worse than Frascati's. It is a gambling house to those who cannot afford to lose. It is for the labouring class, and those old gamesters who are nearly used up. I saw there many pale faces, and many flushed ones, contrasting strangely in their wild agitation, with the careless, motionless, immovable visages of the *croupiers*. Your *croupier*, holding his natty rake upright, while the wheel is turning, looks around upon the company with a complacency "mild as cheese." He even seems amiable. How affectionate is his manner while changing your forty franc piece! But, let only a dispute arise, you shall suddenly see several

mad demons in his eye, and the worse passions of the arch-fiend himself wrenching every feature. The *rouge-et-noir* table was thronged. My eyes rested on an old man in black cotton cap and spectacles, whose face had once been intellectual, whose manner was that of the graceful French gentleman, and whose vestments were extremely shabby. How anxiously did his trembling hand prick down upon the bit of paper before him the results momentarily announced by the *tailleur*, "*Rouge gagne et couleur perd*,"—"Rouge perd et couleur gagne." That man had once played high at the Cercle des Etrangers: afterwards strong at Frascati's; then moderate at No. 154 Palais Royal; and, finally, was he playing low at this degraded No. 36. His next legitimate descent will be to the Morgue. As, departing, I descended the stairs, into my memory came unbidden the paraphrase, "This is indeed the den of Satan, and none other than the gate to Hell."

Moving out from the Palais Royal, through the avenue where now, as ever, you may hear the shrill cry, "*Vingt cinq sous!*" and entering the Passage Colbert, the Passage Vivienne, and the Passage Panorama, I perceived no cessation of business, not the slightest token that this was a day of observance among the Parisian French. Dropping for a moment into the Conservatoire-des-Arts-et-Métiers, I learned that at three o'clock a certain Professor Dupin would there deliver his usual Sunday lecture on — *chemistry*. Not tarrying to hear it, I directed my step towards the Boulevard-du-Temple. What rattling of carriages! What shouting of people! What pantomimes! What puppet-shows! What rope-dancing! What mountebanks! What tumblers! What music! What multitudes of boutiques! What vending and crying up of knick-knacks! "Here is nothing more nor less than a fair," said I. "I must be mistaken in my day. This is certainly Saturday or Monday." A man at my elbow set me right. "It is Sunday, sir," said he, cracking his whip, "and if Monsieur wishes a drive to the Barrière du Combat, here is a cabriolet *tout-à-fait magnifique*."—"And what is to be seen at the Barrière du Combat?" asked I.—"A grand fight of animals, Monsieur."—"I'll go," said I; "but wait a moment."

Before some large squares of canvass covered with grotesque figures, stood a man, in costume most *bizarre*. He was addressing an audience of fifty. His subject was the massacre of St Bartholomew. A picture of the said massacre was to be seen within. Having concluded his energetic description and harangue, he said, "*Here is the magnificent picture, gentlemen, enter! only two sous!* Enter, Messieurs, quick! quick!" and then one comrade rang loudly a bell, and another blew a horn. The object was to take the curiosity of the audience by storm. That audience walked coolly off in an opposite direction.

At the side of this exhibition stood another quite different. An enormous porker was there to be seen. It was from Bordeaux, and if it corresponded with the length, and breadth, and height of its portrait, must have been a monster indeed. Had that mammoth-hog been exhibited in America, you would have seen at the entrance to its pen, a portly gentleman in blue dress-coat and bright buttons, with his hand thrust into his breeches' pocket, deliberately stating that "the animal within was *really* a *very* great curiosity, that it was raised in Ohio by a member of Congress, that it showed the progress of the State in breeding swine,"

and his whole manner, as well as stomach, would have revealed some appropriate sympathy with the magnitude of his theme. Here, however, was a French pig exhibited by French men. To draw spectators, one little man in green cap and feathers beat a drum; another in red jacket and sword, stuffed enormous quantities of tow into one side of his mouth, and miraculously puffed out enormous quantities of smoke from the other, while a third, in harlequin costume, and in waggery which none but a frequenter of the Boulevard du Temple could appreciate, rallied him about the peculiarity of his appetite, bobbing every now and then his head against his neighbour, with grimaces beyond number. A goodly company having at length been attracted, the drummer announced that the charge for seeing the animal was but two sous. A porcellian curiosity could be awakened in only one very old woman, and one small boy.

The cabriolet bore me swiftly through the Rue de Lancry to the Barrière du Combat. A miscellaneous barking, hoarse and shrill, announced the vicinity of animals. I approached a door. The ensigns of battle were thick about it. Sanguinary pictures of dogs pitted against wild boars, and bears, wolves, bulls, and jacks, and of dogs against dogs, met my eyes wherever they were turned. The woman who sold me a ticket of admission looked ferocious and gorgon-like. The man who received it at the door had a mouth like a bull-dog's, and the very handle of his bell-rope was a bear's paw. As the sport had not commenced, I amused myself in looking about the premises. Entering through a little gate, two hundred and thirty dogs, of enormous magnitude, of most blood-thirsty expression, here collected from all parts of Europe, sprang towards me the length of their two-feet chains with savage yelps, and barks, and growls. Each had to himself a little oval kennel, and the *tout-ensemble* of their habitations resembled what you might imagine to be the appearance of a village of Hottentot dwarfs. There was a good deal of the truly infernal in the fiend-like energy with which those monsters fretted and raved to burst from their bonds, and seize an intruder into their territory by the thorax. The scene might have looked not unbecomingly in the third circle of Dante's Hell. Before I had time to inspect the square arena, the opening of the combats was announced. I took my seat in a box, and was happy to notice amidst the multitude of spectators only two females.

The dog-fights, to the number of twelve or fifteen, were sufficiently sanguinary. Indeed, you might fairly denounce them, with the whole exhibition, as horridly, degradingly brutal. You might, perhaps, be doubtful about longer tarry. And yet here may you read a curious chapter in Natural History. Declaring that you desire to study "*The habits of Animals*," you remain.

Soon came the battle of a wolf, tied by a rope some thirty feet long to a ring in the centre of the arena, with ten or twelve dogs. The wolf looked extremely sheepish at first, and yet he dealt his fangs very generously into the flanks of his adversaries. For his trophies he had a score of keen, ear-piercing yelps. While these conflicts were going on, the wild animals in cages surrounding the arena grew furious and impatient. The four or five wolves glared, and growled, and yelled. The bears leaped about, grinning horribly, and a boar of Ardennes momentarily thrust his

snout and tusks, all white with foam, through the iron bars of his pen, apparently quite anxious to have a finger, or rather a tooth, in the pie.

Now followed the fight of the bear with the dogs. He was tied like the wolf. Three dogs were at once let in upon him. They merely worried him. Three fiercer ones were soon added. They not only worried, but fought him. To them were at length superadded three others still more ferocious than their predecessors. These latter made the acquaintance of Blackhead with a speed that indicated their possession of the highest possible quantity of pluck. Bruin, however, patted them with his paw to the right and to the left, returning their compliments in a style which proved that his was no baby's play. He was at length brought down. The dogs had their fangs full in his throat. Two men, dressed in crimson, pried their jaws open with long iron-pointed bars, while a third dragged them off their prostrate foe *by the tail*.

This concluded, the bull-fight began. The bull was tied, as had been the wolf and bear. He was evidently an old worker at this sort of business. First he bellowed deeply, then he pawed up the earth, and then he pricked forward his ears in confident expectation towards the door, through which four bull-dogs now furiously dashed at him. There was nothing very revolting in this spectacle. With his horns the bull tossed off the dogs to this side and to that, with as much easy regularity as a Connecticut farmer would turn and toss hay. Indeed, you might almost imagine him parodying the thought of the Augustan poet:

"Fœnum habet in cornu."

Now and then was he attacked vigorously, *à posteriori*. And yet, very happily did he retort the arguments from that quarter, convincing his opponents, by what might be scientifically called the knock-down argument, the *argumentum ad canem*, that either horn of the dilemma was preferable to this proceeding. Not one of them was able to throttle him, and he was soon trotted out of the arena, decidedly victorious.

I supposed the games concluded. I rather wished them so. I was somewhat surprised, therefore, when I saw entering from the passage through which the bull had just made his exit, a very handsome mouse-coloured jackass. With the ass we all have some pleasant associations—associations of the patriarchal times, associations of the pastoral life, of the panniers filled with children, and ever since Sterne saw him leaning his disconsolate head over a French fence, he has been not altogether unpoetical. I was a little grieved to see him in such company as this. But I was never aware that he could show such wonderful fight. The first and second set of dogs seemed to have suspicions of his capacity in that way, and kept at a respectful barking distance. The third set, however, did him some damage; and yet, in several instances, did he give them to feel, as well as to know, that he was not to be tampered with—nay more, that he was a very disagreeable customer. There was a vigour in his action extremely exhilarating, and every instant he seemed to be pronouncing the sapient proverb in him originated, "Each one look out for himself." The object of one of the dogs seemed to be to catch him by an ear, and for that end he leapt vigorously five or six times across his head. A timely dodge prevented success. Once, however, he was slightly

nipped in that appendage, and thereupon he set up a bray, of which even his ancestral kin, in the time of Baalam, might in nowise have been ashamed. Whatever malicious waggery may insinuate, I do declare that now I began to feel great sympathy for the ass, and therefore was extremely delighted to see him, through a well-directed aim, plank his left hind hoof compactly into the nether jaw of his foe. That heel-tap was of terribly spiteful, intense energy, satisfying me, that however asinine might be his blood, his antagonist would never think of writing him down an ass. That antagonist, expressing himself in a yelp, sulkily retired, and the combat closed. "When will there be another fight?" asked I, retiring, of the old woman from whom I had purchased my ticket. "Next Sunday, sir," was the reply. The fact is, the *Combat-des-animaux* and the *Louvre* are open to all the world on Sundays. At Paris, the highest works of art and the lowest spectacle in nature can be seen by the public only on the Sabbath.

Dining at the *Trois Frères*, I cogitated how I should spend the evening. "Were I in Boston," said I, "I might join the throngs which in a few hours will crowd the churches and prayer-meetings: but I am in Paris; garçon, le *Courier des Théâtres*." "Bien, Monsieur." From this little periodical I ascertained that I could choose between three royal operas, twenty-one theatres, and two concerts. "Shall I go to the Italian," said I, "for Grisi, and Rubini, and Tamburini, and Lablache, and where may be seen the best blood and the best diamonds of Paris? Or shall I go to the grand opera for Taglioni, with the bravos and bouquets rained down upon her? Or shall I enjoy the soft voice of *Damoreau Cinti*, at the *Opera Comique*!" But here again are the theatres. *Mademoiselle Mars* plays at the *Français* and *Lemaître* at the *Variétés*. Shall I see performed the 'Three Hearts of Woman,' at the *Vaudeville*, or this piece, entitled 'Vive le Diable,' at the *Porte St. Martin*? But here, moreover, are the concerts. Which shall be patronised? *Jullien's* or *Musard's*? Paying one franc, you may enjoy two hours of the finest music in the world." I resolved upon *Musard's*. In his magnificent rooms were ninety musicians, playing for their own pleasure and that of two thousand hearers. "How many Parisians are this evening engaged in giving and receiving theatrical and musical pleasure," said I to myself, as the last strain of one of *Musard's* fine quadrilles died upon my ear. What with two concerts, twenty-one theatres, and three opera-houses, there cannot be less than fifteen hundred artists. Nay, this estimate is too small, for upon the single stage of the *Grand Opera* you may often see at one time more than three hundred performers. Say, then, two thousand artists. And for their audiences, say eighty thousand. Imagine every inhabitant of Boston looking, laughing, and shouting, at operas, concerts, ballets, vaudevilles, dramas and melo-dramas, and you may get some notion of what on a Sabbath evening is "Paris gay."

Having taken at eleven o'clock the usual supper of *Riz-au-lit*, I was about retiring to my quiet chamber. I believed the amusements of the Parisian Sabbath terminated. Miserable, baseless belief! For thousands on thousands those amusements were just beginning. Nine masked balls were announced for that evening. The earliest commences precisely at eleven o'clock.

Pray, shall we look for an hour or two into the masked balls? Shall we peer at frail Cyprians through the sombre domino? Shall we join the impetuous gallopade, or whirl in the dreamy gyrations of the waltz? Or, far better, shall we don opera hat, white cravat and kids, and, with glass at eye, gaze from a box in the Academie Royale de Musique upon the *jadeoli Tripoli*, danced voluptuously in their native costume, by the first artists from the royal theatre of Madrid? I doubt not that the fagged-out reader, who so kindly has journeyed with me through this day's scenes, will answer, "No." That reader, I trust, will join me in saying that a Sabbath in this metropolis, so far from being set apart as a day of seriousness for its religion, is only set apart as a larger receptacle for its amusements, and that if for six days the rein be freely flung upon the neck of licence, upon the seventh it is cast clean over its head. Paris wants a Luther in 1837, as much as Europe wanted one in the sixteenth century. And suppose the great Reformer, miraculously uprisen from his grave, and un-

roofed—Paris exhibited to him as an illustration of the progress which the mighty impulse he commenced had made. How vain would seem his noble labours! The Reformation had wrought many worthy things; but Paris moral and Paris religious is as if *the* Reformation, or any other Reformation, had never for a moment been dreamt of.

And now, were one to address the author of the motto prefixed to this sketch, justly might he say, "Mr. Chevalier, you have at Paris the grandest triumphal arch in the world; you have a lovely Madeleine, a magnificent Bourse, a Louvre thronged with immortal works, a learned Sorbonne, and great literary, scientific, and medical institutions. You have likewise vast military establishments; you have the glorious memory of many victories; you have a classical drama, and, moreover, an epic poem. These things you have, and well may you rejoice in them; but from reverence for truth, if not for its Author, do not also lay claim to religion."

THE DOCK-YARD GHOST.

It was a dull and rainy afternoon in a dreary sea-port town: the very waves came in sluggishly, as if they found it too much trouble to wash the shores; while the idle winds wantonly played with their rippling curls, instead of blowing them up for neglect of duty. I do not mean to say that the borough of Dockarton was a dirty town, and wanted more purification than any other communities of men; far be it from me to make so unkind an assertion; but Mr. Mouscribe's Guide to the beauties of "this ancient port and its neighborhood" makes particular mention that its shores are "washed by the boundless deep," and I am old soldier enough to require contracts to be properly performed. The eventful day the incident occurred which has made me turn scribbler, was in the autumn of 18—, not many years after the close of that ever-to-be-remembered European war which covered England with national glory and national debt, and entitled her to that continental gratitude which, I am inclined to think, was incontinently forgotten. The town I refer to, had greatly flourished during the struggle of kingdoms; for it possesses, as Mr. Mouscribe has it, "a dock-yard where the giant oak of England is hollowed and squared, and fashioned to stem the heaving tide, and go forth the mighty bulwark of our native land." Dockarton in the war-time was consequently a bustling sea-port, and had a large garrison of veterans and militia, together with a goodly population of sailors and slop-sellers, inkeepers and outfitters, pimps, crimps, and prize-agents, tailors, hatters, wine, brandy, and provision merchants, among the sterner sex; while the ladies boasted a miscellaneous assemblage, which, for the most part had better be imagined, than described. Peace arrived, and in a short time grass was actually discovered growing in the streets. Ships were no longer launched, and but rarely commissioned or paid off; Jack now seldom came "capering on

shore" with money in both pockets; the Jew's watches were at a discount, as it was no longer the fashion to buy them by the half-dozen; and when a five-pound note was cashed for a new hat, it had ceased to be usual to "d—the change!" Tailors were now too busily engaged looking after *old* bills to entertain *old* customers with champagne luncheons; hotels were shutting up, or dwindling into pot-houses; and shops once abandoned by their tenants remained unoccupied. Change followed upon change; even the veterans and militia departed, and in their place his Majesty's—regiment did duty on the dismantled lines, silent saluting-batteries, but still noisy dockyard of Dockarton. The reader will now understand why I called this a dreary town. I believe it has since, in some degree, recovered from the sudden effects of the peace; but stupid enough it was when Ensign Augustus S— looked from the windows of the King's Head Inn at the drizzling rain which begreased the pavements of the principal street in Dockarton. Bitterly he cursed the showers which had converted a fine morning into a wet afternoon, and prevented a certain damsel with whom he was desperately enamoured, from keeping an appointment duly made in a meeting-house the Sunday before.

The fair Mary called herself a nursery-governess, and it is certain she governed the nursery of a family in the vicinity: but though "Master Bobby" and "Miss Emma" were too old to carry, they were yet rather young to learn; and, not speaking their native tongue with fluency, it is probable they did not trouble their protectress by entering into the component parts of the language. Be this as it may, it pleased the nursery maid to aspire to the dignity of governess; and Ensign Augustus cared not to oppose or contradict her, as, clad in mufti, he would stroll beside his *inamorata* and her young charge, when the weather

and her mistress permitted them to take the air. On the present occasion the pretty Mary was prevented from meeting her lover by the rain; and the Ensign was consequently out of temper with himself, with her, with the whole world, and every body in it.

After having proposed other terms of capitulation in vain, he had just determined on a *mésalliance* with Miss Mary, in sovereign contempt for the prejudices of his forebears, who had made it their custom to marry in their own station of life; and the sooner he informed his gentle enslaver, the sooner Ensign Augustus thought his heart would be at rest. The only way of unburthening his mind was to embody his honourable proposal in a letter; but this seemed a plan of proceeding which, with a latent dread of a possible action for breach of promise and marriage, he hesitated to adopt. Brooding over his disappointment, he finished his sherry and sandwich; sauntered to a billiard room, where he made two or three foolish bets, loosing his money with a still greater profusion of his temper; and from thence lounged to his quarters. Here we will leave him playing Robin Adair, Dulce, Dulce Domum, with other heart-enthraling airs, on his German flute, whiling away tedious moments till the mess-hour; and transport ourselves to the royal dock-yard of Dockarton. It is the evening of the same day, eventful in the records of the—regiment, to which our gallant friend belonged, and Tom Mason, a full private in the ensign's own company, is on sentry in a retired part of the "Yard."

It was still "very dubersome weather," as Tom remarked to himself as he walked to and fro before his box. The rain had ceased, and the moon seemed making up her mind to shine, as if an attempt to dry the wet-blanket-looking clouds that hung around her heaven built-hall. Not a soul was stirring in the dock-yard—at least not to the eye of Tom Mason—except a brother sentry on a distant jetty, when the clock chimed the half-hour past eight. Twenty bells now took up the sound as they were set going by the hands of the civil watch—worthy old men! showing that they were not yet gone to sleep, whatever might happen; while sentinel answered to sentinel, and watchman to watchman, in one long continuous cry of "All's well!" which, echoing in the distance, died into silence.

I have said Tom's post was in a very retired part of the "Yard," "and have further to mention that the place was 'banned with an evil name.' Whether some 'Jack the Painter's'* wandering ghost really visited 'the glimpses of the moon' in that particular quarter, I cannot take on me to say; but certain it is that several soldiers declared they had beheld a figure pass them that would give neither the 'parole' nor 'number.' To pursue this apparition, whatever it might be, would take them from their posts, and be contrary to orders; while to fire at every body they could not otherwise secure, supposing their challenge to be unanswered,—their strict line of duty—had on a late occasion, fatal to the intruder, though ludicrous to the thoughtless soldiery, called forth a caution from the commissioner of the dock-yard not to be too precipitate with their muskets. A sentry had one dark-night shouted "Who goes there?" till he was hoarse—fired—alarmed the guard. "Why did you shoot him?" said the serjeant.—"Why did not the

*An incendiary known by that name, executed, about the year 1776, for firing Portsmouth dock-yard.

jackass answer, then?" cried the sentinel. "Who have I shot?"—"Jackass, indeed," rejoined the non-commissioned officer, raising the head of a dead body, and letting the light of his lantern fall on the long visage and leaden eye of the deceased. It was the commissioner's donkey!

But, to return to Tom Mason. Scarcely had the dock-yard relapsed into silence when a black figure, holding what appeared a small white flag or handkerchief in its hand, passed along a range of timber-sheds about fifty yards from Tom's post, and then came to a dead halt. Our sentry duly challenged, though, it must be confessed, with a trembling heart; for he had not the least doubt he beheld the ghost. The dark form answered not, but slowly waved its flag. With a last effort of despairing courage, Tom challenged again; and the apparition, uttering a faint scream, seemed to sink into the earth. This was too much for mortal man to support; at least so thought Tom Mason as he took to his heels, and never rested till he had reached the opposite jetty, where, holding by the arm his astonished comrade, he once more looked in the direction of the ghost-walk he had quitted.

"There it is again?" exclaimed he, pulling at the shoulder of Dick Cummings, who, being no believer in spirits except those sold at the canteen, most provokingly declined to take an old anchor-stock in the distance bedaubed with a patch of white paint, for a supernatural visitant; Tom's fears having by this time appointed a deputy ghost to do duty in the absence of the late apparition.

"You are a fool, Tom Mason," answered his comrade, with that easy address distinguishing a familiarity which, if it does not always breed contempt, is fruitful of black eyes.

"If ever I saw a ghost in my life, that's one!" obstinately continued Tom.

"Very likely; and that's the old anchor-stock you and I passed three times to-day when the reliefs went round," dryly answered his brother soldier. "An't you a pretty fellow to stand sentry? Why, Paddy O'Brien's story of the black and white ghost—that pepper-and-salt bit of the devil's cookery—has fooled the wits out of you!"

"Well, well!" said Tom, taking a long breath, "I believe you are right as to the anchor; but the thing I challenged just now walked, and waved a white flag after the same fashion that Paddy told us of, and screamed, and sank into the ground, which is more than *he* ever saw!"

Without seeing any thing further to alarm him, Tom Mason soon after nine o'clock, was relieved by the very Paddy O'Brien who had strengthened the superstitions of the garrison as to the dock-yard being haunted, by roundly asserting that he had seen the apparition. In a few minutes more, Dick Cummings also had resigned his post to another, and was marching beside Tom to the guard-room. Whatever might have been the intention of our ghost-ridden sentinels,—whether to report what he had beheld, or keep the secret to himself, in the hope of Cummings not betraying him to the ridicule of his companions,—little time was allowed for him for deliberation ere Dick tauntingly asked if he had "seen the devil again." Angry words arose; blows were exchanged; and the whole affair was, in consequence, referred to the officer on duty, who happened

to be no other than our friend, Ensign Augustus, he having been disturbed at mess to fill the position of a brother subaltern taken suddenly unwell on guard.

The pugnacious soldiers were reprimanded, and reserved for report to the higher authorities on the morrow; and the Ensign, who had a small touch of romance in his composition, sallied forth alone to investigate the mystery of the haunted jetty. Here he found Paddy O'Brien—a huge specimen of the grenadier company—quite on the alert challenging at the top of his voice, and clashing his arms as he brought his musket across his chest to the port, with a noise enough to frighten any ghost happening in the days of its body to have tested cold steel.

"Paddy," said Ensign Augustus, "what is this story of yours about the black and white apparition? Tom Mason says he saw it and spoke to it just now."

"Oh! the devil he did, sir!" cried O'Brien, with a start that brought the chin-stay of his grenadier's cap across his mouth, while the bear-skin itself stuck out at right-angles with his back. "Oh! the devil, thin, what a mistake!"

"Mistake!" repeated the Ensign, in no little surprise at the sentry's exclamation. "Who made a mistake?—answer me, sirrah!"

"She, sir!—he sir!—the ghost, I mane! Oh! blood and 'ounds! what will I do, anyhow?"

"Walk your post, sir," said the Ensign angrily, "while I get behind your sentry-box; and *we'll* see if this ghost of yours pays you a visit."

"Oh don't sir, don't!" cried the soldier, now in evident and undisguised trepidation; "'twill be the ruin of me!" This was addressed to Ensign Augustus as that gentleman stepped behind the box; and what answer so curious an appeal might have elicited it is impossible to say, for just at the moment the young officer caught sight of a black-figure coming towards the jetty.

"Challenge it!" exclaimed the Ensign, putting his head out from his concealment.

"I won't!" shouted Paddy, in an agony of desperation; adding in a parenthetical cry, which resembled the howl of a whipped dog. "Oh! blood and 'ounds! she'll know the sound of my voice and come up to me!"

"Oh! *will* she?" answered Ensign Augustus from behind. "Is *that* your fun, O'Brien? Challenge you scoundrel! or I'll pink you!" at the same time giving Paddy the slightest possible taste of the point of his sword, in the rear.

"Who goes there?" roared the sentry, from habitual subordination no longer resisting his little officer. The apparition waved its handkerchief, but remained silent. On it came, though with an

undetermined gait, as if not perfectly satisfied as to the reception it might expect.

"Tell it to advance, you rascal!" whispered the Ensign.

"Oh! pray, excuse me, sir! For love and honour's sake excuse me, sir!" cried O'Brien, now turning round on his persecutor. "It is the commissioner's daughter! she's coming to spend an hour wid me." Impulses are strange things; had it been possible to have believed Paddy's appeal to his generosity,—had the ghost been declared to be the commissioner's cook, or the housemaid,—our Ensign might not have so rudely interfered with the Irishman's amour; but the commissioner's daughter was too good a joke. He in an instant dashed past the bewildered sentry, and gave chase to the apparition, which fled before him; leaving the forlorn grenadier stamping in despair at his post, his musket at his feet, his cap flung to the earth, as now shouting after his officer, and now apostrophising himself, he exclaimed,

"Stop, sir! stop, sir! Let the poor crater run, if there's any mercy in ye. Oh! what will I do? The old commissioner will be the death of her! and she so fond of me! and what a swate pretty crater she is, and the five thousand pounds to her fortin! Oh! Paddy O'Brien! why did ye tell her the wrong relief and let Tom Mason get sight of her?" While Paddy was thus lamenting his sad fate, the Ensign was fast gaining on his "chase;" an unlucky log of timber was in her way, down came the mysterious fugitive, and by the aid of the mischievous moon Ensign Augustus S—— fixed his astonished gaze on the well-known features of his faithless Mary, the pretty nursery-maid. That young lady, of course, essayed to make all proper explanations; but without effect, as "her Augustus" would not be convinced that it was all a mistake, and a moonlight walk to meditate on his affection. The cruel Ensign escorted the weeping damsel to the house of her mistress, the wife of a dock-yard dignitary, whose abode was within the walls. He even most inhumanly informed the same dignitary of the strange predicament she had placed herself in. Miss Mary consequently lost her place, nor did she, I believe, gain a husband; Ensign Augustus, about a twelvemonth after that eventful night, making a most determined sacrifice to the prejudices of society, actually married a gentlewoman; and Paddy O'Brien, when he discovered that his beloved was *not* the commissioner's daughter, declined her alliance. There *is* a report that the parish authorities found it ultimately necessary to induce the Irish grenadier to make an honest woman of his ghostly comforter during the watches of the night; this is, no doubt, a piece of barrack scandal, but "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me" on the "Main Dock Guard" of Dockarton.

THE CONFESSION.

"ARRAH, then, ye're a bad boy, and the likes o' ye," said Father Pat Riley, as he frowned on Tom Sullivan at the chapel door in Tralee,—*"arrah if it was for the cratur, you'd find a tester, I'm thinking."*

"The divil the ghost of one has frightened my pocket, yere riverence, for many a long day."

"Where are the peeaties you grown this winter?"

"Sure I was forced to sell them, yere honour, to bury my mother, God rist her sowl in glory."

"Amen, Tim, Amen; though you'll never be joining her there, I'm thinking, if you go on this way—niver thinking of yere clargy."

"Ah! then it's yere riverence that's too hard upon a poor boy. By this crass," and Tim thrust forward his honest fist, "by this crass, I always guv when I had it, and now ye must hear me confiss, although sure I'll bring ye the very first fi'penny I get."

"Then to the divil with yere fi'penny, and sure there's money and company for ye both. Do ye think I've nothing to do but be standing talking with the likes of ye. Be aff wid ye, I say, and let me attind to yere honest neighbours, who don't come empty-handed to their clargy. Git out wid ye, I say, ye vagabond, and niver let me clap my two eyes on the likes of ye till ye come as ye ought. Be aff wid ye in a jiffy," and the priest bustled into his little chapel, followed by a host of poor females, who had come to confess and pay for their sins.

Poor Tim thrust both his hands to the bottom of his pockets, began to whistle his favourite air, and with a heart ill at rest walked slowly away, ruminating on the hard-heartedness of his pastor, and the shame he had been put to before his neighbours. He had thus proceeded about half a mile, when he came suddenly upon his landlord, who, though a Protestant, was a mighty favourite with his tenants. Tim was so buried in his unpleasant reflections that he never saw the squire till he heard him suddenly call out, "Arrah then, Tim, what's the matter with ye?" for when an Irishman walks slowly along, with head hanging down, and his hands in his pockets, he can't be altogether right.

"Sure, yere honour, I'm bad entirely."

"What is it, then?"

Thus encouraged, Sullivan looked up, and told him all that had passed, and to which his landlord listened with great attention; and when the other had done, he turned round and asked,

"Then it's quits with Father Pat Riley you'd like to be?"

"Body and soul! but how can I without the money?"

"Ah! then it's not that ye shall want if ye'll do as I tell ye."

"Thanks to yere honour's glory."

"And what's more, by dad, I'm thinking ye'll have the laugh on yere side."

"Oh! musha, musha, that's better than all."

So the master caught hold of Tim's arm, for he was a condescending gentleman, and led him away into a field, and after much explanation, he gave him ever so much money, and a long telling what to do, and then rode away, leaving Tim the happiest man in all Ireland.

The priest was just leaving the chapel followed by his little flock, when who should come in but Tim O'Sullivan.

"Get out wid ye!" roared Father Pat. "Didn't

I tell ye I'd have nothing to do wid yere mother's son?"

But, instead of obeying, the intruder only smiled, and began rattling a whole ocean of silver he had in his pocket. By this and by that, you would never have guessed it was the same boy who left the chapel so dejectedly half an hour before; for his eye was as wicked as a dozen devils, and he walked like a king or a dancing-master, almost whistling (God help him!) even in the very chapel, and all the time chinking the silver he had in his pocket.

"God save ye, Tim," said the clergy, when he heard this unusual sound. "Is it money ye've got there?"—"It is," said Tim.

"Ye brought it for me?"—"Mayhap," said Tim.

"Then come here, my fine lad," said Father Pat. "Though ye're sometimes a little wild, ye're a good boy after all; and if it's confissing ye're wanting, sure I'll do it directly; for I loved yere mother as my own child, and sure ye're the pride of my parish. Come along, then, Tim; give me the money, and I'll confiss ye at once."

"Arrah, thin, it's a question or two I'd be after axing yere riverince before we begin,—that is, yere riverince would please to make a poor boy sensible on one or two things, or so."

"Sit down, Tim. Ye're a cute lad, and it's myself will answer ye."

"Well, then, ye're riverince, if I might make so bould, I'd axe who it is yere riverince confisses to?"

"The bishop, Tim, or the high clargy."

"And sure, if I might venture to axe, who does the bishop confiss to?"

"Arrah, then, he confisses to the archbishop."

"And who does his riverince's mightiness the archbishop confiss to?"

Father Pat began to look sour, but Tim went on jingling his silver again; so his riverince put on a fresh smile, and answered, "Sure he confisses to the Pope, God's glory to him."

"Ah! thin, if I dare axe one quistion more, and I'd have done entirely. Arrah, thin, who does the Pope confiss to, seeing there is no one more mightier than his glory upon earth?"

"He confisses to God."

"Arrah, thin, Father Pat, tell me how does he pay him?"

"By prayers, Tim, ye see, by prayers and good works. But sure all this is above yere sense; so give me the silver and I'll confiss ye at once; for I must to the widow O'Dowlen to christen her children."

"Ah, thin, soft and aisy, Father Pat Riley. Ye see, I'm thinking that as the higher we ask the more likely to get, I'll prefer going to the great Master at once, and do as the Pope does. Sure I'll confiss to God direct, and I'll pay him in the same way that his Holiness does; so I won't trouble ye to wait, ye see, Father Pat Riley."

And with that Tim buttoned up his breeches' pocket, and quitted the chapel, leaving all the women to condole with his riverince, who was in a passion far beyond anything of the like you ever see.

TALES AND SKETCHES OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY AN OCTOGENARIAN.

INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting these sketches to the public, the author hopes they may be found to contain some wholesome lessons in the portraiture of the contest between passion and principle, and also convey some useful information concerning the great men and stirring incidents connected with the American Revolution. Though depicting the occurrences of real life, they are all written with a strict regard to historical accuracy. Earth contains no brighter treasure than the unsullied lustre of patriotism which rests on the memories of Washington and his hero-band; and we cannot imagine a more pleasing task for the historian or the novelist than in delineating the various scenes through which they passed. Hoping that they will lead to a pleasant familiarity, they are committed to the gentle judgment of the reader.

New-York, January, 1848.

THE HERO'S DAUGHTER: OR, TRUE LOVE IN '76.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

IT was a golden morning in May; the glimmering tints of the glorious sun gemmed the fleecy clouds with a lovely light, and woodland, mead, and sky, and river, appeared most beautiful. The birds warbled forth their "native wood-notes wild," and all nature seemed gay and happy. But at that time, when trial and trouble rested upon the land, there were a good many drooping hearts, and a good many minds filled with sorrow and sadness. The deeds of noble daring, however, achieved by those brave and patriotic men who breasted the current of oppression, will live in the veneration of their countrymen, and no nation can boast of brighter treasures than the names of Columbia's sons who perilled their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors" in freedom's cause.

With one of the bravest of that noble band we have to do, and we can see no better time to introduce him than on the morning just described, the morning of the 10th of May, 1775, one which will not be forgotten until the clock of time runs down and ceases to beat forever. That morning Ticonderoga* was surprised by Ethan Allen, and that morning his name was written on the page of immortality. Various were the scenes which this zealous and strenuous supporter of the cause of liberty passed through, and in each and all of them, whether at home, a freeman among the mountains of Vermont, or "loaded with the manacles of despotism, in a

foreign country," he was still the same blunt, honest, daring, fearless Ethan Allen. No tyrant could make him tremble. His spirit never quailed beneath the threats of insolent authority, and no obstacle was ever so great but what he would at some time overcome. He was of that class of men who freely offered up their all in defence of the liberties of this now great and flourishing country, and though possessing errors, (who does not?) which the evil-minded have endeavored to bring against him, his virtues far outweighed all, and his deeds and his name will be forever associated with the fame of our country. There's not a schoolboy that can lisp, from Maine to Texas, but that has heard of Ethan Allen; and there are but few living, men, women, or children, who do not love to turn their thoughts backward along the path of time, and call from their silent graves the heroes of many a well-fought battle field, and view them as they trod the earth in former days, clad in the mantle of truth and honor. When we think of the earliest period of our revolutionary struggle—when we think of the patriotism, virtue, and unselfish feelings which actuated those brave spirits who fought so nobly for their country and her institutions, and compare the present with the past, we are almost led to believe that the old stock in "places of power and trust" is fast running out, and that the nobleness and disinterestedness of '76 is "passing away."

But to our story. On the morning that Ethan Allen demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, "IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT JEHOVAH AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS!" a young British officer, dressed as an American, might have been seen crossing the hill-top near Allen's house at Bennington, and at that moment might have been heard the report of a distant gun-shot, and in a few seconds another, and another, and another, when all was still, and the clatter of horse's hoofs, dashing fiercely down the hill-side, was the only sound audible. As he reached the bottom of the hill he reined in his horse, and taking from his pocket a white handkerchief, he waved it until another appeared in a window in Allen's house, and, at the same time, the beautiful face of a young girl, who had scarcely numbered seventeen summers. She was a genuine beauty,

* Doctors Morse and Parish thus describe this fortress in the American Gazetteer:

"Ticonderoga, in the state of New York, was built by the French in the year 1756, on the north side of a Peninsula, formed by the confluence of the waters from Lake George into Lake Champlain. It is now a heap of ruins and forms an appendage to a farm. Its name signifies *Noisy*, in the Indian language and was called by the French *Corillor*. Mount Independence, in Addison County, Vt., is about two miles south-east of it, and separated from it by the narrow strait which conveys the waters of Lake George and South River into Lake Champlain. It had all the advantages which art or nature could give it—being defended on three sides by water, surrounded by rocks: and where that fails, the French erected a breast-work, nine feet high. This was the first fortress attacked by the Americans during the Revolutionary war. The troops under General Abercrombie were defeated here in 1758; but it was retaken the following year by General Amherst. It was surprised by Colonel Ethan Allen, May 10th, 1775, and was re-taken by General Burgoyne, in July, 1777."

with a fair face, rosy cheeks, and a bright complexion, shaded by a profusion of rich auburn hair, falling in curls from her lustrous brow, and sweeping in thick clusters down her beautiful neck. Her eyes were of a bright blue, and spoke in language which some can translate, of her gentle, girlish feelings, of tenderness, of love which lay hid in their liquid depths. Her figure was exquisitely shaped, being about the middle height; her waist slender and delicate, and her bust rounded and full. She was, in a word, just the girl to attract the attention and steal the heart of any gay gallant who came within the magic circle of her charms. And the young officer in the road was just the individual who could expect to come off triumphant in an engagement with such a being. Though not what the every day gossips of the world would call handsome, his face was marked and striking, and the quick twinkle of the eye, and the look of intelligence which shaded each feature, could not but arrest the attention of all who saw him. There was an expression of thought in his countenance, and, for one so young, there was two or three more wrinkles on his face than is usually to be seen at his time of life. Occasionally his hazel eye would be lit up with a dare-devil expression, and when out of his thoughtful mood, a cheerful, good-humoured smile could always be discovered playing about his mouth. A pair of elegant pistols were in a belt on his right side, a powder-horn and bullet-pouch were on the other, and a broad two-edged knife was thrust into his belt near them. A bright smile played across his face as he saw the fair girl, and, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, he was at the gate in a twinkling. He had scarcely dismounted, however, before he heard his name pronounced, and Ruth Allen was standing by his side.

"I was afraid you would not come," she said, blushing deeply as she spoke, and endeavouring to avoid, she scarce knew why, the eye of her young visitor.

"You may trust me yet," he replied, "although I am a little behind my time this morning. My pony did not gallop with his usual speed, or I would have been here ere this. On him you must lay the blame."

"Hist!" exclaimed Ruth, before the words had hardly died on his lips. "They are coming, and you have but one chance for your life. Escape immediately—life, life is on your speed!"

"Fly and leave you here?—Never!" said the young officer, stamping his foot firmly on the ground.

"Up, there," she cried, "up, there; they will be here anon, and then 'twill be too late!"

As she spoke, the tramp of galloping horses came nearer, and the voices of men became audible.

"Fasten your horse, then, in the road, and hide yourself in the barn; they will never dream of searching there."

The young officer paused. Her small white hand was clasped in his, and as he looked into her beautiful face, his heart stood still with awe, and a big bright tear rolled out upon his cheek.

"I am not afraid to die, Ruth," he said, drawing her closer to him, "and to leave you in danger, I can not. Let the worst come, I remain by your side!"

"Too late, too late!" she cried, "all is lost!"

At that moment the clash of harness and the jingling of spur and scabbard was heard, and three horsemen, dressed as British soldiers, turned the corner of the road. They were laughing and jesting as if "dull care" had not crossed their paths for some time, and acted very similar to merry young gentlemen after they have been indulging in "potations pottle deep."

"Ha! we have something more than common here," exclaimed the foremost of the party, as they rode up to the gate. "A pretty face, and a young gallant to keep the sun from tanning it. By all that's good, boys, I didn't think we'd find such booty. Dismount, and let's have a look at the prize." And thus saying, the leader, for such he appeared to be, alighted from his horse, and was in turn quickly followed by the others.

With easy dignity the young officer stepped forward and demanded the cause of the intrusion.

"We'll answer you shortly, my lad," said the tallest, approaching Ruth, who seemed to appear more lovely than ever, as she brushed the rich hair from her fair brow, and cast a look of defiance at the intruder.

"There's no use in looking so angry, my pretty one. There's no use. One kiss around, or else we can't proceed to business."

"Can't you?" said the young officer, as the drunken soldier attempted to embrace Ruth. "Take that, and perhaps you will feel a little more courageous."

It was a powerful blow that he gave him with his clenched fist, and before he was aware of the fact at all, his comrades discovered him making several picturesque movements on the ground.

"Not so fast, young gentleman," said the leader, stepping towards the young officer. "You shall pay dearly for that, mark me!"

"Stand back!" was the reply. "Stand back, or you are a dead man!"

The sight of a pistol, pointed at him, brought the ruffian to his senses for a moment, and he seemed hardly to know whether to proceed or not.

"What means this outrage, gentlemen—if gentlemen you be—who violently thus intrude upon a female's presence?"

"What means it?" exclaimed the leader, exultingly. "It will take but a few words to answer that, I think. We are the King's soldiers, who, not having enough to do in the camp, have set out on a little private speculation of our own. And who are you that dare ask this?"

"A soldier, and an honest man," replied the young officer, looking him steadily in the eye.

"Your name?"

"Hush!" whispered the other, who had, up to that moment, not spoken a word. "Do you not know him? It's Col. Warner!"

"Col. Warner!" ejaculated the astonished leader. "Who would have thought it?"

"You may depend it's no other," replied the Col., with a look of contempt; "and very fortunate he has been in discovering that his Majesty's army has such brave and gentlemanly soldiers."

"Really, Col." answered the abashed Englishman, "I did not think I was running such a risk."

"There are some risks," said the Col., impressively, "which none, however rash, should incur. You

have forfeited the character of a soldier and a gentleman. Before you leave this place, I wish you to make a suitable apology for the insult you have offered this lady."

"Trust me for that. I crave both her and your pardon, and I hope that neither of us will be caught behaving so rudely again."

When delivering this speech, the second, who, like Cassius, had "a lean and hungry look," winked at his companion, who had just elevated his anatomy from the ungraceful position in which it had been placed, with a look which, translated by the knowing ones of this period, would be pronounced as signifying "gammon."

"Remember, men, what I now tell you," said the Col.—his eyes flashing fire—"You must learn that, although soldiers, you are citizens also; and as citizens, amenable to the English laws. Bear yourselves henceforth soberly and modestly, or it shall be the worse for you. See that you report yourselves at the camp ere sunset. Begone!"

"Damn it!—don't give it up now," whispered the man who had been measuring himself on the ground. "Finish the fool at once, the girl has no arms, and before she can think what we are about, we can get off, and bear her with us."

"Silence!" replied the leader. "Forward!"

Setting himself firmly in the saddle, he started off with his companions, crest-fallen, dark, and sullen. In a few moments the jingling of their spurs and scabbards was lost in the distance.

"I told you not to be alarmed," said the young officer, in the lowest tone of his deep measured voice, and taking her hand gently as he spoke.

Ruth uttered not a word. A deep crimson glow suffused her lovely features, and her eyes were bent downward to the ground.

"You are not well, Miss Allen," he continued, "or may be I have offended you?"

"Nay! now you misinterpret me," she answered, quietly, but blushing deeply as she spoke; "since we last met, Edgar, I have suffered, deeply suffered, and when you spoke, my thoughts—"

"Were?"

"Of you, and the unhappiness I must cause you."

"Say not so," he replied; "I am rejoiced, more than glad, to see my own sweet and gentle Ruth again, whom I hope one day,"—he paused for a moment, and then in a more tender tone said,—"*to call by a yet dearer title. May I hope?*"

For a moment the colour faded from her cheeks; her hands were icy-cold, and her teeth almost chattered.

"Alas! I must speak," she faintly murmured, "but you will forgive me, I know. I *hope* you will."

A deep red flush shot over the young officer's face as she spoke.

"Oh, no, you cannot, cannot be offended, for it 's not my fault! I never dreamed, oh! never, never; and now that it is broken on me all at once—oh! it is very sad and terrible. But I must speak now—I must answer fully."

"Go on, dearest, go on," said the young officer, endeavouring to control his feelings.

"I am a wayward girl, Edgar, but I will tell you all, then you will forgive me. I honour your high qualities of soul—your perfect truth and nobleness—but I cannot, must not; *my father has forbid it!*"

These last words were like a death-knell in the ears of the young officer, and it was with great effort that he managed to govern his feelings.

"To say that I am not sorrowful at your decision were to say what is false. Our destinies are different, and there is a power on high who judges all human actions for the best—let his will be done!"

A tear stole into the eye of Ruth as he spoke, and so great was the anguish wringing her breast, that it appeared as if it would almost burst her bosom.

"And now, before we part," he said, "I would wish that, in distant years, when the old time memory may come stealing back, you may think of me as one whose vow is registered in Heaven. As it is impossible for us to be united on earth, I will ever pray for a happy union in the better land."

He caught her beautiful hand again in his, and with a sudden impulse pressed her to his bosom, and strained her there, while he imprinted a passionate kiss on her snowy forehead.

"It is the last, the last!" he exclaimed, and releasing her, he walked nervously towards his horse, and prepared to mount.

It was a moment of terrible anguish for Ruth Allen, but SHE HAD OBEYED HER FATHER—at the price of her own happiness!

"Good bye," said young Warner, dashing his spurs into his horse's sides, as he turned down the green lane. "Good bye," faintly responded Ruth, and they had parted forever.

Their meeting was as singular as their parting. About a year previous to the incidents above related, he saved her from the grasp of a drunken British soldier, who, with loud and beastly imprecations, threatened her instant death if she did not comply with his wishes. From that time they had seen each other only by stolen interviews, but their friendship soon ripened into love. Ruth's father meeting them one day, his hatred for the enemies of his country was so great, that he forbid them ever seeing each other again. Ruth was a creature of romance, and poetry, and fancy—a lover of wild haunts and strange adventures—she was, in a word, gifted with that dower, which, if not properly directed, leads its possessor to anything but happiness. She was, however, a girl of strong mind, and when once made up, she was not very quick in altering it. The young British officer was her first love, and every woman who has ever loved, has in her own heart the feelings which it would take the power of transcendent genius to accurately portray. And every woman who has truly loved, may imagine her feelings, as she entered faint and exhausted her little room in her "cottage home." We will leave her now, and for a time watch the movements of others.

The day on which the scenes took place which we have described, was the one, it will be recollected, on which Col. Allen succeeded in capturing Ticonderoga. In a short time the news of the event spread throughout the country, and his name was on everybody's tongue. Weeks and months passed on, and early in the ensuing fall, the American army, under the command of Generals Schuyler and Montgomery, received orders to advance into Canada. Col. Allen was at Ticonderoga when this order arrived, and received numerous pressing requests from the Generals in command to accompany the expedition. It is al-

most unnecessary to inform the reader that he complied with their solicitations, and advanced with the army to *Ile aux Noix*.^{*} Leaving this place, he made his advance into Canada, and was taken prisoner, being entirely overpowered on his first engagement by the number of the enemy. As a prisoner he was treated most shamefully, but throughout his whole captivity, there was one who was ever constant, one who was ever watching to do him a service—no one knew his name. He had belonged to the army once—was rich, and by the influence which he brought to America, obtained his discharge for the purpose of returning home to England. He kept himself aloof from most all, and his strange conduct excited considerable curiosity. Various were the attempts to obtain his name, or something about his history, but all failed, and not even Allen, to whom he exhibited the most friendship, could obtain any clue to his parentage or himself. Allen had seen his face before, but where he could not imagine, and he was as much in the dark in regard to his mysterious friend as any body else.

In a short time, General Prescott sent Allen a prisoner to England for the purpose he said, to "grace a halter at Tyburn." The young stranger accompanied him on his voyage, and although Allen was hand-cuffed and treated severely by the captain, he did all that was possible to alleviate his distress. During his imprisonment in England, he visited him often, and scarcely a day past but that he sent some present. He conversed very little with Allen, but on the night before his departure from England he visited his cell, and after conversing for a short time produced a letter which he requested Allen to hand to his daughter on the first seasonable opportunity. He noticed a strange quivering of the lips when he mentioned his daughter's name, and the request coming from one unknown puzzled Allen considerably. He gave him his word that if he lived he would do it, and the young stranger after fervently shaking his hand bid him good bye, and God's blessing. Allen thought a good deal of it for a few days, but after a while the incident was forgotten, and it only occurred to him when in looking back at the hours of his captivity.

We will pass over the hellish torments which Allen passed through while imprisoned in the filthy goal in New York, and bring him back once more to friends and family at the old homestead. Time had made great changes with him, likewise with many old familiar faces. The ivy still twined itself around the lattice, and the bright flowers looked as beautiful as ever, but the wind whistled dolefully among the tree tops, whirling away the sere leaves with its every breath. All were well and happy, save Ruth, who had been confined to her bed for a few days with a cold, but notwithstanding, Allen felt a strange presentiment, a feeling that all was not right. He had thought, for the first time since his arrival, of the letter given him by the young stranger in England, and that thought evidently affected him deeply. He wanted to give it her, but the longer he put it off, the more he felt about the matter. Ruth was growing

worse every hour, and at last it was pronounced by her physician that she could not survive many days. They said the disease, which was hurrying her to an early grave, was *consumption*, though old women said, as they shook their heads, that there was something the matter with her heart.

It was a pleasant day in autumn, and the golden sunlight streamed through the curtains of the room, and rested upon the pale brow of the dying girl. At her bed-side stood her father, he who had never known fear on the battle-field, stood there at the couch of death, trembling and crying like a child. A faint sick smile played over his pale lips, as he bowed his head to meet the pressure of her tremulous fingers, and felt her kiss upon his brow.

"Bless you, my child!" he said, "my poor, poor Ruth, God bless you. Thou art very dear to me, oh! very! very!" The large tears dropped fast and frequent from his eyes, and he could say no more.

All was cool and clear and tranquil, and the mild air of the radiant autumn day came in so balmily through the curtains, that one would almost fancy it was the breath of an angel playing with her soft rich hair. Her soft eyes swam in softer tenderness, and her sweet bosom heaved with a strong emotion. "Tell him," she said in a voice of music, clasping still tighter her father's hand, "tell him that we will be united in Heaven! I'm dying, father, I feel that I am going," she continued, drawing him closer to her.

His lips quivered, and his whole frame shook with emotion as he said, "*Believe what your mother has taught you!*" But she was dead—her spirit had passed to the better land.

* * * * *

In a few weeks Edgar Warren, then in London, received a letter from America, announcing the death of Ruth. 'Twas unexpected; and when he first realized the dreadful truth, he was thrown into a tremulous paroxysm of remorseful torture. He struggled hard with his feelings, and the convulsion was, for a time, over. "Well! it is best so," he said, brushing the tears from his eyes, "it is fate, destiny!" In a short time he set out for Paris, with the intention of making the tour of Europe. But his health was fast giving way, and after visiting several of the principal cities, he was taken sick in Germany, where, after lingering for a few weeks, he died, and was buried in the Stranger's Grave, on the beautiful banks of the Rhine. The last words he uttered was the name of "RUTH ALLEN!" And the letter announcing her death, with its large black seal, was, at his request, buried with him.

We think true love is not as it was in the olden time.

In the old graveyard at Burlington, Vt., can be seen three graves, mother, father, and daughter. Two are unmarked, but one is covered with a plain marble slab, on which is the following inscription:

The
Corporeal Part
of

Gen. Ethen Allen,
Rests beneath this Stone,
The 12th day of February, 1789,
Aged 50 Years.

His spirit tried the mercies of his God,
In whom he believed, and strongly trusted.
NEW YORK, January 11th, 1848.

^{*} *Ile aux noix*, or Nut Island, is a small island of about 50 acres, near the north end of Lake Champlain, and within the province of Lower Canada. Here the British had a garrison of 100 men. It is about five miles N. N. E. of the mouth of La Cole river, 30 north of Isle La Motte, and 12 or 15 southward of St. Johns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Dec. 18, 1847.

THE influenza is the most prominent thing in the public mind, and, consequently, deserves the first place in this correspondence. For the last fortnight every body has been catching cold, and the cold has been catching every body. Both have succeeded to a miracle, and have respectively captured a tartar, so far as the value of the acquisition is concerned. Never were pocket-handkerchiefs in such request, nor undertakers in such excellent spirits. All the Mrs. Gamps in the metropolis are at whatever premium they choose to put upon their services, and grave-diggers watch the fluctuations of the stock market daily, with a view to the investment of the unprecedented profits upon their earth work. From the highest to the lowest every one is blowing his nose, and wondering when his head will leave off feeling like an aggravated pumpkin. Two Lords Chancellor are down—the English and the Irish one, and, unfortunately, Murphy, the celebrated weather almanac man, has died outright, after predicting the unhealthiness of the season. To be without the influenza, in some shape, is to be a man in ten thousand, and not to be afraid of the cholera, is to be one in a million.

The prevailing epidemic is, in fact, carrying off more victims than the cholera did; the increase in the mortality of the metropolis is startling, and from the Report of the Registrar General, we learn that upwards of *fourteen hundred per week* are dying, more than the usual number at this period. The mortality for the five previous years at this season, has averaged about 1050, now it reaches 2500 per week.

This is rather an alarming state of things, and to increase the general panic, the Duke of Wellington has commenced his annual croaking about the unprotected state of our coast in case of invasion. For the last five years the Duke has frightened the old women of both sexes from their propriety by his remonstrance with Ministers upon the subject; the dread of French invasion seems to be the nightmare of his old age. We have only 10,000 soldiers in the United Kingdom, and what would be the condition of England, he asks, if 100,000 French troops should be thrown upon any part of our coast, within three days march of London? Our troops would fight, of course, but they would be opposed to just ten times their own number. He proposes to erect a chain of fortifications along 400 miles of our coast, and to organize a force of 400,000 men, a sort of half-regulars, half-militia force. Whatever may be the correctness of the Duke's suspicions, they have certainly had some weight with the Government, for an extraordinary activity now prevails in all our dock-yards and arsenals; field guns are being cast, and other preparations made with as much rapidity, as if the Island were in a state of siege, and it is expected that an augmentation in the regular army will be made in a few months.

Next, the affairs of Ireland claim attention, but as the newspapers will doubtless surfeit you with details of matters pertaining to this unhappy country, it will not be necessary for me to do more than allude to them. It is beyond all conjecture that the present

winter will be marked by almost as great suffering as last; at least two millions of people will require to be fed by the Government, and of the hundreds that will die of want, no one can form a correct estimate. These evils are aggravated by an awful extent of crime; in some counties a regular organized system of assassination exists, murders are daily committed in broad daylight with impunity; and the victims, in most cases, are unoffending and benevolent men. Parliament has passed a Coercion Bill for the suppression of these crimes, and the restoration of order; it is, however, a bill of so mild a character, that nearly all the Irish members in the House voted for it.

The question of "Emancipating the Jews," or, in other words, of allowing a Jew to sit in Parliament, is being agitated with some warmth in the House of Commons. The Ministry, and a great majority of the Liberals, are in favour of removing their "disabilities," but of course they are violently opposed by the High Church and Tory party. Many excellent speeches have been made on both sides, but the championship of the Hebrew race was thrown by tacit consent upon the brilliant and vituperative author of *Coningsby*. Such extraordinary things were expected on the occasion, that when he rose, he was greeted by a simultaneous burst of cheers from all parts of the House—a most unusual compliment. But alas for human expectations! D'Israeli made, on this occasion, a lamentable failure—the first he ever made in Parliament. Instead of bursting on the House in all the gorgeous Oriental splendour of eloquence of which he is so perfect a master, and which such a topic would have afforded so magnificent an opportunity of exhibiting, without the least fear of degenerating into extravagance and balderdash, he must needs address himself to the details of the previous speakers. The House immediately saw the mistake he fell into, and resented it accordingly. They were not going to tolerate common-place thoughts, in common-place phraseology, from the author of *Coningsby*, and that, too, in advocacy of his own already brilliantly enforced Caucasian doctrine. Cries of "divide," and other symptoms of impatience, interrupted a speech that was expected to have been amongst the most dazzling and most memorable specimens of modern declamation, and the Member for Buckinghamshire, who rose a prodigy, sat down a cypher. The fact is, that since about this time twelve-month, when D'Israeli got hold of the notion that he was going to be a Secretary of State, he has been labouring to pass himself off as a man of business rather than a man of theory, as a practical debater rather than an utterer of startling invective and epigrammatic satire. The attempt is about as successful as though a bear should anoint himself with his own grease, and put his hair in curl papers, in the hope of being taken for a King Charles, or a Blenheim poodle. There is not the shadow of a doubt that the motion will be carried by a triumphant majority.

The great Repeal party threatens to be broken up by the internal dissensions of its members. They lack the master-genius of O'Connell to maintain that unity among them which can alone constitute strength. To such an extent are their feuds carried, that they feed at opposite sides of the Reform Club—like hostile

carnivora, whom it would be dangerous to bring into proximity at meal times. The two O'Connells, John and Maurice, are quite chop-fallen, and cut their mutton in melancholy taciturnity at one end of the room; while Dillon Brown, Henry Grattan, and others of the revolted Repealers, finding they now have a stake in the country since they threw off the bastard leadership of the Agitator's feeble and foolish descendants, eat their sirloin with most loquacious vivacity, and with a profusion of "sauce," at the other. A day or two back, while Brown was thus fortifying himself against the influenza, Maurice says to him, "Well, Dillon, I'm sorry you've turned the back o' ye on yourself at last. I wonder what'll the Mayo boys find in that speech o' yours?" meaning that in favour of the Government bill for the suppression of outrage. Whereupon the interrogated one replied that the Mayo boys would find common sense, decent grammar, and a Christian tongue in it, which was more than the Tralee boys would find in any harangue that ever was, would, or could be delivered by the representative of that celebrated seaport. Maurice went off raging to John, and John, it may be expected, will shortly apprise his "dear Ray" that Dillon is contumacious, and must be expelled Conciliation Hall, consequently Mr. Brown is likely to find himself done.

John O'Connell, the present leader of the party, is sinking fast into the unenviable character of a Parliamentary bore. But, bad as he is, Maurice is ten times more intolerable. The manner of the former is, in all conscience, abundantly repulsive—cold, harsh, solemn, and insipid—every mole-hill a Mount *Blank* of stupendous magnitude—every common place equivalent to the philosopher's stone. But there is a glibness about him rarely wanting in any one who "comes from Erin's speechful shore—like fervid kettle bubbling o'er," yet not to be found in Maurice, who hacks, and haws, and hems, and bethumps the air with a desperation painfully ludicrous, in search of words to express his nothings—the said words being conveyed in a brogue thick enough to serve for an electric telegraph, only its dulness would prove a fatal non-conductor—a regular wet blanket to the fiery fluid. John O'Connell was evidently intended by nature for a sort of lay parson, or half monk. The small bigot is transparent through all his verbose philanthropy—the acrimonious ascetic peeps out of every joint of his rotund person, and every glance of his dull and ungenial eye; and how the hide of the dead lion, no matter how skilfully adapted, could make such a person to pass for one moment as the veritable animal, even in Ireland, is indeed a puzzle to all who see and hear him, and remember the father. Maurice is a much better looking fellow, and is a much better fellow too. Blockhead, to be sure, is hopelessly stamped upon him in the eyes of all men; and he seems to have occasionally a tendency to that way of thinking himself. But he means well, or at least would if he could, for he has not the ghost of an idea of his own, being the merest puppet in the hands of his brother, whose little cunning is just adequate to the management of a honest simpleton like the heir of Derrynane, where, it is much to be regretted, he does not continue to reside as heretofore, cultivating his patrimonial acres, instead of afflicting the House of Commons, and laying the foundation of inevitable insanity among the reporters condemned to listen to his fool-

eries. Young Daniel, the member for Waterford, wisely keeps on the other side of the water, and exhibits a sound discretion in abstaining from plaguing the Saxon, and thereby increasing the aversion the acrid nonsense of John and the harmless echo of it by Maurice is creating against the family of the Liberator, whose reputation increases as the memory of his giant influence and intellect rises up to rebuke the pigmy pretensions of his successors.

But let us turn from these political celebrities to a little of the current gossip of the day; and first the literary.

The intellectual entertainments provided for the holidays are unusually scanty and unimportant. Christmas books, properly so called, are virtually dead, the comparative failure of Dicken's affair this time twelvemonth ago, having nearly extinguished the whole tribe, whom the success of his former efforts had tempted to put in typography, trash intolerable to gods and men. He has written one for the present Christmas, but by the advice of some judicious friends declines hazarding his reputation by publishing it.

There are, however, some few forthcoming volumes deserving of grateful preliminary recognition. Tennyson is at last about to break his protracted silence, and make the public some recompense for the pension he has so long enjoyed—the largest of the kind yet given for so small an amount of labour, whether we take quantity or quality. His new poem is to be called the "Princess—a Medley"—most probably a fairy plot, in which the quaint style and quainter imagery of the genius of "Locksley Hall" and the "Lotus Eaters" will find ample scope for development. The author of that universal but much overrated favourite, "Ten Thousand a Year," is to present us with a guinea octavo, "Now and Then"—a title which affords no clue whatever to the aim of Mr. Warren's fancy on this occasion; but it may be presumed, without much improbability, that it is a novel of the social, satirical, and political character of his former work. Mr. Gardner, the well known author of the "Music of Nature," is ready with a gossiping mélange likely to be agreeable enough, called "Sights in Italy." A mysterious intimation has figured in the journals this last day or two, to the effect that the new novel of "Leonora," of which nobody ever heard before, is to be ready on Monday; and from the mode of being introduced to public notice, it is surmised to be some effusion of Bulwer's, D'Israeli's, or Mrs. Gore's, launched anonymously, like *Cecil Godolphin*, the *New Timon*, &c., to puzzle the critics, and contribute to the *eclat* of the *denouement* of its parentage, if as successful as its portentous advertisement would lead one to suppose has been calculated will be the case.

Dickens is, in Cockney parlance, wretchedly "hard up;" he has been "outrunning the Constable" to such an extent in his expences, that it is said he will be compelled to make a sojourn for a few years upon the Continent for the benefit alike of his purse and his creditors. He did very wrong to become "fashionable" so early in his brilliant career; his establishment is equal to that of the generality of our nobility, and though his income from his works must be immense, it is not sufficient to support his extravagance. He is much altered, and appears to have lived ten years in the last two; this is scarcely to be wondered at

when we consider the number of "dinners" his assumed position compels him to eat and to give, (and Charles is a gourmand of the first water) and the kind of "dinners" that literary men give in London—feasts that require a suprising quantity of bibulous stimulants to *rectify* them. It is said that the unpublished and *unwritten* part of *Dombey and Son* is already paid for, (its circulation is 30,000 monthly, which, at a shilling sterling each, must return a handsome remuneration to the author,) and that the publishers find much difficulty in obtaining the "copy" in time. This is a sad state of things, but improvidence appears a natural necessity with English authors, with the exception of Jerrold and one or two others, who have sense enough to unite prudence with talent. Dickens is undoubtedly the most popular writer of the day, but if he does not improve upon his latest issues of *Dombey*, he will assuredly have to resign his laurels to some other candidate. From the earlier numbers of this work it was hoped that it would prove his best, but he has chosen to develop the principal character in a style as grossly unnatural as it is preposterous, repulsive, and absurd. No man was ever so thoroughly vile as to have no redeeming qualities. The most infamous heroes of the most ridiculous romances have some "touch of nature" which connects them with human kind; but the character which Mr. Dickens has chosen to call *Dombey*, is a mass of the rankest absurdities and most repulsive attributes ever seen. We have page after page filled with the rapid twaddle of this mouthing fool, without a particle of dignity to sustain it; we have sundry "shadows on the wall," and "voices from the waves," and "awake doomed man!" and other choice expressions, worthier of "Lloyd's Penny Gazette" than the most popular author of the day; and a still graver error, the perpetration of a loathsome sin in the elopement of *Edith* with *Carker*, for which there is no motive, and between whose characters there is no affinity.

The author of *Pickwick* has a formidable rival in W. M. Thackeray, whose serial work, "*Vanity Fair*," is daily advancing in public estimation. It will doubtless be reprinted on your side the Atlantic, if it is not already. It is a book to be read, not praised. It is a book which all must feel, but few will acknowledge, to be true. The analysis of motive and character, and the acute discrimination displayed in probing the deepest recesses of the human bosom, render the work in some respects not pleasing, but, alas! too true. There is nothing sentimental, or romantic, or enchanting about the book; it is written in a manly English style, with no *ad captandum* appeals, no heroic situations, no over-powering incidents, no intricate plot. But still it is one of the most interesting books published for many a day, and destined to live when the ephemeral publications of the day shall have been forgotten. The author has been called the Fielding of his day, and the epithet is well deserved. In his *Crawleys* he has sketched the ruling passion of the family—avarice—with a master's hand, but there is no dull uniformity, but a strong individuality in each. In the character of *Amelia*, he has drawn one of the loveliest and gentlest creatures that ever enchanted a reader's or a lover's heart; and in his *Rebecca* he has given us the portrait of a clever and designing woman. Coleridge used to say that the transition from Richardson to Fielding was

"like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, to an open lawn on a breezy day in May;" and the remark will apply with equal truth to Dickens and Thackeray—at least, as Dickens writes *now*.

Among the literary memorabilia of the times, ought to be classed the marriage to the millionaire Marquis de Boissy of the Countess Guiccioli—the fair, famed, and frailed Theresa, who exercised so large an influence on the muse and morals of Byron. Who would have thought of her once more turning up after all these years, when the bard, if he were alive, would be the grandfather of three children of "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart!" And *apropos* to that, what sort of a grandfather would Byron have made? Can any one fancy the author of "*Beppo*" in a Welsh wig, with gout slippers, flannel waistcoat, and a jorum of toast and water, and the New Poor Law Act behind him? Horrid idea! enough to make the most poetical of linen-drapers renounce turned down shirt collars, and addict themselves henceforth to common sense and cravats. The newspapers recording the nuptials seem to think the Countess is now a very old woman; but such is not the case. She is, as near as may be, about the standing of Lady Blessington, and though *she* is no chicken, Cupid is very far from moulting one feather of his pinions in the autumnal and yet majestic presence of our modern Ninon de l'Enclos, whom "age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety." And the Italian, too, must a good deal resemble the English, or rather the Irish, Countess, in being fat, fair, and not very considerably beyond forty, unless she has vastly changed from the "buxom parlour boarder," to whom Leigh Hunt, with the happiest of graphic cockneyisms, compared her five and twenty years ago. It was in 1821, or thereabouts, that Byron inscribed to her the "*Prophecy of Dante*," the dedication of which ended with the well known lines:—

So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—
Ah, to what effort would it not persuade?

She was then not more than twenty, so that she is still a good way off her grand climacteric, and may yet enable her uxurious Gallic spouse to make the acquaintance of the green-eyed monster as effectually as in the case of her former husband, at whose portraiture in "*Don Juan*," (the wittol Alphonso) she was, nevertheless, so edifyingly scandalized. Apart from the interest which the remembrance of Byron throws around any of his still surviving contemporaries and associates, and especially one who figured so prominently in his affairs as this lady, it is significant of that decay of exalted honour and high feeling among the French noblesse, lately so much commented upon, that the head of one of the most ancient and wealthiest peerages should openly marry an old and notorious mistress of an English *roue*—her whole family (the Gambas) having exhibited as little sense of manly pride as she did of womanly shame throughout the entire of that too celebrated *liaison*.

Though next week is "*Boxing Week*," the commencement of the great cockney theatrical Saturnalia, there is very little known of any new Christmas pieces to be brought out: they promise to be fewer this year than at any time within memory. The great star of the day is our new tenor singer, Reeves, who is carrying all before him by his extraordinary

natural gifts of voice and thorough dramatic acquirements. Though incomparably beyond all native competition, and already ranking on a par with the very best of the Italians in their very best parts, he still assiduously continues his studies under Signor Pilotti—Mario's maestro—a rare evidence of determination to earn the continuance of the favour he has been received with, and which has been unprecedented in English annals since the meridian triumphs of Braham a quarter of a century back.

Another English opera singer, Miss Birch, who was engaged to make her *débüt* at the *Académie Royale*, of Paris, has broken her engagement with the manager, who has obtained a verdict for 30,000 francs damages in consequence. The cause of her breach of contract she thus explains in a letter to the *Morning Post* :—

"An insurmountable terror had taken possession of me on account of the imperfection of my French pronunciation. I had been aware, at the general rehearsal of 'Guillaume Tell,' of smiles and *jeux des mots* at certain passages; at that, for instance, which I thought I had pronounced accurately, 'Mon cœur n'a pas trompé mes yeux,' there was open laughter, and I heard people repeating the phrase made into a parody by my defective pronunciation—'Son cœur n'a pas trompé Messieurs.' You can imagine with what alarm I was seized on finding how easy it was for a public, so fond of a joke as the public of Paris, which makes game of everything, including itself, to find in my accent a perpetual subject of pleasantry. I then felt the enormous difficulty of my task, and I have shrunk back from it, as indeed Madlle. Jenny Lind, (to whom certainly I have not the pretension of comparing myself,) did, when she refused the engagement offered her in London by M. Duponchel, and, more recently, by Madlle. Alboni. The latter lady has sung four times in Italian on the stage of L'Académie Royale with extraordinary success; but in spite of this advantage no temptation could induce her to sing there in French."

I must conclude with a little gossip about Jenny Lind. The people here are in high dudgeon at her departing without fulfilling her promise of a gratuitous performance in behalf of the Shakspeare fund. She will return next season, when it is problematical if she will be so universal a favourite as she was last. The prestige she brought with her last year is, in a great degree, gone. It is true she will be without a rival, as Grisi will be at St. Petersburg, and Alboni being a contralto, will not compete with her in the same characters. But Persiani is sufficiently formidable to be dangerous to one whose range of personations is evidently restricted, and who, as a dramatic vocalist, cannot very well afford to challenge comparison, so far as versatility is concerned. Then it is tolerably apparent that she will be less adequately supported by a second soprano than she was even last season, owing to the secession of Castellan, so that the whole burden of every opera she appears in will have to be sustained almost solely by her.

THE MEETING.

AFTER THE MANNER OF LUDWIG UHLAND.

ONCE I lay beside a fountain,
Lull'd me with its gentle song,
And my thoughts o'er dale and mountain,
With the clouds were borne along.

There I saw old castles flinging
Shadowy gleams on moveless seas;
Saw gigantic forests swinging
To and fro without a breeze;

And in dusky alleys straying
Many a giant shape of power;
Troops of nymphs in sunshine playing,
Singing, dancing, hour on hour.

I, too, trod these plains Elysian,
Heard their clear-toned notes of mirth;
But a brighter, fairer vision,
Called me back again to earth.

From the forest shade advancing,
See, there comes a lovely May,
The dew-like gems before her glancing
As she brushes it away.

Straight I rose, and ran to meet her,
Seized her hand; the heavenly blue
Of her bright eyes smiled brighter, sweeter,
As she asked me "Who are you?"

To this question came another—
What its aim I still must doubt—
And she asked me "How's your mother?"
Does she know that you are out?"

"No! my mother does not know it,
Beauteous, heaven-descending Muse!"
"Then off get you, my handsome poet,
And say I sent you with the news."

THE EARTH AND OCEAN.

THE earth unveils a mingian scroll,
Where more than Chaldean lore is writ;
Each valley, mount, each glen, each knoll,
By mind's eternal star-beams lit.
Her meanest plains with lessons grave,
Assert the immortal soul, and guide;
Sweet truths that serve, strong truths that save,
Are planted thick on every side.

But thou, old Ocean,—old in might,
No trophy keep'st, of all the past;
Oblivion threatens the trembling sight
When gazing on thy empire vast;
The busy care which builds the shrine
The pride that rears the trophied bust,
How vain in sight of thee, and thine,
Thou see to human deeds and dust!

J. T.

HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

Poems, by James Russell Lowell. Boston, B. B. Mussey & Co.; 1848.

We believe that this is the third volume of *Poems* which Mr. Lowell has published; the first volume, quaintly called "*A Year's Life*," although giving evidence of genius in the author, of a high order, hardly promised the rich and varied beauties which have been so profusely displayed in the succeeding volumes. Mr. Lowell, although still on the fair side of thirty, is a recognised Poet, both in England and America; but still we do not think that he has had the high position awarded him which he is destined to take among the great Poets who have written in the English tongue; he is peculiarly an American Poet, if there can be such a thing as local merit in that which is of such universal acceptance as genuine poetry. His freedom of spirit, and greatness of thought, we take pride in as the offspring of an American education, and of American institutions. Truths are, to be sure, always great, let them be uttered when, or where, or by whom they may, and the grand democratic thoughts which abound in *Æschylus* and *Milton*, are the common property of all true souls; yet there must be a pervading tone of national feeling in the writings of all original authors, although their subjects and their thoughts be of universal extent.

Many of Mr. Lowell's short *Poems* abound in local allusions and names familiar to us; but these mere husks do not give the *Poems* a national character; there is the indomitable "go-ahead" American spirit in the volume which none but the descendant of Puritan ancestors, who had been educated and fostered among the institutions which those brave old heroes transmitted to us, could have infused into his verses. *Milton* was an Englishman, as *Wordsworth* is, *Beranger* a Frenchman, *Burns* a Scotchman, and *Lowell* an American. Yet they are poets for all men and for all time, notwithstanding. There are none of the littlenesses of local prejudice in their verses, but they abound in the sweet home-feelings and particular attachments which all men of genuine natures must have.

The first Poem in the volume before us is called *Columbus*; it has never before been published, and would of itself make the author famous, if he had written nothing besides; it is a soliloquy. *Columbus* is supposed to be alone on the deck of his vessel, the day before his great discovery was made, which rendered his name immortal. The subject is not one that a man of feeble powers would select. Our poet knew his own strength, and he has proved himself worthy of the bold attempt to give utterance to the thoughts which swelled in the heart of the great navigator at that trying period of his eventful life.

To the man who has ever known high purposes, or looked forward to the performance of his highest destiny as a labourer in his "Great Task-Master's Eye" and has in himself what the poet meant when he said, "Such harmony is in immortal souls,"—to such a man *Columbus* will prove a feast and be so overinformed with thought as to serve for fuller meals for many a reading, and will repay the love it must inspire in every breast that has been the home of the Great poet's thoughts. But this is not to be seen by the shallow many, until the judicious few have given their sanction, and sealed it with their names, as rest assured they will in good time.

The first passage may demand several readings to come clearly out, (as do many of the fine passages of *Shakspeare* and *Byron*.) but several readings (with a reasonable portion of brains) will do it—when it will be found full as "an eminent surge," and prepare the way for what follows:

If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,

No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

Read this.

Here am I; for what end God knows, not I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul;
Here am I, with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in sweet death;
This have I mused on, since mine eye could first
Among the stars distinguish and with joy
Rest on that God-fed Pharos of the north,
On some blue promontory of heaven lighted
That juts far out into the upper sea;
To this one hope my heart hath clung for years,
As would a foundling for the talisman
Hung round his neck by hands he knew not whose,
A poor, vile thing and dross to all beside,
Yet he therein can feel a virtue left
By the sad pressure of a mother's hand.
And unto him it still is tremulous
With palpitating haste and wet with tears,
The key to him of hope and humanness,
The coarse shell of life's pearl Expectancy.

And this.

And not the pines alone; all sights and sounds
To my world-seeking heart paid fealty,
And catered for it as the Cretan bees
Brought honey to the baby Jupiter,
Who in his soft hand crushed a violet
Godlike foretelling the rough thunder's gripe,
Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing o'er
That iron bridge the Tuscan built to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell of mountain-chains
Whose adamantine links his manacles,
The western main shook growling, and still gnawed;
I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale
Of happy Atlantis, and heard Bjorne's keel
Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland shore:

Far on I see my lifelong enterprise,
Which rose like Ganges 'mid the freezing snows
Of a world's sordidness, sweep broadening down,
And, gathering to itself a thousand streams,
Grow sacred ere it mingle with the sea;
I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid night,

Read it all, and see and feel for yourself. Then pass over many years, leaves in silence until you reach the lines, "To the Past." Gather up your reins, and drive your noiseless chariots through it, and see the dim, grim, shadowy images.—Egypt.

"Half woman and half beast."

"Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,
"Of their old god-head lorn,

with—

"The Eternal sorrow
"In their unmonarched eyes—

And then if all this bring no more to you than

"Wraiths of ships
"On the mirage's Ocean.

Go drown yourself in its sublime waves

"Of upheaving melody."

"No! don't drown yourself. "Drown cats and puppies," you may be useful; but don't presume to read such things as the world has not yet taken to its heart. *Shakspeare* will be good reading for you; there are no two opinions on the subject of his merits, and you can sit down under his vine and fig-

tree—safe from distracting doubts, and mis-spent time and all that.

If, on the other hand, the images are so grand and impressive—if they be so far removed from all personality as to make you wonder where he, (the poet,) got the thoughts, and to doubt if he have not borrowed other men's goods; take it and read it side by side, with all other lines to the past, in our language, and see if the differences be not more than the resemblances, and the grandeur more than either.

TO THE PAST.

Wond'rons and awful are thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the past!
There lie the by-gone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast,—
There all is hushed and breathless,
Save when some image of old error falls,
Earth worshipped once as deathless.

There sits drear Egypt, 'mid beleaguering sands,
Half woman and half beast,
The burnt-out torch within her mouldering hands
That once lit all the East;
A dotard bleared and hoary,
There Asser crouches o'er the blackened brands
Of Asia's long-quenched glory.

Still as a city buried 'neath the sea,
Thy courts and temples stand;
Idle as forms on wind-waved tapestry
Of saints and heroes grand,
Thy phantasms grope and shiver,
Or watch the loose shores crumbling silently
Into Time's gnawing river.

Titanic shapes with faces blank and dun,
Of their old god-head lorn,
Gaze on the embers of the sunken sun,
Which they misdeem for morn;
And yet the eternal sorrow
In their unmonarched eyes says day is done
Without the hope of morrow.

O realm of silence and swart eclipse,
The shapes that haunt thy gloom
Make signs to us and move their withered lips
Across the gulf of doom;
Yet all their sound and motion
Bring no more freight to us than wraiths of ships
On the mirage's ocean.

And if sometimes a moaning wandereth
From out thy desolate halls,
If some grim shadow of thy living death
Across our sunshine falls
And seares the world to error,
The eternal life sends forth melodious breath
To chase the misty terror.

Thy mighty clamors, wars, and world-noised deeds
Are silent now in dust,
Gone like a tremble of the huddling reeds
Beneath some sudden gust;
Thy forms and creeds have vanished,
Tossed out to wither like unsightly weeds
From the world's garden banished.

Whatever of true life there was in thee,
Leaps in our age's veins;
Wield still thy bent and wrinkled empery,
And shake thine idle chains;—
To thee thy dross is clinging,
For us thy martyrs die, thy prophets see,
Thy poets still are singing.

Here, 'mid the bleak waves of our strife and care,
Float the green Fortunate Isles
Where all thy hero-spirits dwell, and share
Our martyrdoms and toils;
The present moves attended
With all of brave, and excellent, and fair,
That made the old time splendid.

Then turn to the "Growth of the Legend," page 68, "A

Fragment,"—but very entire; it is such a fragment as the *Venus* of Milo—and see how

It grew and grew
From the pine-trees gathering a sombre hue.

And if

Standing spear-straight in the waist-deep moss,
Its bony roots clutching around and across,
As if they would tear up earth's heart in their grasp
Ere the storm should uproot them or make them unclasp;
Its cloudy boughs singing, as suiteth the pine,
To shrunk snow-bearded sea-kings old songs of the brine,
Till they straightened and let their staves fall to the floor,
Hearing waves moan again on the perilous shore
Of Vinland, perhaps, while their prow groped its way
'Twixt the frothy gnashed tusks of some ship-crunching bay.

"To shrunk snow-bearded sea-kings old songs of the brine!"

If all this seems crowded too full of images—remember that it is the "Growth of the Legend,"—and then perhaps you will learn that it should be so crowded, breathing of legends—as the pine was crowded full of Spring, Summer, Fall, Winter—and then—

Though 't were sung under Venice's moon-light of gold,
You would hear the old voice of its mother, the pine,
Murmur sea-like and Northern through every line,
And the verses should hang, self-sustained and free,
Round the vibrating stem of the melody,
Like the lithe sun-steeped limbs of the parent tree.

Yes, the pine is the mother of legends; what food
For their grim roots is left when the thousand-year'd wood—
The dim-aisled cathedral, whose tall arches spring
Light, sinewy, graceful, firm-set as the wing
From Michael's white shoulder—is hewn and defaced
By iconoclast axes in desperate waste,
And its wrecks seek the ocean it prophesied long,
Cassandra-like, crooning its mystical song?
Then the legends go with them,—even yet on the sea
A wild virtue is left in the touch of the tree,
And the sailor's night-watches are thrilled to the core
With the lineal offspring of Odin and Thor.

Yes, wherever the pine-wood has ever let in,
Since the day of creation, the light and the din
Of manifold life, but has safely conveyed
From the midnight primeval its armful of shade,
And has kept the weird Past with its sagas alive
Within sound of the hum of To-day's busy hive,
There the legend takes root in the age-gathered gloom,
And its murmurous boughs for their tossing find room.

Where Aroostook, far-heard, seems to sob as he goes
Groping down to the sea 'neath his mountainous snows;
Where the lake's froze Sahara of never-tracked white,
When the crack shoots across it, complains to the night
With a long, lonely moan, that leagues northward is lost,
As the ice shrinks away from the tread of the frost;
Where the lumberers sit by the log-fires which throw
Their own threatening shadows far round o'er the snow,
When the wolf howls aloof, and the wavering glare
Flashes out from the blackness the eyes of the bear,
When the wood's huge recesses, half-lighted, supply
A canvas where Fancy her mad brush may try,
Blotting in giant Horrors that venture not down
Through the right-angled streets of the brisk, white-washed town,
But skulk in the depths of the measureless wood
'Mid the Dark's creeping whispers that curdle the blood,
When the eye, glanced in dread o'er the shoulder, may dream,
Ere it shrinks to the camp-fire's companioning gleam,
That it saw the fierce ghost of the Red Man crouch back
To the shroud of the tree-trunk's invincible black;—
There the old shapes crowd thick round the pine-shadowed camp,
Which shun the keen gleam of the scholarly lamp,
And the seed of the legend finds true Norland ground,
While the border-tale's told and the canteen flits round.

This is, perhaps, the greatest Poem of all that the book contains; and truly and vigorously transplants the Norland legend on our shores, and long may it last, and wide may its "cloudy boughs" wave over us, with its wild suggestiveness, its nerve, its unmistakable power of expression, and its high imagination.

There may be, and most likely are pieces, many others, from which the ordinary reader may gather more than from this great

Poem; for though the book contains not exactly any "milk for babes," there are many others "mete for man." In witness whereof—"Extreme Unction"—which we lack space to copy; we will also indicate, for the reader, three Poems which go to the hearts of all who, in the love of nature, hold communion with their God: "To a Pine Tree," "The Oak," and "The Birch Tree."

We must close our extracts with the "Changeling," a Poem as full of sweetness and real human feeling as any that we have ever read.

THE CHANGELING.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair,
For it was as wavy and golden;
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me:
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

If there be any of our readers who are ignorant of the merits of this truly great Poet, we think that the extracts that we have given from his last volume will fully warrant the high opinion we have expressed of him, and which we as honestly and sincerely entertain as we do our admiration of Shakespeare or Milton. Lowell has that copiousness of fancy, loftiness of imagination, richness of language, purity of thought, and simplicity of feeling, which distinguish the true poet from the mere artist in metres. He is many-sided, too, like Goethe, and Shakespeare, and

Burns, and Milton; his humorous and satirical Poems, published under the name of Hosea Bigelow, have acquired a popularity which no satirical poetry has ever before obtained in this country. The light and playful verses of Halleck were a long while confined solely to New York, and are even now unknown in England; but the incomparable satires of Hosea Bigelow which have been copied in every paper of the Union, from Maine to Texas, and have won as much admiration for their wholesome truths as for their playful and rollicking wit, have been almost as extensively copied into English periodicals. The

"JOHN P.

ROBINSON, he

Says he wont vote for Governor B."

has become as widely known in two or three months as Hood's song of the shirt. In addition to his three volumes of Poems, Mr. Lowell has published a book of conversations on the old English Poets, and for the past three years he has given a new character to the North American Review, by his contributions to that excellent work, which are among the very happiest examples of modern criticism.

Our reviewers have fallen into a vicious habit of imitating the wearisome verbosity of Macaulay, without being able to imitate his copiousness of information and his fascinating trick of illustration; but Mr. Lowell's reviews are as unlike those of any English reviewer, as though he were the first of the tribe. It can hardly be expected that a true poet should be instantly recognized by the million, or that the critics of magazines and newspapers should at once abandon their old gods and fall down in the presence of a new deity; besides, with the hack critic, criticism is a game of Tom-come-tickle-me; he knows too well the value of a puff to puff one from whom he have no hope of ever receiving a puff in return.

Whoever reads the Poems of Mr. Lowell, sees at once that he is not one of those who can be inveigled into any circle of mutual admirationists, and we were not surprised to read in so pretentious a periodical as the Literary World, a review of his last volume, which rather damned the Poet with moderate praise, and affected to give him advice; the Evening Mirror contained a similar notice, for it could hardly be called a review; but out in the Far West, away from all local prejudices, where the people are a kind of posterity to us of the Atlantic border, we saw in the Louisville Journal a series of essays on Lowell's Poems which showed a just appreciation of their merits, and a becoming reverence for their author.

The reviewer of Lowell in the Literary World, says that poetry should be something more than a mere matter of births, deaths, and marriages. But what more can it be? Do not these three words compass everything that is dear to the heart of man, and what should poetry express, if not the depth of human affection; and whose affections should the poet describe if not his own? Take the births, deaths, and marriages from Milton, Burns, and Byron, the records of personal affections, and what would remain? Nothing.

We have given more space to our notice of Lowell's Poems than we shall often give to a new book; but still we have made but an inadequate review of his volume. In the outset of our Magazine, which we mean to make worthy of the million, we desire to manifest that independence of stereotyped opinions, and give an inkling of the independent course of our criticisms which are becoming in a work that appeals to the great body of the people for support. We recognize in the Poems of Lowell the great qualities which our hearts have yearned for in our other poets, and having found them, we should be recreant to ourselves and to the public if we failed to give utterance to our faith.

Jane Eyre—An Autobiography; Edited by Currer Bell. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1848.

This new novel has been so extravagantly puffed in the principal English journals, that we took it up with very different expectations than we usually do the first production of a new author. It is, unquestionably, superior in motive and composition to the great majority of English novels, but still we do not find in it those evidences of genius, or power, which at once proclaimed the advent of a new immortal, as in the case of the first novels of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, and Cooper. We cannot spare room for an analysis of the plot and characters of "Jane Eyre," and must content ourselves with selecting the following song as a sample of the author's talents:

The truest love that ever heart
Felt at its kindled core
Did through each vein, in quickened start,
The tide of being pour.

Her coming was my hope each day,
Her parting was my pain;
The chance that did her steps delay,
Was ice in every vein.

I dreamed it would be nameless bliss,
As I loved, loved to be;
And to this object did I press
As blind as eagerly.

But wide as pathless was the space
That lay, our lives, between,
And dangerous as the foamy race
Of ocean-surges green.

And haunted as a robber-path
Through wilderness or wood,
For Might and Right, and Woe and Wrath,
Between our spirits stood.

I dangers dared; I hind'rance scorned;
I omens did defy:
Whatever menaced, harassed, warned,
I passed impetuous by.

On sped my rainbow, fast as light;
I flew as in a dream;
Far glorious rose upon my sight,
That child of Sorrow and Gloom.

Still bright on clouds of suffering dim
Shines that soft, solemn joy;
Nor care I now, how dense and grim
Disasters gather nigh:

I care not in this moment sweet,
Though all I have rushed o'er
Should come on pinion, strong and fleet,
Proclaiming vengeance sore:

Though haughty Hate should strike me down,
Right, bar approach to me,
And grinding might, with furious frown,
Swear endless enmity.

My love has placed her little hand
With noble faith in mine,
And vowed that wedlock's sacred band
Our natures shall entwine.

My love has sworn, with sealing kiss,
With me to live—to die;
I have, at last, my nameless bliss:
As I love—loved am I!

Short Patent Sermons; By Dow, Jr.; Vol. 2. New York, 1848.

The notice which we gave in our last number of these witty discourses will certainly have made our readers cry for more of the same kind. The specimens which we then gave were of the grotesqueries of the author; the following extract from the 2nd volume shows that Dow, Jr., can be simply pathetic when he chooses, and natural; he has certainly an observing eye for the

beauties of Nature, and must have spent his childhood amid sweet country scenes to be able so well to depict the natural features of our landscapes:—"In the summer season you have a full orchestra of feathered musicians; and the way they pour out their melody is most gladdening to the soul. Now and then, however, we find a bird whose harp was never tuned to harmony. Far up some creek's still course, whose current mines the forest's blackened roots, and whose green margin is seldom trod by human foot, the lonely heron stands, and harshly breaks the sabbath of the wilderness; or you may find him by some reedy pool, or meditating gloomily on the time-stained rock that wets its bottom with the waters of some misty lake. This gray watcher of the waters sings no joyous songs as he looks after his supper by keeping an eye on the shining fishes as they pass; and yet there is mysterious music in that strange, startling call of his, like the wild scream of one whose life is perishing at sea. There is sacred music, my friends, in the lone whippoorwill's fitful hymn, when heard in the drowsy watches of the night—when all the village lights are out—when the day-winds are hushed, and the very ears of the earth seem to be open and listening. O, it is heart-softening to hear him chaunt his hollow dirge like some recluse who takes his lodgings in the wilderness of the woods, and sends up his anthem while all the world is still! Oh! how I used to love, when a boy, to have this little minstrel leave his hidden home to sit upon my window-sill and sing me to sleep, when the blue-bird and robin were at rest, and the twittering swallows had folded up their wings for the night! Let the God of Nature be thanked for sending such a welcome nocturnal visitor to sing lullabies at the couch of care—to sweeten the slumbers of us wretched mortals—and make us dream perchance of joy, happiness, and Heaven."

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE, by H. C. Carey. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1848.

Mr. Henry C. Carey is already well and favourably known by his politico-economic writings, but this valuable and learned work will gain him a higher reputation than he has yet had. It is the most clearly written, and ablest-argued work, on political economy, that has yet been published, either in this country, or England. The great defect of the book, is one that can be easily overlooked, although, it will unquestionably interfere greatly with its circulation. It is too diffuse; the diffusion, however, is not that which results from a display of mere words, but of facts; he piles up mountains of facts to sustain a principle, which, in some cases, need only be given as a naked proposition, but this is not a fault to the statician, or political economist, with whom facts are all and everything. In the first part of the book the author utterly demolishes the celebrated theory, of Ricardo, respecting rent, and proves conclusively that that much quoted author is radically wrong in his principal argument. The style of the author, is free and flowing, well suited to his subject, and better adapted to popular tastes, than that of the great majority of politico-economy writers. It is not one of those books from which you can quote largely, but we offer the following passages rather as evidence of his style, than as proofs of his sagacity, which must be found in a consecutive study of his treatises.

Speaking of England, he illustrates her position thus:

"England presents to view a pyramid, but an inverted one, the apex of which rests upon a vast population, a portion of which is uninstructed to a degree almost incredible, while another large portion is uninstructed in a very small degree, and the whole are wanting in the activity which in the United States results from perfect self-government. Piled on these is a vast poor-house establishment with its hosts of officers. On this again stands Manchester; and on this rest a large mass of great merchants and bankers, trading largely on credit and but little on capital. On the top of this rests numerous great corporations making large

dividends out of *Irish rents*, and taxes on the coal consumed by the artizans of London; or the salt eaten by the unfortunate people of India; or the proceeds of high interests charged to unhappy traders and railroad speculators, seduced by liberal offers of loans at low interest, to risk their fortunes and their happiness upon the chance of an approach towards steadiness in the action of a great bank, that is governed by no principle but that of momentary expediency. On the top of this we see a great Church, collecting millions to be divided among archbishops, bishops, prebends and rectors, while curates do the work and starve on servants' wages. Next we see a vast aristocracy with vast possessions, cultivated by men who live in mud hovels and earn nine shillings a week; and mortgages so heavy that Record-Offices are held in small esteem and deemed to be undesirable. Piled on this, Pelion upon Ossa, we have a fleet and army, and colonies, requiring a hundred millions of dollars annually for their support. Over all, stand the ministers and great officers of State, surrounded by hosts of chancellors and ex-chancellors, pensioners, sinecurists and retipients of the public moneys, of all grades and conditions of life, from the great Duke down to the tide-waiter and letter-sorter.

France is also exhibited in the same light:

France presents to view another great pyramid, resting on the shoulders of the miserable people of Paris, one half of whom receive alms, in the form of bread tickets, when crops are short; and the equally miserable owners of millions of acres and half acres, cultivated by men who scarcely obtain the means of subsistence: and the more miserable operatives of Lyons and Sedan. The part which stands high in air, and which should be the bottom, is broad; and there we see the King busily employed in raising materials from below for the purpose of widening the top; creating *appanages* and vice royalties for his children, which all around are watching for the time when the whole machine shall topple over, burying in its ruins, king, princes, princesses, *appanages*, vice-royalties, and all other of the bad machinery now so extensively in use. Let but the people of the United States determine that *they will* place the consumer by the side of the producer, and thousands of the most useful men in that country; great and little capitalists, and the best operatives of all descriptions; will transfer themselves to the place where labour is in demand, wages are high, and food is abundant. Then will it become necessary to offer them inducements to stay at home; then will the people acquire power; and then may the world see an approach of peace, for the people everywhere love peace. Their rulers alone love war, and war abounds where man is cheap and food is dear.

The Prose Writers of Germany, by F. H. Hedge. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1848.

This is a very handsome volume, and a very acceptable one; it is published in a style uniform with Griswold's *Prose Writers of America*, embellished with finely engraved portraits of Goethe, Luther, Schiller, Richter, Lessing, and others. The selections are from twenty-eight different German authors, some of which are original translations. The compiler was assisted in his labours by several distinguished German scholars. The selections commence with those from Luther's Works, and end with the History of Peter Schlemihl, by Adalbert Von Chamisso. We have said that the volume is a very acceptable one, and such it will prove to a large number of readers, but, for our own part, we would have liked it better if it had contained extracts from the writings of more recent German authors, whom as yet we only know by name.

The Middle Kingdom, by S. Wells Williams; 2 Vols. Wiley & Putnam, New York, 1848.

The title of this work does not very clearly indicate the nature of its contents, but the external of the volumes are so thoroughly

Chinese in aspect that they leave no doubt on the subject. In a word, the Middle Kingdom is the fullest and best account of China and the Chinese that can be obtained by the general reader. The author had opportunities for gaining accurate information by his long residence in Canton, which few writers on China have ever enjoyed, and he has made his work a perfect "Chinese Museum." It abounds in curious information, and has a great number of well engraved illustrations. Mr. Williams lived in Canton long enough to become familiar with the peculiarities of the Chinese which appear so odd and so unnatural to us; a China-man in Broadway is, to be sure, a whimsical looking creature, but hardly less whimsical, we apprehend, would a Broadway dandy appear in China. Our author is not disposed to countenance the rest of the world in laughing at the Celestials. In his introductory remarks, he says:

"Another object aimed at, has been to divest the Chinese people and civilization of that peculiar and almost indefinable impression of ridicule which is so generally given them; as if they were the apes of Europeans, and their social state, arts, and government, the burlesques of the same things in Christendom. It may be excusable for the Chinese to have erroneous and contemptuous notions concerning lands and people of whom they have had little desire and less opportunity to learn what they really are; but such ideas entertained concerning them by those who have made greater attainments in morality, arts, and learning, greatly enfeebles the desire, and tends to excuse the duty, to impart these blessings to them. The names she has given her towns, the physiognomy God has marked upon the features of her people, the dress and fashions those people have chosen to adopt, their mechanical utensils, their religious festivals, their social usages; in short, almost every lineament of China and her inhabitants, has been the object of a laugh, or the subject of a pun. Travellers who visit them are expected to give an account of

'Mandarins, with yellow buttons, handing you preserves of snails;

Smart young men about Canton in nankeen tights and peacock's tails.

With many rare and dreadful dainties, kitten cutlets, pappy pies;

Birdnest soup which (so convenient!) every bush around supplies.'

Manners and customs, such as met the eye, and attracted attention by their newness and oddity, first found a place in their journals, and combined to continue the impression generally entertained, that the Chinese were, on the whole, an uninteresting, grotesque, and uncivilized 'pig-eyed' people, whom one ran no risk in laughing at; an 'umbrella race,' 'long-tailed celestials,' at once conceited, ignorant, and almost unimprovable."

The North American Review. Boston, January, 1848; Otis, Broaders & Co.

The last number of this long established and ably conducted Review is of a better quality, taken altogether, than any previous number that we have seen since the time when it was under the management of Edward Everett. It has recently had new life infused into it, its papers have been learned, lively, and on subjects of immediate interest; it is certainly fully equal to either of the British Quarterlies in ability. The best article in the January number is the review of "Modern Landscape Painters, by A Graduate of the University of Oxford." We say it is the best article, because its merit is of a peculiar and decided character, and is the very best review of that much-reviewed work which has yet appeared; but the other articles are of good and decided merit.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

DEAR READER,

Since we last had this pleasure, the new year has come and one twelfth part of it has already departed; we are now jogging on with 1848 in good earnest, and so smoothly do the wheels of Time go round that we have not felt a jolt or a jar since the race began, the new year falls off as steadily as the old one comes on dropping his events as he goes on like a farmer dropping his seed and,

"We pick up topics as pigeons peas
And utter them again when Jove doth please."

Which is but once a month, and our difficulty arises from an embarrassment of riches, there are so many things to be said, so brief a space to say them in that we hardly know which to include in our monthly summary and what to exclude.

But let us say here before we forget it, that such mild weather as the beginning of 1848, has never before been known. There has not yet been heard the jingle of a sleigh bell in Broadway, and mulled wine, mocassins and buffalo robes, as well as all the other pleasant concomitants of a snow-storm are drugs in the market. What will become of all the skates and sleigh-bells we know not; they will have to be sold for old iron and old brass, the latter article *entre nous*, is not much wanted in New York. New years day happened, very unfortunately for carpets and patent leather, to be the muddiest, foggiest, drizziest and most disagreeable day of the season. But neither the weather, nor the mud, nor the fog, nor the rain, prevented the New Yorkers from making their new year's calls; it must be terrible weather that would do that; for as new year's day comes but once a year, the inhabitants of the Empire city, cannot afford to relinquish their accustomed festivities; besides, all business being suspended on that day, excepting the business of eating, drinking, giving presents, and wishing everybody a happy new year, people have nothing else to do and must make calls from necessity. Our distant readers may not all be familiar with the *modus operandi* of getting rid of new year's day in New York, and therefore we will give them a brief description of the way they do it.

In the first place, all the banks, stores, insurance offices, law courts, churches, custom houses, lawyers offices, counting rooms, ship yards, butchers stalls and printing offices are all shut up; then the bells at day light ring the old year out and the new one in: then all the ladies who have previously made ample preparations set out their centre tables with frosted cakes, cookies, coffee urns, pickled oysters, cold ham, decanters of wine, pitchers of lemonade, and an indiscriminate collection of odds and ends, in the line of fancy confectionary; then they array themselves in their new dresses made for the occasion, and putting on their sweetest smiles and most becoming head ornaments, seat themselves quietly before the fire about half past ten in the morning, like queens on their thrones, to receive the calls and compliments of all who may take it into their heads to visit them; for on new year's day the sluices of society are opened, and anybody may go anywhere and nothing will be thought of it. Soon after the lady of the house has taken her seat by the fire, with her country cousin, or old maid sister, or oldest daughter, to sustain her in her trials, a pull is heard at the front door bell, and in a moment a gentleman enters the parlor looking very fresh, very neat and very bright, for it is the beginning of the day and the gloss has not yet been taken off his boots or his feelings, his shirt collar is as stiff as starch can make it, his satin scarf as glossy as glass, his gloves whiter than snow, and his linen pocket-handkerchief unblemished. The lady starts up and exclaims, "Oh! Mr. Wigglesworth! is that you?"

Thereupon the gentleman advances, reaches out his gloved hand to the lady and says, in the most joyous manner; "how do you do? I wish you a happy new year; the compliments of the season to you."

Then the lady replies in the most smiling and agreeable manner; "thank you, many returns of the same to yourself. Pray how is Mrs. Wigglesworth?"

"O! charming, charming," replies the gentleman. He then sits down and having ventured an original remark on the weather, the conversation comes to a dead halt, and the lady rising from her seat, says in an impressive manner, "wont you take some refreshments?"

The gentleman shakes his head and positively declines, but being again pressed, consents to taste a drop of lemonade; a new comer by this time rushes in, the old one rushes out to repeat the same impressive ceremony at the houses of fifty of his acquaintances before night, when if you happen to see him on his way home, you will see as strong a contrast to the bright, fresh, starched and white-gloved gentleman of the morning as could possibly be imagined; his patent leather has lost all its gloss, his shirt collar all its starch, and his feelings all their freshness. His eye is heavy and there is a strong probability that he has drank too many little glass mugs of lemonade, for his step is rather unsteady and his face looks flushed. The chances are that he wakes in the morning with a shocking headache and blessing himself that he has got three hundred and sixty-four days to recuperate in before new year day comes round again.

We cannot pretend to say how the ladies look and feel at the close of the day, because we do not know; and it would not be gallant to reveal it if we did; but it is reasonable to believe that they are glad when the day is over.

There is a good deal of public as well as private calling among the gentlemen who have the misfortune to hold official stations; the Mayor receives all the city in the Governor's Room of the City Hall, and treats them to punch and a shake of the hand; the different Aldermen receive their own constituency at their houses; the *dominis* and pastors of churches receive calls from their flocks, and the landlords of hotels on this happy day, keep open house for all the world to walk in, and eat and drink free of cost. The amount of money expended during the week preceding new years day, for bon-bons and toys we have heard estimated at two millions of dollars, which may be a little over the actual amount, but we do not think it is much beyond it. Some of the presents distributed on new years day, are very costly and superb. John Jacob Astor gave his son William the Astor House as a new year's present, but such gifts as this are not very common; we saw a beautiful rosewood piano-forte at the store of Chickering in Broadway, which cost 1500 dollars and was intended as a new year present from a fond grandmother to her only grand-child. Happy are the grand-daughters, who have such grandmothers.

Piano forte's naturally suggest the subject of music, and the "Heavenly Maid," who was once young in Greece, naturally brings to mind the Opera, and the Opera reminds us of a funny burlesque on our musical pretenders, which we clipped from the Mirror, purporting to be a conversation at the Astor Place Opera house, which we give for the benefit of those readers, who do not see that paper.

It is generally understood that people go to the Opera to see the audience, and not to hear the singing; and it cannot be denied that the *prime donne* of the balcony and boxes are not only much prettier, but much more prettily dressed than those of the stage. As it is presumed that not more than seven-eighths of the audience

are conversant with the Italian language and able to understand all that is said, or rather sung, on the stage, it may happen that a casual dropper-in at the Opera will be listening to the veritable drama performed in the boxes, instead of the mimic one of the foot-lights. We sat near an interesting family party the other night, and without putting ourselves to any trouble, enjoyed the following dialogue. The curtain had just risen on the first act of *Lucia*.

Lady.—O, my dear, isn't it perfectly beautiful? I was never so enchanted in my life! Such music!

Gent.—It's so-so. But its nothing to what they have in Europe.

Daughter.—I declare, pa, if there isn't a gentleman without any gloves. I wonder they don't put him out.

Lady.—My dear, which one do you think is the prima donna?

Daughter.—O, I know; it must be the man that sings so loud, with the black moustachois.

Gent.—Hush, my dear; don't expose your ignorance. That is the mezzo tinto, or mezzo soffano, I dare say.

Lady.—Do you think it is my dear? I never heard such a voice before. Do you think his legs are real legs?

Gent.—Of course not. These actors are always made up.

Daughter.—I think the soldiers are sweet.

Lady.—Is that real gold, do you think, on their dresses?

Gent.—Poo! po! No.

Lady.—How I wish that I could understand the words. What do you think they are saying?

Daughter.—Who plays Bendetti, pa?

Gent.—Why, my dear, that is the name of the first baritone.

Lady.—Why, my dear, I thought the baritone was a brass instrument.

Being obliged just at this interesting point to vacate our seat to make room for a lady, we lost the remainder of the conversation.

This whimsical mistake in calling a singer a *mezzo tinto*, and a *baritone* a brass instrument, reminds us of an amateur whom we heard, the other day expatiating on the merits of a painting representing a steamboat; "it is a most perfect *speaking* likeness," said the critic, "nothing like it has ever been produced from the time of Raphael down to *Madonna*, it is quite equal to Sir Joshua Reynolds or the best of Claude Melnotte."

There has been nothing new in the fine arts during the past month; the American Art Union, distributed their great collection of pictures, and the Greek Slave has been removed from the city, after receiving a greater number of visitors than any similar work has ever been honoured with in this city. Page the great portrait painter, who is now ranked first in the list of American painters, if not of living artists, has finished his great historical picture of Ruth, and has executed the best head of the poet Bryant that has yet been painted. The next opening of the National Academy will contain some of this noble artists best works, among them will be a full length portrait of a little son of Mr. Taggart, a lawyer of this city, which surpasses in loveliness, any American painting that we have ever seen, for harmonious richness of colouring and beauty of composition, it is incomparably beautiful. The little boy standing on a pavement of sienna marble, dressed in a simple blue velvet tunic, with a bunch of scarlet flowers in his hand, which he has just broken from the stem of an exotic plant, looks as though he were going to step out of the gilt frame which encloses him. This picture would alone establish Mr. Page's claims, to be ranked as a master in his art.

New York is getting so full of artists, painters, sculptors, engravers and sketchers, that they form of themselves a very large community, and if they had the discretion to comprehend the meaning of the old adage "in union there is strength," they might band themselves together for mutual assistance and profit; but they are divided up into little cliques and clubs, or here and there one standing solitary and alone wrapped up in his own pride and importance. A certain number of the National Academicians, those having the greatest pretensions and the least talent, have a club in Broadway called the "Century," for what reason no one knows; the members are chiefly small artists with

great pretensions, and small authors with great reputations. Some of the younger artists of the city, with more genius and less pretension have formed themselves into sketch clubs for their mutual improvement in art. One of these clubs, called the "Art Re-union," meets weekly at the house of one of the members, for the purpose of an interchange of friendship and information, and there can be no doubt that the happiest influences result from their meetings. Among the members of the Art-Re-union, are Messrs Mattison, Paul Duggan, Dunnell and other young artists who are beginning to be known by their works rather than their pretensions; the "New York Sketch Club," meets weekly at the houses of its members, when each one presents a sketch either in oil, sepia or crayons, illustrative of some subject previously named by the member, at whose house the meeting is held, and to whom all the sketches belong. Among the members of this club, are some of the most promising young artists in this city. The officers of the club are Messrs. Richards, Cafferty, Thomas Cummings Jr., and F. Pantan. Among the members are S. R. Fanshawe, Church, Wotherspoon, Groatex, T. H. Smith, E. H. May, Stearns, Hagan, and Miss L. A. Sprague. Some of the sketches of this club, that we have had the pleasure of examining, manifest a high degree of artistic talent, and an elevated imagination in the sketchers. We do not think that the plan of naming a word for illustration as "the Past," "Hope," &c., so well calculated to elicit good effects, as the selection of some definite subject or author. There is another sketch club composed of amateurs, authors and artists, composed of the older members of the National Academy, among whom are Bryant, the poet; C. M. Leupp, F. W. Edmonds, Durand, Chapman, Cole, Gray, A. M. Cozzens and Gulian C. Verplank. Another club has recently been formed, which has engaged a suite of rooms in the new Athenæum hotel, on the corner of Leonard street and Broadway; called the "Metropolitan," composed of actors, authors, artists, amateurs and *Gentlemen of the Press*. The veteran Major NOAH, is the president of this club, ADAM STODDART, the treasurer; a truly patriarchal and venerable pair of names. The secretary of the Metropolitan is James F. Otis, Esq. of the Express, or, as he is familiarly called by his hosts of friends *Gemotice*; and a gem of an acquaintance he is, too. A very interesting little brochure might be made up, with an account of the clubs of Broadway. The oldest of these clubs is the "Union," composed chiefly of old Knickerbockers and men of wealth and a fixed position in society; the "New York Club," is composed chiefly of fashionable young "Gents;" the "Rackett Club," is the only one that has built a club house, it is composed of up town merchants, and wealthy parvenus; their club house adjoining Niblo's Garden, or rather the dreary spot which was once a garden, is one of the handsomest buildings in Broadway. The "Manhattan Club," which was managed by Lovel Purdy, had very spacious and elegant apartments in a new house in the upper part of Broadway, has recently been dissolved and converted into a Hotel Garni. The genuine club life of London, has not yet been introduced into New York, and we doubt whether it can well be; society in New York is so unlike that of London, that our clubs must be *sui generis* and quite unlike either the *café*-life of Paris or the club-life of London.

THE THEATRES.—Something of a change has taken place in theatrical matters during the past month. The Park Theatre has been closed to the legitimate Drama, and opened to a legitimate Circus; Shakespeare and Sheridan have been abandoned for horses and clowns. The "Broadway" has been compelled to reduce its prices one half; it still adheres to legitimate dullness, but before long the Manager will resort to the "long tails and spangles," at least if he prefers making money to losing it. We are not of those who lament over the decline of the Drama; if the people prefer good riding, singing, and dancing, to stupid

plays and bad acting, who shall censure them for it? We have rarely seen so high a degree of intelligence and artistic training shown in the performance of a play as were exhibited by some of the troupe belonging to the admirable company of Sands, Lent & Co. Master James Hernandez is the most agile and graceful rider that we have ever seen in the ring, while the feats performed by Mr. Sands and his two beautiful boys, Maurice and Jesse, are exceedingly graceful and neat.

If managers will persist in putting upon the stage none but old plays, that have been performed until their repetition can produce nothing but weariness and disgust, they must expect that their houses will be deserted.

It is but justice to the Broadway Theatre, to say that the truly liberal proprietor of that magnificent house has spared neither pains nor expense to please the public. The house is everything that can be desired—splendid in appearance, safe in its construction, and truly magnificent in its fitting up. It is no fault of his that his house does not draw, excepting that he practices on a bad system of presenting old plays and old players instead of giving the public what it incessantly demands, which is novelty, novelty, novelty.

Mr. Barrett has resigned his post of Stage Manager, and Col. Mann has called to his aid Mr. Marshall, of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

The reduction of prices has had the effect to draw better audiences than he had, and we are happy to learn that the Theatre pays, but not so well as was expected.

The "Literary World" has recently contained a series of articles on the Fine Arts and the Drama, addressed to the President and Regents of the Smithsonian Institute, in which the decline of the Drama, as the desertion of the Theatre is called, is accounted for in a perfectly satisfactory manner. The truth is, the Drama has been deserted by the managers of the Theatre, and the public have very properly deserted the managers. What would be thought of a clergyman who should do nothing but read over and over again the sermons of South, Taylor, and Doddridge, and never preach their own thoughts in their own way? Shakespeare and Sheridan are very good, but nobody wants to hear their plays for ever.

The little Olympic is one of the most profitable theatrical establishments in the union; such a thing as a slender audience is never known there; the house is always full; the actors are well paid; the audience in good humour, and the manager prosperous. There is nothing like a decline of the Drama at the Olympic, and the reason is that the manager presents his audiences with a succession of new pieces, and charges them but a moderate price of admission.

Mr. R. H. Hornes, in his New Spirit of the age, shows up theatrical managers in London, and the show up will apply in many cases with us.

MODERN THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—Capitalists have backed them with unbounded wealth; experience has lent them all her aid; trickery all her cunning; puffery all her placards, bills, paragraphs, and the getting up of "stories;" the press all her hundred tongues, telling of the mighty doings, besides the special tongue in cases where a public organ has been a private engine, and what has been the result? Bankruptcies, failures, dispersions, flights, half salaries, no salaries, farewell dinners, debts, prisons, and fresh candidates for the fatal seat. The fresh candidate who, in most cases, is a fine old hand at a failure, usually finds a fresh capitalist to back him. "He is a man of such practical experience!" says the capitalist. Mooncalf! of what is his experience? Are not the practical results of all his efforts precisely of a kind to make every capitalist in his rational senses start back from his disastrous "experience?" But there is also another peculiarity attached to a managerial leaseholder. He pays people if he can; if he cannot, he laughs in

their faces. Anybody else would be arrested, or knocked down, or something. He stands in a sporting attitude; and nothing happens to him! Every now and then, when a dashing, speculating sort of "man about town" finds himself totally without money, and does not know what in the world to do next, he says to himself, "Damme! I'll take a theatre!" Very likely he will find backers with money as soon as he has taken it; in any case, the proprietors are too happy to let him the house. He invariably fails. Some are paid, many not. Who cares? That dashing speculator is not a scamp, "bless your heart," but an excellent good fellow. He has such enterprise in him! such experience! Why, the impudent rogue actually risked nothing; he had nothing to risk! Oh, but he has such enterprise! And thus, with two unexamined catch-words, enterprise and experience, the proprietors of theatres, and the poor mooncalf capitalist, delude and injure themselves and the public.

BANVARD'S PANORAMA OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—This exhibition after having been visited by thousands in Boston, has been transferred to Broadway, where it proves to be one of the greatest attractions of the day, and it certainly is one of the most meritorious. We have seen it stated in some of the Eastern papers, that Mr. Banvard netted some thirty thousand dollars by exhibiting his panorama in Boston. This is probably an exaggeration, but it must have proved in the highest degree profitable. The canvass upon which the panorama is painted, is said to be three miles in length, which we doubt, for at the rate of speed at which it is unrolled three miles of canvass could hardly pass by one in the time that it takes to unroll the Mississippi. Let the length of the canvass be what it may, it is a most interesting exhibition, and gives one as correct an idea of the sublime views of the great Father of Waters, as an actual voyage down the river could do. The panorama has no great merit as a picture, in its details, but taken altogether, it is unequalled as a grand landscape painting. The success of Mr. Banvard has incited other artists to undertake similar works; a panorama is exhibiting in Boston, of the voyage from Boston to Liverpool in a steamer, the sight of which must be enough to give one a feeling of sea-sickness; half a dozen young artists a few weeks ago, set out for a voyage on the Rhine, to make a panorama of that river; the Hudson remains for some other enterprising genius to work upon two or three miles of canvass, and certainly, no river in the world offers a greater variety of beautiful scenery for panorama purposes, and none in America has half so many historical points *d'appui*. Nothing could exceed in beauty a panorama of the Hudson with its falls, islands, mills, cities, highlands, rocks, and mountains; its Anthony Nose, its West Point, its Stony Point, its Pallsades, its Revolutionary reminiscences, and last and greatest of all, its great city of New York. We wonder that some artist has not already undertaken this great work, beginning at the source of the river, among the stupendous mountains of the North. We have recently been looking at a very beautiful panorama of the Boulevards of Paris, published in a work which shows every nook and corner, and every species of inhabitant to be found in that epitome of the world, called *Le Diable à Paris*, and we think that a panoramic view of Broadway, with its gingerbread churches, grotesque fountains, superb stores, and shabby cigar shops, would make a much finer exhibition than a panorama of any river whatever. The "History and Physiology of the Boulevards of Paris, from the Madeleine to the Bastille," written by De Balzac, begins by an enumeration of all the famous streets in the world, but one; the Grand Canal of Venice, the Corsia dei Serei of Milan, the Corso at Rome, the Perspective of St. Petersburg, the Gate of the Sun in Madrid, and the Graben of Vienna; but not a word is said of the Broadway of New York, which is the noblest street of all, through which the life of the New World daily courses; the arterial blood of a whole continent palpitates through Broadway, and not a

whisper is heard of it in a history of the great streets of the world!

THE STEYERMARKISCHE MINSTRELS.—These are a band of nineteen instrumentalists that made their appearance in New York during the last month, and by the novelty of their performances almost divided the town with the Italian singers, in Astor Place. They come from Germany, where almost all our principal musicians come from; they are an exceedingly good looking band of musicians, apparently educated gentlemen, who seem to be devoted to their art and play, rather for the love of art than the desire of gain; there is a very handsome youth, with a smooth, yet grave face, and a full dark eye, who seems to control all their movements, as by some magic influence. Those who have no appreciation of really fine music, will be charmed and delighted by the marvelous precision of their movements, and the perfect harmony of all their actions. They have been playing at the Tabernacle, and have been most successful in drawing large and fashionable audiences.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—There is no literary gossip. The month of January is a dead month among the literati and the publishers. We understand that there is a poem in the press from an eminent author, called a "FABLE FOR CRITICS," which will make some noise among authors and authorings when it appears, and when it does, we will certainly give our readers a taste of its quality. The Harpers have published two novels which have made some noise in England, the one "Jane Eyre," is evidently the work of a woman, for it is full of womanly experience with which no man could be familiar; the other we understand, that they gave two hundred and fifty dollars for an advance copy; it is by that flashy, wordy, and sentimental proser, Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year." The new novel is called "Now and Then," and will do now and then to beguile an hour with.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera happily is not a reality in New York now, but it has become a prominent topic of conversation and newspaper comment. Its presence is anticipated by many medical men, during the coming summer, for it has been making rapid strides toward the Western shores of Europe, and there is no reason to doubt its crossing the Atlantic as it did in 1832. The best way to avoid this terrible scourge, is by the strictest attention to cleanliness and regularity of habits; the treatment of the disease is better understood now than it was when it made its first terrible visit in our cities, but the means of preventing its appearance are much better known than then, of arresting its ravages when it once shows itself. Clean streets and clean houses are the only sure means of preventing the cholera; for the first, we must look to the public authorities, but for the last, the head of every family is accountable. *Appropos des bottes*, speaking of houses and their heads, reminds us of those house-loving rascals, rats, and of a humorous bit of writing about them, for which we are indebted to somebody, but we know not his name, and cannot give him the credit to which he is entitled for his humour.

"Wheresoever man goes, the rat follows, or accompanies him. He enters upon your house as a tenant at will, (his own, not yours,) works out for himself a covered way in your walls, ascends by it from one story to another, and leaving you the larger apartments, takes possession of a space between the floor and the ceiling, as an entresol for himself. There he has parties, and his revels and his gallopades, (merry ones they are) when you would be asleep, if it were not for the spirit with which the youth and belles of Rat-land keep up the ball over your head. And you are more fortunate than most of your neighbours, if he does not prepare for himself a mausoleum behind your chimney-piece, or under your hearth-stone, retire into it when he is about to die, and very soon afford you full proof that though

he may have lived like a hermit, his relics are not in the odor of sanctity."

THE TRICKS OF ADVERTISERS.—We know an old lady who has been so many times entrapped into reading an advertisement of quack medicines, ingeniously framed, like a piece of rare news, that she has given up reading newspapers out of pure vexation. We are not often caught by these traps of advertisers, but we put our foot into a hole the other day, that was so cunningly contrived that no fox could have suspected it; there is no safety any longer in reading a newspaper, and after reading the following, we almost determined to follow the determination of our old lady acquaintance, and give up the daily paper altogether.

SOMETHING TRULY REMARKABLE.—A young man in the upper part of Vermont, several years ago, was out on a gunning excursion, got lost in the woods, remained out all night and was found next day in an almost frozen state. He was taken with a long spell of pleureasy and totally lost his voice! In six months time, he began to recover his voice a little, could articulate a few words when he discovered that he was most singularly endowed with the power of ventriloquism; could throw his voice to almost any part of a house or room, imitate sounds, beasts and birds, with trivial effort, and yet could hardly speak naturally! This singular phenomenon perhaps did not more astonish the medical faculty than the peculiar and most astonishing cures perfected by *Mrs. Tilley's Cough Syrup* during the last month in Boston, of severe colds, coughs, influenza, sore throat, whooping cough, &c.

During the past month there has been an immense deal of feasting in all our principal cities, in honour of our heroes who have returned with their brows crowned with victorious wreaths from Mexico. The festivals commenced in New Orleans, with the glorious entry of Old Rough and Ready into that city; and since then New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, have feasted and feted, and danced and harangued scores of gallant officers. While our own army is in possession of the capital of Mexico, it is not amiss to remember, that not many years since a small British force marched through the heart of our country, and took possession of Washington, and after setting fire to the Capitol, actually sat down to dinner in the President's House. The following account of the affair, is from a work recently published in London, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. It is very well, now and then, to look backward as well as forward. "I need scarcely observe, that the consternation of the inhabitants (of Washington) was complete, and to them this was a night of terror. So confident had they been of the success of their troops, that few of them had dreamt of quitting their houses or abandoning the city; nor was it till the fugitives from the battle began to rush in, filling every place as they came with dismay, that the President himself thought of providing for his safety. That gentleman, as I was credibly informed, had gone forth in the morning with the army, and had continued among his troops till the British forces began to make their appearance. Whether this sight of his enemies cooled his courage or not I cannot say, but according to my informant, no sooner was the glittering of our arms discernible, than he began to discover that his presence was more wanted in the Senate than in the field; and having ridden through the ranks, and exhorted every man to do his duty, he hurried back to his own house, that he might prepare a feast for the entertainment of his officers, when they should return victorious. For the truth of these details I will not be answerable; but this much I know, that the feast was actually prepared, though, instead of being devoured by American officers, it went to satisfy the less delicate appetite of a party of English soldiers. When the detachment sent out to destroy Mr. Madison's house entered his dining-parlour, they found a dinner-table spread, and covers laid for forty guests. Several kinds of wine in handsome cut-glass decanters were cooling on the sideboard; plate-holders stood by the fire-place, filled with dishes and plates; knives, forks, and spoons were

arranged for immediate use; everything, in short, was ready for the entertainment of a ceremonious party. Such were the arrangements in the dining-room, whilst in the kitchen were others answerable to them in every respect. Spits loaded with joints of various sorts turned before the fire; pots, saucepans, and other culinary utensils stood upon the grate; and all the other requisites for an elegant and substantial repast were in the exact state which indicated that they had been lately and precipitately abandoned. The reader will easily believe that these preparations were beheld, by a party of hungry soldiers, with no indifferent eye. An elegant dinner, even though considerably over-dressed, was a luxury to which few of them, at least for some time back, had been accustomed; and which, after the dangers and fatigues of the day, appeared peculiarly inviting. They sat down to it, therefore, not indeed in the most orderly manner, but with countenances which would not have disgraced a party of aldermen at a civic feast; and having satisfied their appetites with fewer complaints than would have probably escaped their rival *gourmands*, and partaken pretty freely of the wines, they finished by setting fire to the house which had so liberally entertained them." *

This account is not literally true, but it is correct in the main. Since then we have grown great, powerful, rich, and proud. If an enemy were to make the audacious attempt to set fire to the House of our President again, they would be pretty sure of being roasted in the flames. We have had a good many jokes about our army capturing the camp dinner which had just been cooked for the President of Mexico, but our old enemy, John Bull, did worse by us; he walked into the house of our Chief Magistrate, and having eaten the dinner which he found ready cooked, split up the mahogany tables for tooth picks, and then set fire to the house. We can hardly believe that a nation whose poor we are feeding gratuitously ever served us such a very shabby trick. But it is true, nevertheless.

It is a fact worth chronicling, that two well known artists have clubbed together to produce an American Opera; Mr. H. P. Grattan, the actor-author, is to produce the libretto, and Mr. George Loder is to compose the music, Mr. Fry's Opera of *Leonora*, it is said, will be produced shortly at the Astor Place Opera House. The advocates of protective duties should petition Congress to levy a heavy duty on Italian performers, and Italian music, and perhaps it might lead to the production of good native music. American birds are the finest songsters in the world; the Bobolink, Mocking Bird, and Oriole, are sweeter songsters than any Swedish Nightingale, and we see no reason why our *prima donna* should not warble their native wood notes as charmingly as any Italian Warblers. But we are too much at our ease in this blessed country to drive people to piping their voices for a living. No song no supper, is not the rule here; every man, woman, and child is sure of a supper, whether they sing or not; and truly it is a happy thing to know that we have not only enough for our own wants, but something to spare for those who are in need. We would sooner hide our charities under a bushel than make a boast of them, but the gifts of our people to the suffering poor of Europe, last year, are things to be proud of. Leaving out of view the immense sums expended for purely religious objects, to spread the Gospel among the distant Pagans, the contributions to sufferers by floods in France, to the starving Highlanders of Scotland, see what was sent from New York alone by one committee to the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends in Dublin for the benefit of the starving Irish.

4570 bbls Wheat Flour; 33,074 bbls, 243 half-bbls Indian Corn Meal; 2520 bbls, 7293 bags Indian Corn; 191 bbls Rye Flour; 57 bbls, 29 bags Rye; 78 bbls Bread; 411 bags 3 bbls Rice; 198 bbls Wheat; 8 bbls Buckwheat; 253 bbls Peas and

Beans; 13 bbls Oat Meal; 135 bbls Barley; 6 bbls Barley Meal; 69b bls Beef and Pork; 184 packages clothing; 3 boxes Arrow Root; 2 bbls Hops; 2 bbls Fish; 4 bbls Potatoes; 2 bbls Oats; 2 packages Cheese; 3 bbls Bacon; 1 Ham; 1 roll Leather; 1 bbl Vinegar. Also fifteen thousand dollars in money.

These constituted, altogether, *ten* whole, and parts of *seventeen* other cargoes.

Last year all Europe seemed to be on the point of starving; now all their merchants, banks, and a good many nobles were failing; the last news from over the water brought us accounts of everybody being down with the Influenza, or La Grippe, as it is called in France. So universally felt was this disease in England, that the theatres were closed on account of the performers being sick; law suits were suspended, schools and colleges were shut up, and there seemed at one time a prospect that the entire business of the nation would come to a stand still; the highest and the lowest persons in the kingdom were alike affected. We have happily escaped all disasters here, or at least we have had but one of any serious extent, besides the usual number of steamboat explosions and rail-road accidents; the flood of our western rivers, the Ohio, Mississippi, and their tributaries, has caused great distress, by loss of life and property on their borders. We were witnesses of a melancholy scene which occurred in this city a few days since, growing out of these disastrous floods. Some three or four months since, a young Irish gentleman, the son of a physician residing near Dublin, came to this country to seek his fortune, and going West, he became so enchanted with the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil, that his glowing descriptions induced his parents to follow him. They had written to their son to meet them in New York, and on their arrival here in a Liverpool packet, the anxious father leaped ashore, leaving his wife behind him, and hurried to the office of a friend, where he expected to find his son; but, alas, for the poor old man! he there learned the heart-breaking intelligence of the death of his son, who had perished but a few weeks before his arrival, by the great flood of the Ohio. The unfortunate youth had taken refuge in a house, which being undermined by the rising waters, fell and crushed seventeen human beings among its ruins. We never before witnessed such heart-touching grief as that exhibited by the fond father, on hearing of the fate of his darling boy; in the expressive language of Scripture, he lifted up his voice and wept.

But his hardest task was yet to come; he had to return to his wife and break the sad news to her; but he could not do it. The old man carried the dread intelligence in his breast for two days, giving vent to his grief in secret, lest it should destroy the partner of his declining years, until her loss was made known to her in as merciful a manner as it could be done by some female friends whom she had found on her arrival here. There was mourning. As we write, there our eye happens to fall on an English paper which contains the Lord Chamberlain's order for the Court of Queen Victoria to go into mourning for the death of his Royal Highness the Elector of Hesse. What a heartless mockery of grief! what a disgusting insult to the genuine mourning of stricken hearts, is such an order as this! When people cannot mourn without being ordered to do it, they had better be merry. But this court mourning is of the gentlest and most moderate type conceivable; it amounts only to the wearing plain linen and white fringed gloves.

Here are the Lord Chamberlain's directions for this mockery of grief:

"The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces and ear-rings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets.

"The gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

"The Court to change the mourning on Thursday, the 9th inst., viz.—

"The ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribands, fans and tippets, or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuffs, with black ribands.

"The gentlemen to wear black coats, and black or plain white, or white and gold, or white and silver stuff waistcoats, fall trimmed, coloured swords and buckles.

"And on Sunday, the 12th inst., the Court to go out of mourning."

ETHER.—This once fashionable and most serviceable soother of all pains, has already had to give place to more valuable discoveries in the healing art. A surgeon in Hartford, Conn., has made a discovery which is said to be altogether superior to ether, to be more effectual in alleviating bodily pains, and less liable to the infliction of injury.

In England the chloroform has entirely superceded the ether, and we hear nothing now but chloroform, chloroform, chloroform. That rascal, Punch, who makes fun of everything, thus amuses himself with the new discovery in physic :

Oh! what a host, what an infinite variety,

Rapt Imagination, in her transports warm,
Pictures of blessings conferr'd upon society

By the new discovery of Chloroform!

Applications, amputations, denudations, perforations,
Utterly divested of all disagreeable sensations;
Like your coat-tail in a crowd—some clever cut-purse stealing it—
Arms and legs are now whipp'd off without our ever feeling it.

Take but a sniff at this essence anæsthetic,

Dropp'd upon a handkerchief, or bit of sponge.

And on your eyelids 'twill clasp a seal hermetical,

And your senses in a trance that instant plunge.

Then you may be pinch'd and punctured, bump'd and thump'd,
and whack'd about,
Scotch'd, and scored, and lacerated, canterised, and hack'd
about :

And though as tender as a chick—a Sybarite for queasiness—
Play'd alive, unconscious of a feeling of uneasiness.

CELSUS will witness our deft chirurgous presently,

Manage operations as he said they should ;

Doing them "safely, and speedily, and pleasantly,"

Just as if the body were a log of wood.

Teeth, instead of being drawn with agonies immeasurable,
Now will be extracted with sensations rather pleasurable;
Chloroform will render quite agreeable the parting with
Any useless member that a patient has been smarting with.

Then, of what vast, of what wonderful utility,

View'd in its relation to domestic bliss,

Since, in a trice, it can calm irritability,

Surely such a substance will be found as this!

Scolding wife and squalling infant—petulance and fretfulness,
Lulling, with its magic power, *instantly*, in forgetfulness:
Peace in private families securing, and in populous
Nurseries, where'er their little inmates prove "obstrepulous."

When some vile dun with his little bill is vexing you ;

When the Tax Collector's knock assails your door ;

When aught is troubling, annoying, or perplexing you ;

When, in short, you're plagued with any kind of bore,

Do not rage, and fume, and fret, behaving with stupidity,

Take the matter quietly, with coolness and placidity ;

Don't indulge in conduct and in language reprehensible—

Snuff a little Chloroform, be prudent, and insensible.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—This grand scheme still remains to be talked about ; it never is, but always to be built ; when it shall be finished all the world will be *Fourietes*, we have no doubt, Broadway will be swept clean, and the Mexican War will be at an end ; and our people will be satisfied with their possessions. The managers of the Washington Monument Association are the most indefatigable of human beings ; about once a month they publish a new lithographic design which is always a Gothic church tower, and always by Mr. Pollard. We have a reasonable attachment to life, and have as yet felt no particular desire to quit the world until it grows better, but we shall be

sorry to be doomed to live until the Washington Monument is built. Two things are especially worthy of admiration about the Monument ; the perseverance of Mr. Pollard in making designs for the same which are never accepted, and the unbounded faith of the trustees in making appeals to the public, which are never responded to.

THE DOOM OF OUR WORLD.—The North British Review says, "What this change is to be we dare not even conjecture, but we see in the heavens themselves some traces of destructive elements and some indications of their power. The fragments of broken planets—the descent of meteoric stones upon our globe—the wheeling comets wielding their loose materials at the solar surface—the volcanic eruptions in our own satellite—the appearance of new stars, and the disappearance of others—are all fore-shadows of that impending convulsion to which the system of the world is doomed. Thus placed on a planet which is to be burnt up, and under heavens which are to pass away ; thus treading, as it were, on the cemeteries, and dwelling on the mausoleums of former worlds, let us learn the lesson of humility and wisdom, if we have not already been taught it in the school of revelation.

EUGENE SUE.—Scandal like death, loves a shining mark, and to be famous is to be traduced. The disbers-up of penny lines probably a corruption of penny lies, in the literary world, appear to take peculiar delight in giving currency to scandalous stories about Dickens and Eugene Sue. On the arrival of every steam packet from Europe we are sure to see some revamped piece of nonsense about the private affairs of Dickens, how he has mortgaged his brains to a bookseller, how he lives beyond his income, how he is in a debtor's prison, how he has written books which are so stupid that his best friends in mercy to his reputation will not allow him to publish them, how he courts the aristocracy and delights in jewelry, how he slighted his old friend Douglass Jerrold, and a thousand other ridiculous tales which have no appearance of truth, and if true would be nobody's business but his own ; or else we see some strange romantic story about Eugene Sue, who is represented as a rich prodigal miser. The Boston Atlas which probably gives currency to a greater amount of nonsensical literary gossip than any other periodical in the world, has engaged an editor with the most appropriate name of Poor, to manufacture this sort of stuff, out of the idle rumors contained in Parisian *Feuilletons*. This journal recently published a column or two of the wildest fancy about Sue's private habits that the brain of a penny-a-liner could furnish. It was stated that Madame de —, the particular names of such madames are always hidden under a convenient dash, to test the sincerity of Sue's regard for the poor, disguised herself as a beggar and solicited alms of him in the street, and being repulsed, revealed herself to the wicked and hard hearted rovelist. Anything more improbable could not be imagined, but if it were strictly true it would be no evidence of want of charitable feelings in the novelist, who, like all sensible men, must of course discriminate in his charitable gifts. Beggars are so common in Paris that the man who should give even a very trifling sum to every one that importuned him, would require the fortune of a Rothschild. Another charge brought against Sue, was that he refused to sit for his portrait to a young American artist who had been commissioned to paint one, by the fourrierite champion Mr. Albert Brisbane. This happened to be true, but still we hardly think it a just cause of censure. The artist was Mr. Thomas Hicks, who was on his way to Rome to perfect himself in his art, and we cannot wonder that a man like Sue whose time must be constantly employed should feel himself impelled to decline sitting to a young artist who might, for aught he knew, make a caricature of him instead of a portrait. Mr. Webster, as we know, has refused, time after time, because he could not attend to it. Elliot has had a commission to paint a portrait of

Webster for a gentleman of this city, for more than a year and has never been able to obtain a sitting from the great statesman. It is not generally known that Mr. John Milhau, an old and respectable resident of this city, is Eugene Sue's uncle, being the brother of the novelist's mother; Sue also has another American tie, his mother's second husband was Dr. Niles of Baltimore, and his two half-sisters, the children of Dr. Niles, are said to be the originals of the sisters Rose and Blanche in the *Wandering Jew*. The two girls of the romance, however, have no marked characteristics, and we doubt whether he thought of any particular originals in sketching their characters.

We have heard actors tell of their terrible feelings when they made their first appearance before the foot-lights, but what must be the feelings of the soldier when he sees for the first time a row of hostile bayonets glittering in front of him, and hears the click of the flint which may send a bullet through his heart. A young volunteer in Mexico says in a letter giving an account of his first fight;

"At the National Bridge we had a skirmish with the enemy, the first fight I ever had the pleasure of being engaged in. My feelings at the first fire I am unable to describe. I did not feel inclined to run, yet was afraid to fire for fear I should kill somebody; but after two or three rounds it was all over, and I fired away with the rest of them."

How naively and naturally he writes, *he was afraid to fire lest he should kill somebody!* It appears to us that a soldier who is troubled with such fears before firing would be very likely to be visited by a bitter regret afterwards. Old Rough and Ready is evidently one of those generous soldiers who are afraid of killing somebody. It was this feeling which led the brave but humane old soldier to agree to the capitulation of Monterey; the features of his face prove him to be a stern but most humane man. The bust of Garbille, the portraits of Brown, and a daguerreotype that he sat for in New Orleans, and which we recently had the pleasure of seeing, give us as correct an idea of his personal appearance, as though we had met him face to face. There is no violence, no harshness, no cruelty, no revenge, no selfishness in his noble countenance. He has a well balanced intellectual head, and a most grave, thoughtful and benevolent countenance, equally expressive of decision, firmness and kindness. The soubriquet by which he is universally called is very expressive of his character, like the old Hickory of General Jackson. If general Taylor should be elected to the Presidency, it would be very remarkable that a man should be elevated to that high office who had never, himself, given a vote. But we must say no more about old Rough and Ready lest we grow political, for politics is a tabooed subject in our magazine.

Since our last number one republic, that of Mexico, has been very nearly erased from the catalogue of nations, and another one has sprung into existence on the coast of Africa, a very odd place for a republic. The following are the emblems of the new nation to which one of these days we may be sending consuls and ambassadors.

FLAG: Six red stripes with five white stripes, alternately displayed longitudinally. In the upper angle of the flag, next to the spear, a square blue ground covering in depth five stripes. In the centre of the blue, one white star.

SEAL: A dove on the wing with an open scroll in its claws. A view of the ocean with a ship under sail—the sun just emerging from the waters. A palm tree, and at its base a plough and spade. Beneath the emblems the word "Republic of Liberia," and above the emblems the national motto "the love of liberty has brought us here."

So that there is another "lone star" to be added by-and-by to our brilliant galaxy before we are done annexing all creation to our territory.

The following ponderous hexameters hit two birds with one stone; they hit off very happily Col. Benton's hard looks at General Kearney, and burlesque Professor Longfellow's *Evangelical* at the same time.

"Dread are the visions of nightmare one sees when suppers oppress one,

Fearful the mouths that the painted clown makes, by night, in the circus,

Blasting the rays of the moon that shine on the incautions sleeper, Turned into stone was the wretch who gazed on the face of Medusa,

Voiceless he roams who first is seen, when they meet by the black wolf,

Dreadful his fate who shall speak at a midnight meeting of fairies. But Crockest, nor moon, clown, wolf, nightmare, Medusa, nor fairy, Could tear out of his head a man's eyes like Senator Benton

Think of the brave thus gorged by the faces of this famous statesman,

Who vowed when he wed that again he would ne'er fight a duel, Though he can make up horrible faces and save his own bacon.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASPECTS OF NEW YORK.—New York changes the fashion of its street façades so often, that old citizens after being absent a year or two, hardly recognize the place they were born in on their return. The fashion of houses is almost as changeable as that of hats. A few years since the whole city looked like a granite quarry, those who could not afford to pull down their brick fronts and put up granite ones in their place, had them painted a pepper-and-salt complexion, to imitate the quincy stone, but now, *nous avons changé tout cela*, the whole city has been suddenly changed into the complexion of a cake of chocolate. The fashionable building material at present is the red sandstone of Westchester, and all the brick fronts, and even granite pillars have been painted the colour of spanish brown. To this complexion we have come at last. What will follow we know not, probably the yellow bricks of London and Paris. Many of the new buildings recently erected of the fashionable material are exceedingly beautiful, richly decorated with elaborate sculptures, and modelled after the finest palatial residences of Italy and Paris. Union Square and the cross streets of that neighbourhood, are among the finest specimens of modern domestic architecture to be found either in Europe or America. Our merchants, brokers and successful speculators, lodge themselves like dukes and princes, and one of our city editors has set up his carriage and drives down Broadway with a liveried servant behind him. Forrest the tragedian is building himself a superb *chateau* on the banks of the Hudson, and probably intends to found a family. The elegance of our architecture is not confined solely to the private dwellings of our squares and avenues. The stores and warehouses recently erected, show the same signs of improvement and give evidence of the growing taste for sumptuous building. A block of truly splendid stores has just been finished on the site formerly occupied by Contoit's Garden, and between Maiden Lane and Liberty street, on the opposite side of Broadway, a block of chocolate coloured stores have just been completed, and are occupied by large jobbing houses from Pearl street. Lower down the opposite side a noble warehouse has been erected on the site formerly occupied by the fine old mansion of Robert Lennox. The ground where Grace church stood is still vacant, but we shall soon see a free stone building rising there for the accommodation of the Chinese Museum—at least so report says. But one of the greatest improvements to be made in the city is the erection of a magnificent hotel, on the corner of Chatham and Frankfort streets, opposite Tammany Hall; a spot which is now covered with old rickety wooden sheds, which are occupied by all sorts of cheap merchandizers. There is talk too of enlarging the City Hall, by adding to it a wing on Broadway, and another front on Chamber street, to correspond with the present building. This is an improvement as much needed for the accommodation of the business of the courts, as it is desired for beautifying the city. The new fountain in the Park, is nearly completed but we are sorry to see an iron fence put around the huge white marble basin, for the hot, dusty and parched denizens of our streets, will not be able to lave their hands and faces in the cool Croton, as they were in the habit of doing in the old muddy reservoir of the grass bordered fountain last summer.